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The Scent par excellence of the
Season."

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"GHOOOM"
A MOST
DELICIOUS
TEA!
McINTYRE BROS



REVIEW OF REVIEWS



APRIL, 1903.



AUS TRALASIA



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NIXEY'S REFINED BLACK LEAD.

FIFTY-FIVE YEARS' REPUTATION, THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS. STILL THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

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46 Elizabeth St., MELBOURNE; Lydard St., BALDARAT,
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SIGHT TESTING by C. H. F. WERNER; by Exam-
ination Fellow of the Vorthipm Company of
Spectacle Makers, London.



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YOUR SPECTACLES.

"Accurate=to=the=Second."

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For Discriminating People who want "The Best."



"All advertise watches, but no one makes watches in America but the Dueber-Hampden Company. Some make Watch Movements, some make Watch Cases; no one can guarantee a watch who makes one-half of it only."



"Lever Set" and Cannot "Set" in the Pocket. Made in the only factory in the world where a complete watch (both case and movement) is made. Every Watch Guaranteed (Case as well as Movement).

"The 400," The Ladies' Watch.

"John Hancock" 21 Jewels, The Gentlemen's Watch.

"Special Railway," 21 and 23 Jewels, for Railway Men, etc.

Look for the name "Dueber" in the case.
Write for our "Guide to Watch Buyers."

**THE
DUEBER=HAMPDEN WATCH WORKS,
CANTON, OHIO.**



A CASE OF PRESENT TREATMENT
1. "A bite to eat, mum; jest a bit."

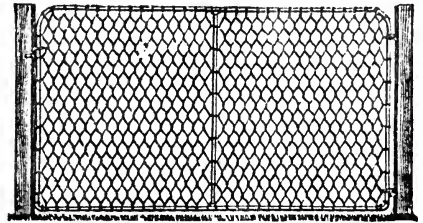
(Continued on page iii.)

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Light, Strong, and Rabbit Proof.

Made of STEEL TUBE, with Malleable IRON FITTINGS; with Galvanised Steel Wire woven on to the frames.

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Weight of a 9-foot Gate under 50 lbs. Hinges, Catches, and Stops complete. Can be hung in a few minutes.

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Is a Necessity in Every Home.



Ready for instant use when received. No setting up. No trouble. You can have it home in your own room Turkish, Russian, Hot Air, Vapour, Medicated, Perfumed, Mineral, Salt, Quinine, Hop, or Sulphur Baths. Benefits and cures Sleeplessness, Obesity, La Grippe, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney troubles, Blood and Skin Diseases. Cures a hard cold with one bath. These baths are highly endorsed by

physicians and such eminent authorities as Dr. Kellogg, Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.

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"I hear you I can hear now as well as anybody."

"How?" Oh something new—THE WILSON COMMON-SENSE EAR-DRUM.

I've a pair in my ears now, you can't see them—they're invisible. I wouldn't know I had them in myself only that I hear all right."

THE
WILSON EAR-DRUM

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(SOLE AGENT FOR AUSTRALASIA)



Absolutely Cure
BILIOUSNESS
SICK HEADACHE.
TORPID LIVER.
INDIGESTION.
CONSTIPATION.
FURRED TONGUE.
DIZZINESS.
SALLOW SKIN.

There's SECURITY in CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

They TOUCH the **LIVER**
Be Sure they are

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

CARTER'S

THE STEEL STAR WINDMILL,

TRUE AS STEEL

(OF WHICH IT IS MADE),

Is galvanised after being put together. This galvanises every rivet and bolt in its position, protecting the bolts and the cut edges from rust. This galvanising business is a great feature—increasing the life of the MILL.

—YOU SEE IT, DON'T YOU?—

They have BALL BEARINGS, which is another valuable point.

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The "Enterprise" Rubber Massage Roller



Makes, Keeps and Restores
Beauty in Nature's own way.

The cup-shaped teeth have a suction effect on the skin that smooths out wrinkles, rounds out the beauty muscles, and gives perfect circulation of the blood.

It is so constructed that it treats every portion of the face and neck perfectly, even to the "crow's feet" in the corners of the eyes.

Sample Jar of "SKIN FOOD"
Given Away with each Roller. 4/6
Roller and Sample Jar - - Post Free.

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2nd.—The new Model "C" Reproducer, for all machines (except Gem), which has two absolutely new and important features, viz.: a built-up, indestructible diaphragm, very highly sensitive, and a new form of sapphire, shaped like a button, and so placed in the Reproducing arm that the edge of the sapphire tracks in the groove of the Record; the contact surface is very much smaller than that of the old ball type, and in consequence can follow the undulations of the Record without that tendency to jump from crest to crest so often the case with the old style. That harshness which has hitherto characterised the reproduction of the Phonograph and kindred machines is now entirely overcome, the result being a perfectly natural and musical effect most pleasing to the ear.

In future the "Gem" will be equipped with the Model B Automatic Reproducer, as previously supplied with the higher-priced machines. This will materially improve the reproduction of the Gem, both with the present style and the new Moulded Record.

PRICES ON APPLICATION.

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Universal Chambers,

325 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

Telephone 505.



A CASE OF PRESENT TREATMENT.

2. "Certainly. I never refuse a genuine case."

(Continued on page vii.)

Alcoholic Excess

DRINK and DRUG HABITS and resultant Nervous Diseases eradicated at home without inconvenience by

TURVEY'S TREATMENT.

Assured results. Either sex. Adaptable to every case. Success testified by Officials of London Diocesan Branch of **CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.**

THOMAS HOLMES, the famous North London Missionary, Author of "Pictures and Problems of the London Police Courts," writes: "I wish to bear my testimony to the great value of your remedy. I selected only those cases that are acknowledged to be at once the most difficult and the most hopeless. In the lowest depths I met them. I soon saw the beneficial effects of your remedy, their physical condition rapidly improved, their depression of mind passed away, they became bright and hopeful—in fact, new men."

A FEW PRESS OPINIONS.

"The Treatment succeeds in ninety-seven cases out of a hundred. The Faculty acknowledges itself amazed at the "marvellous success of this new remedy, which destroys the taste for alcohol and kindred drugs, making them absolutely "abhorrent to the patient. A strong point about this proved cure is that it can be taken as ordinary medicine, and in no way "Interferes with general habits, while the inebriate home becomes practically a thing of the past."—**WHITEHALL REVIEW.**

"The Advertiser is able to adduce definite evidence that his method has had really good results."—**TRUTH.**

The "REVIEW OF REVIEWS" (London), in an Article entitled "Where the English are holding their own,"—says:—

"For some years the Gold Cure as a remedy for inveterate drunkenness held the field. This American method of treatment, "although achieving considerable success in many cases, is far from being a universal specific. It entails a long and costly "treatment, involving subcutaneous injections and residence in an institute during the time of treatment. The competing "system to which I am now calling attention is simpler, and appears to be not less efficacious. The Tacquaru Company, "although in its infancy, claims already to have effected a cure of nearly 3,000 cases of those who suffer from alcoholic excess.

"The Company has its own medical men, who examine every case, and who vary what may be called the supplementary "ingredients of the specific according to the circumstances of the case with which they are dealing. Unlike the Gold Cure, "it necessitates no subcutaneous injection, and patients can be treated in their own homes."

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Most people love **Pets.**
 Most people have **Pets.**
 Most people have **Pet Corns.**
All people wish they hadn't.
Why keep such
 troublesome **Pets**
 when . . .

"THE PET CORN CURE"
 is within reach of all.

Post Free, any Address, 1/-

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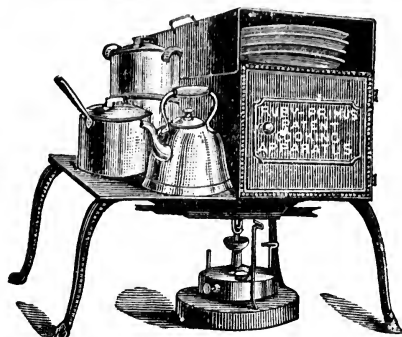
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Will do ALL THE COOKING for a household
 for ONE SHILLING A WEEK.

Every Apparatus fitted with the silent "Primus."

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THE FAMOUS REMEDY FOR

Has the Largest Sale of any Chest Medicine in Australia.

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Sufferers from any form of Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and immediate relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a Complete Cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become Chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a Complete Cure is certain.



BEWARE OF COUGHS!

Remember that every disease has its commencement, and Consumption is no exception to this rule.

CONSUMPTION.

TOO ILL TO LEAVE HIS BED.
A COMPLETE CURE.

"Mr. W. G. Hearne.—Dear Sir,—I am writing to tell you about the wonderful cure your medicine has effected in my case. About three years ago I began to cough. At first the cough was not severe, but it gradually got worse, and I became very weak and troubled with night sweats, pain in my chest, and great quantities of phlegm. On several occasions there was blood in the expectorated matter. I had been treated by a doctor, who pronounced my case to be Consumption, and various other treatments had been tried, but without benefit. It was at this stage that I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and sent to you for a course of the medicine. When it arrived I was too ill to leave my bed, but I commenced taking it at once, and gradually improved. I am glad to say that the two lots of medicine you sent have effected a complete cure, for which accept my very best thanks—Yours gratefully.

"J. BLAIR.

"Westminster, Bridge-road, S.E., London."

AGONISING COUGH.—NINE MONTHS' TORTURE.

RELIEVED BY ONE DOSE OF HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE. CURED BY TWO BOTTLES.

"Derholm, Victoria.

"Dear Sir,—I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful effect of your Bronchitis Cure. I suffered for nine months, and the cough was so distressingly bad at nights I was obliged to get up and sit by the fire. I had medical advice, and tried other 'remedies,' without avail. I tried yours, and never had a fit of coughing after taking the first dose, and though I have had but two bottles I feel I am a different man, and the cough has vanished. You may depend upon my making known the efficacy of your wonderful remedy to anyone I see afflicted.

"Yours faithfully, JAMES ASTBURY."

GRATITUDE AND APPRECIATION.

HUNDREDS CURED IN THEIR OWN CIRCLE.

"The SCIENTIFIC AUSTRALIAN Office, 169 Queen-st., Melbourne.

"Dear Mr. Hearne.—The silent workers are frequently the most effective, and if there is anybody in Victoria who during the last few years has been repeatedly working for and singing the praises of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, it is our Mr. Phillips. This gentleman, some three years ago, was recommended to try your Bronchitis Cure by Mr. Barham, accountant, Collins-street, and the effect that it had was so marked that he has ever since been continually recommending it to others. We are glad to add this our testimony to the value of Hearne's most valuable Bronchitis Cure, which has eased the sufferings of hundreds and hundreds of people even in our own circle of acquaintance. Believe us always to be yours most faithfully,

"PHILLIPS, ORMONDE & CO."

QUEENSLAND TESTIMONY.

FROM BRISBANE WHOLESALE CHEMISTS.

"69 Queen-st., Brisbane, Queensland.

"Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—Please send us 36 dozen Bronchitis Cure by first boat. We enclose our cheque to cover amount of order. We often hear your Bronchitis Cure spoken well of. A gentleman told us to-day that he had given it to a child of his with most remarkable result, the child being quite cured by three doses.

"We are, faithfully yours,

"THOMASON, CHATER & CO., Wholesale Chemists."

We, the undersigned, have had occasion to obtain Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, and we certify that it was perfectly and rapidly successful under circumstances which undoubtedly prove its distinct healing power. Signed by the Rev. JOHN SINCLAIR, Myers-street, Geelong, and fifty-nine other leading residents.

ASTHMA.

PREVIOUS TREATMENT FAILED. A SEVENTEEN YEARS' CASE CURED BY THREE BOTTLES.

Mr. Alex. J. Anderson, of Oak Park, Charlesville, Queensland, writes:—"After suffering from Asthma for seventeen years, and having been under a great many different treatments without benefit, I was induced to try Hearne's medicine for Asthma. After taking three bottles of this medicine I quite got rid of the Asthma, and since then, which was in the beginning of 1883 (15 years ago), I have not had the slightest return of it. The medicine quite cured me, and I have much pleasure in recommending it."

Writing again on the 4th April, 1899, he states:—"I am keeping very well now. Never have the slightest return of the Asthma."

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

"I used your Bronchitis Cure for three of my family, and it cured each of them in from one to three doses.—P. F. MULLINS, Cowie's Creek, Victoria."

"Your Bronchitis Cure relieved my son wonderfully quick. I only gave him four doses, and have some of the medicine yet; but I am sending for another bottle in case I should want it.—D. McDONALD, Trinky, via Quirindi, N.S.W."

"My wife is 82 years old, and I am 79, and I am glad to inform you that your Bronchitis Cure has done us both a wonderful deal of good, it having quickly cured us both.—R. BASSETT, Strath Creek, via Broadford, Victoria."

"I have used one bottle of your Bronchitis Cure with great benefit to myself, as the smothering has completely left me.—(Mrs.) JOHN RAHILLY, Glenmaggie, Victoria."

"I have finished the Bronchitis Cure you sent, and am amazed at what it has done in the time. The difficulty of breathing has all gone.—J. HARRINGTON, Bingegong, Morundah, N.S.W."

"I lately administered some of your Bronchitis Cure to a son of mine, with splendid effect. The cure was absolutely miraculous.—D. A. PACKER, Quiera, Neutral Bay, Sydney, N.S.W."

"Your Bronchitis Cure, as usual, acted splendidly.—C. H. RADFORD, Casterton, Victoria."

"Kindly forward another bottle of your famous Bronchitis Cure without delay, as I find it to be a most valuable medicine.—(Mrs.) J. SLATER, Warragul, Victoria."

"I am very pleased with your Bronchitis Cure. The result was marvellous. It eased me right off at once.—G. SEYTEER, Bourke, N.S.W."

"Your medicine for Asthma is worth £1 a bottle.—W. LETTS, Heywood, Victoria."

"I have tried lots of medicine, but yours is the best I ever had. I am recommending it to everybody.—S. STEELE, Yanko Siding, N.S.W."

"I suffered from Chronic Asthma and Bronchitis, for which I obtained no relief until I tried your medicine, but I can truly say that I am astonished at my present freedom, as a direct result of my brief trial.—JOHN C. TRELAWAYNE, Severn River, via Inverell, N.S.W."

"Last year I suffered severely from Bronchitis, and the doctor, to whom I paid seven guineas, did not do me any good; but I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and two bottles of it made me quite well.—H. HOOD, Brooklands, Avoca-street, South Yarra, Melbourne."

"Please send me half-a-dozen of your Bronchitis Cure. This medicine cured me in the winter, and has now cured a friend of mine of a very bad Bronchitis.—A. ALLEN, Ozone House, Lorne, Victoria."

"Your Bronchitis Cure has done me much good. This is a new experience, for all the medicine I previously took made me much worse. I am satisfied that the two bottles of Bronchitis Cure I got from you have pulled me through a long and dangerous illness.—HENRY WUOLO, Alma, near Maryborough, Victoria."

"The bottle of Bronchitis Cure I got from you was magical in its effects.—CHAS. WHYBROW, Enoch's Point, via Parlingford, Victoria."

"Upon looking through our books we are struck with the steady and rapid increase in the sales of your Bronchitis Cure.—ELLIOTT BROS., Ltd., Wholesale Druggists, Sydney, N.S.W."

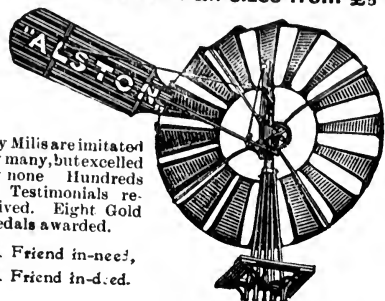
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Made in all sizes from £5 10s.



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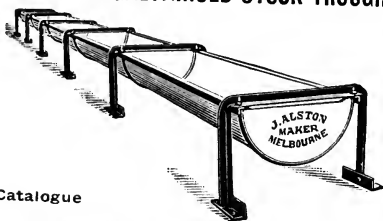
My Mills are imitated
by many, but excelled
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Medals awarded.

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ALSTON'S STEEL-FRAMED GALVANISED STOCK TROUGH.

The Best Trough
Ever Invented.
Will not crack,
leak, rot, or rust.
All Lengths.

Write me your
requirements.



Send for Catalogue

JAMES ALSTON,

Patentee and Manufacturer,

Queen's Bridge, SOUTH MELBOURNE.

HAIR PRESERVED AND BEAUTIFIED



The only article which really
affords nourishment to the
hair, prevents baldness,
greyness, preserves and
strengthens it for years,
and resembles the oily mat-
ter which Nature provides
for its preservation, is—

ROWLANDS'

MACASSAR OIL.

Without it the hair becomes dry and weak; it
feeds the hair, removes scurf and harshness,
and produces a strong and healthy growth; it is
the best tonic and dressing for ladies' hair, and
should always be used for children. Also sold
in golden colour for fair and golden-haired ladies
and children, and for those whose hair has be-
come grey.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

is the finest dentifrice; removes all impurities
from the teeth, imparts to them a brilliant
polish, prevents and arrests decay, and gives a
pleasant fragrance to the breath.

Ask Stores and Chemists for ROWLANDS'
Articles, of Hatton Garden, London, and avoid
spurious Imitations.

DR. RICORD'S PILA CURES PILES.

"PILA" is a Sure and Permanent Cure for Blind
and Bleeding Piles. Sufferers should not fail to give
this valuable remedy a trial. It has cured thousands
of the very worst cases! Saved many a painful opera-
tion, and given immediate relief from pain. "Pila"
is taken internally, and is specially recommended to
delicate constitutions. Price, 5s. per jar; postage 1s.
extra. Send for "Dr. Ricord's Treatise on Piles," and
testimonials free on receipt of stamped addressed en-
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Price, delivered, from 25/- to 84/-.





A CASE OF PRESENT TREATMENT.
3. ! ! !

(Continued on page ix.)

30 DAYS' TRIAL.

WE grant every purchaser of our **ELECTRIC BELTS** and **APPLIANCES** a trial of Thirty Days before payment, which is fully explained in our "ELECTRIC ERA." Our



Electric Belts will cure all **NERVOUS** and other **DISEASES** in all stages, however caused, and restore the wearer to **ROBUST HEALTH**.

Our Marvellous Electric Belts give a steady soothing current that can be felt by the wearer through all **WEAK PARTS**. REMEMBER, we give a written guarantee with each Electric Belt that it will permanently cure you. If it does not we will promptly return the full amount paid. We mean exactly what we say, and do precisely what we promise.

NOTICE.—Before purchasing we prefer that you send for our "ELECTRIC ERA" and Price List (post free), giving illustrations of different appliances for **BOTH SEXES**, also **TESTIMONY** which will convince the most sceptical.

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UNDER THE ROYAL PATRONAGE OF

H.M. THE QUEEN OF GREECE,
H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE OF GREECE.
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF SPARTA.



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF SPARTA.
H.R.H. PRINCESS HOHENLOHE.
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(High Commissioner of Crete, etc., etc.)

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" FOR THE HAIR

THE GREAT HAIR PRODUCER AND RESTORER.

The Finest Dressing Specially Prepared and Delicately Perfumed.

A Luxury and a Necessity to Every Modern Toilet.

"HARLENE"

Produces Luxuriant Hair. Prevents its Falling Off or Turning Grey. Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache. The Renowned Remedy for Baldness. For Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair Beautifully Soft; for Removing Scurf, Dandruff, etc., also for restoring grey hair to its Original Colour.

Full Description and Direction for use in 20 Languages supplied with every Bottle.

1s., 2s. 6d., and (8 times 2s. 6d. size) 4s. 6d. per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores all over the World.



EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 & 96 High Holborn, London, W.C.

EVERY HOUSEHOLD AND TRAVELLING TRUNK OUGHT TO CONTAIN A BOTTLE OF

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'



A SIMPLE REMEDY FOR PREVENTING AND CURING
BY NATURAL MEANS

All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Thirst, Skin Eruptions, Boils, Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Influenza, Throat Affections and Fevers of all kinds.

INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, SICKNESS, etc.—"I have often thought of writing to tell you what 'FRUIT SALT' has done for me. I used to be a perfect martyr to Indigestion and Biliousness. About six or seven years back my husband suggested I should try 'FRUIT SALT.' I did so, and the result has been marvellous; I never have the terrible pains and sickness I used to have; I can eat almost anything now. I always keep it in the house and recommend it to my friends, as it is such an invaluable pick-me-up if you have a headache or don't feel just right. Yours truly,——(August 8, 1900)."

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on a Disordered, Sleepless, and Feverish Condition is simply marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

CAUTION.—See capsule marked Eno's 'Fruit Salt.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS IMITATION. Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., at the 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, by J. C. ENO'S Patent.





A CASE OF PRESENT TREATMENT.

4. ! ! !

(Continued on page xi.)

GOOD HAIR FOR ALL.



HOLLAND'S MARVELLOUS HAIR RESTORER

Has gained a world-wide reputation for arresting the premature decay, promoting the growth and giving lustre to the hair. If your hair is falling off, try it. If it is thin, try it.

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upon Trusses.



Throw away
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The only humane treatment
Immediate Relief and Permanent
Cure is obtained by my improved
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Treatise, "Rupture and its Cure."

SURGEON LANGSTON,

M.R.C.S., ENG.

129 COLLINS STREET, MELB.

ANOTHER CURE BY

Vitadatio.POVERTY OF BLOOD AND GENERAL
WEAKNESS.428 Church Street, Richmond,
15th August, 1902.

Mr. S. A. PALMER,

Dear Sir,—About six years ago I became very ill, suffering from poverty of blood and general weakness. My medical adviser ordered me to the Ararat Hospital. I remained there for one month, then left, removing to Ballarat, where I became much worse and very weak. About four years ago I returned to Melbourne, and eventually became so weak I had to take to my bed, and remained there eight weeks. Having read a great deal about Webber's VITADATIO, I made up my mind to give it a trial. The first bottle upset me very much, and I laid it aside for a fortnight, then I called to see you at Bourke Street, when you strongly advised me to continue it, stating that it would certainly cure me; so I persevered, and after I had taken the fifth bottle I began to feel much stronger, and, by continuing, my health was completely restored. It is now three years since I took the last bottle, and I can truthfully say I would have been in my grave long ago had it not been for VITADATIO. I can recommend it to anyone suffering as I did, and hand you this to make use of as you please for the benefit of other sufferers. I will be pleased to answer any questions, either by letter or personally, at above address—Yours faithfully,

MARJORIE SMITH.

I have known Mrs. Smith for a number of years, and can truthfully certify that her statement is true in every particular. She was very low and weak when she commenced taking VITADATIO, and the effect

was marvellous. Being my next door neighbour, I saw her daily until she was quite well. I consider her case a wonderful cure.

61 O'Grady Street, Albert Park. MARY FRY.

Vitadatio

VICTORIOUS.

HAS CURED TUBERCULOSIS ABSCESES.

Drummond Street, North Carlton,
August 15, 1902.

MR. S. A. PALMER,

I have suffered from internal abscesses on and off for five years. On two different occasions I was in the hospital; the first time was treated for Tuberculosis peritonitis, the second time for Tuberculosis abscesses. I underwent two operations; was told they had done all they could do, but could not cure me, and after I left used to suffer intense agony, and could scarcely lift my hands to my head. I was induced to give VITADATIO a trial, and took four bottles, which gave no relief, but after the seventh bottle I got relief, and continued taking, with the result that after about eight or nine bottles an abscess broke, and after a great discharge I got great relief. Four weeks after this another abscess broke and discharged, and after this my former health returned. I have now had good health for two years, and not the slightest indication of a return of the old complaint. You are at liberty to use this as you please. Hoping it may lead some other sufferers to regain their lost health by taking VITADATIO,

MRS. WILLIAMS.

I have known Mrs. Williams for ten years, and can testify to the whole of the above statement.

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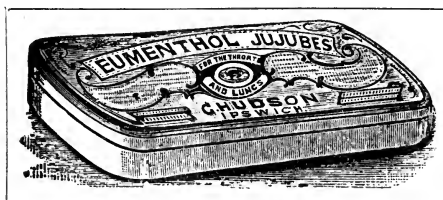
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BOARDERS are assured of wise training in social habits, perfect comfort, refined companions, and a happy College life.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING.—Each Boarder attends the Church to which her parents belong, and is under the Pastoral Charge of its Minister. Regular Scripture teaching by the President.

BOARDERS FROM A DISTANCE.—Girls are attracted by the reputation of the College, and by the pre-eminent advantages in Health, Happiness, and Education it offers, from all the Seven States.

SPECIAL STUDENTS.—Young Ladies are received who wish to pursue Special Lines of Study without taking up the full course of ordinary school work.

UNIVERSITY SUCCESSES.—At the last Matriculation Examinations, fourteen students of the M.L.C. passed, out of seventeen officially "sent up," and two of the unsuccessful missed by only one point each! This is the highest proportion of passes secured by any college. There were no failures in Greek, Algebra, French, German, Botany, Geography, and Music, and only one in English and Physiology. Thirteen "Honours" were obtained in English, French, and German.

The following are unsought testimonials to the work of the College, taken from letters of parents received during 1901. They are samples, it may be added, of scores of similar letters received:

A parent whose girls have been, for some years, day-girls at the College, writes:

"Now that their school years are coming to an end, it is a great pleasure to me to be able to say what I hope will be the life-long benefit they have derived from being alumnae of the M.L.C. Their progress amply repays my wife and myself for any sacrifice we have made to secure them this great advantage."

A country banker, whose two daughters were resident students, writes:

"I am satisfied that my daughters have the good fortune to be where they have every advantage that talent, tone, and exceptional kindness can give to school-girls."

From a country minister:

"The College was a very happy home to our girl for the two years she was there. She is never weary

telling us of the great kindness and care she always received."

A South Australian lady writes:

"I wanted my girl to be brought up amongst lady-like companions, and to be happy; and I must congratulate you on accomplishing what is not only my desire, but what, I am sure, is the desire of hundreds of other mothers as well."

From a parent whose daughters have been day-students:

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The "Young Man" (England):

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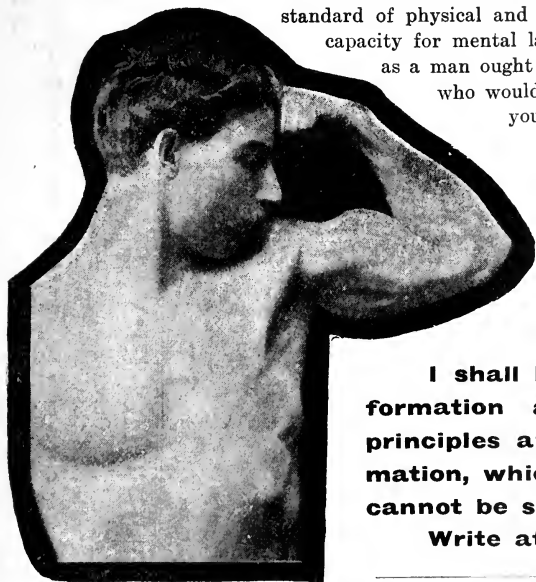
What is so strong as the testimony of others?

Mr. J. Logan Jones, Vice-Pres. and Secy. of Jones Dry Goods Co., of Kansas City, Mo., U.S.A., after years of gradual but certain decline physically and mentally, had a complete collapse. It was impossible for him to sleep without medicine, and he went without natural sleep for the period of about ten months. He tried the best physicians to be had, travelled almost constantly, being unable to remain long in one place; took hunting trips in Colorado, and a sea-coast trip to Northern Maine, with no appreciable results. He had been constipated for sixteen or seventeen years, and had to take physic constantly, never having a natural action. The following is an extract from a recent letter to me: "A little over ten months ago I took my first exercise from you, and, under the circumstances, consider the transformation a positive miracle. Will say that I am getting to be quite a giant. I weigh more than I have ever weighed in my life, and my muscular development is something wonderful. I sleep soundly, my digestion is good, constipation a matter of ancient history, and do more work than I ever did in my life, and enjoy it all the time." What could be more convincing, and do you wonder that he is enthusiastic? I could name hundreds of others who have received similar results, but it would not make the system any better. If you will follow my instructions for a few weeks, I promise you such a superb muscular development and such a degree of vigorous health as to for ever convince you that intelligent direction of muscular effort is just as essential to success in life as intelligent mental effort. No pupil of mine will need to digest his food with pepsin nor assist Nature with a dose of physic. I will give you an appetite and a strong stomach to take care of it; a digestive system that will fill your veins with rich blood; a strong heart that will regulate circulation and improve assimilation; a pair of lungs that will purify your blood; a liver that will work as Nature designed it should; a set of nerves that will keep you up to the standard of physical and mental energy. I will increase your nervous force and capacity for mental labour, making your daily work a pleasure. You will sleep as a man ought to sleep. You will start the day as a mental worker must who would get the best of which his brain is capable. I can promise you all of this because it is common sense, rational, and just as logical as that study improves the intellect.

I have no book, no chart, no apparatus whatever. My system is for each individual; my instructions for you would be just as personal as if you were my only pupil. It is taught by post only, and with perfect success, requires but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring, and it is the only one which does not over-tax the heart.

I shall be pleased to send you free valuable information and detailed outline of my system, its principles and effects, upon application. This information, which I furnish free, is very interesting and cannot be secured elsewhere at any price.

Write at once.



ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 120 Washington St., CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A

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something good to tell, there is no need to delude the unwary into reading an apparently interesting story which proves to be a prelude to an advertisement. The startling story and the thrilling "testimonial" do not add to the merit of the article advertised. If you are troubled with

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LANGUOR, INACTIVE LIVER,
SICK HEADACHE,**

or other such ailments which arise from a Disordered Stomach imperfectly doing its work, you need not experiment with the many medicines so plausibly put before you—take

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and you have a reliable remedy, proved by thousands of sufferers to be unequalled for dispelling Disorders of the Stomach and Liver. It is not necessary to bring BEECHAM'S PILLS before your notice surreptitiously, as they are openly recommended by those who have found that BEECHAM'S PILLS will do all that is claimed for them—hence they have the largest sale of any Patent Medicine in the World.

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(Continued on page xix.)

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Relieves Lung Trouble quicker than any other Patent Medicine.

TRY IT! WHEN OTHERS FAIL.

1/- per bottle.

Sample bottle sent 1/4 per post

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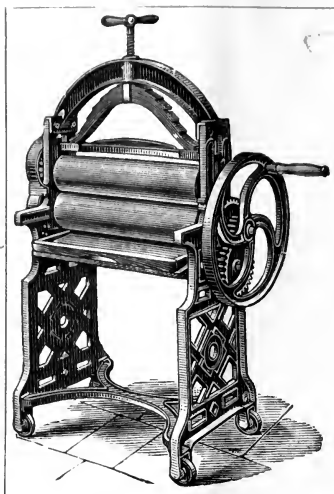
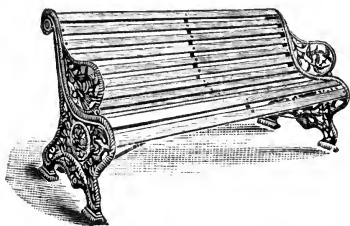
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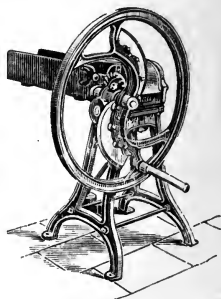
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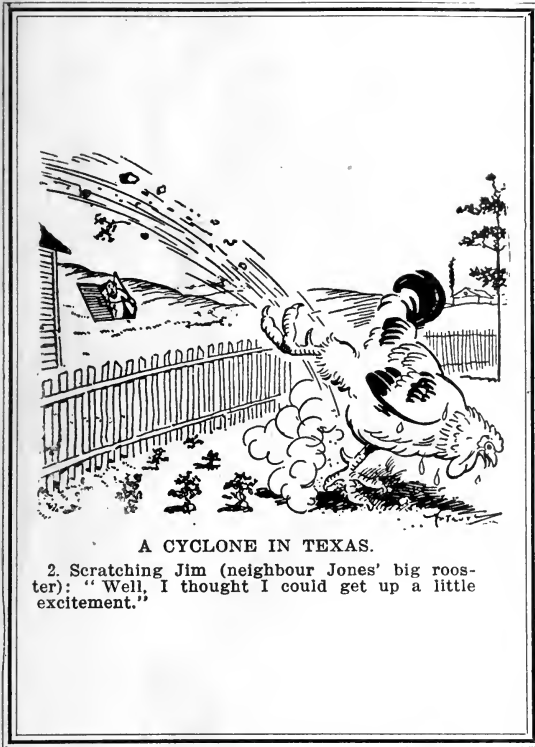
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Rev. JAMES PUGH PERKINS (Congregational Minister), Norwich, writes:—"A friend of mine suffered from Epileptic Fits from 1884, when he was a missionary in India. Finding it necessary to return to England and relinquish all further hope of mission work, he tried many prescriptions and remedies, but with no satisfaction. In Nov., 1891, he heard of your Remedy, and immediately tried it, and has never suffered an attack since that time, and has now fully recovered his health and spirits."

Rev. R. DONALDSON, A.M., T.C.D., The Rectory, Fintona, writes:—"I think it my duty to let you know of a wonderful cure wrought by 'Trench's Remedy' on a case of Epilepsy in this parish. A young man had suffered terribly with this disease for 6 years. When I became acquainted with his case I got your Remedy, and after using it as directed for some months he got quite well. He is now able to do the work of a strong man on the farm, and is full of gratitude for his cure. Hoping that the sight of this testimony may lead other sufferers to try your Remedy."

Rev. T. R. SHANAHAN, P.P., Ballingarry, Co. Limerick, writes:—"The Sisters of Mercy here have asked me to write you a line (as they are precluded by their rules to do so themselves) to thank you for your great charity and successful treatment of a poor girl of this parish, whose malady and sufferings excited their sympathy and compassion. To my knowledge she was for years subject to severe fits of Epilepsy, almost every week, nay, often two or three times in the same day. I thank God she is now perfectly cured by the medicine."

Rev. G. WEARHAM, Lew sham Road Baptist Church, Greenwich, writes:—"I am extremely pleased to be able to testify of the wondrous power of your Remedy in connection with a lad whose case I have

The Ven. Archdd. O'SULLIVAN, P.P., Kenmare, writes:—"I saw the girl for the second time a few days ago, and she assured me she got no return of the Epileptic Fits since she began to use your medicine, though previously she got those Fits two or three times a week. It is more than twenty years since the poor girl became subject to this terrible disease, and I congratulate you on having conquered one of the 'obprobrium medicorum' by your skilful Remedies."

Rev. A. McILWAIN, Methodist Minister, Longford, writes:—"I have much pleasure in letting you know that the young man to whom I recommended your Remedy for Epilepsy is now quite well. He took the medicine, as you directed, and has had no return of the disease. His friends are very grateful to you as the means, under the divine blessing, of his complete recovery."

Rev. R. B. LYNCH, Lillburne Vicarage, Rugby, writes:—"I have great pleasure in informing you of the remarkable cure effected by your Remedy for Epilepsy in the case of a young lady who had been suffering severely from that illness for several years. She had been under the treatment of all the first doctors for the brain, but none of them gave her any relief. Quite by accident we heard of your Remedy, and from the day (December 20th, '94) she began to take it she has never had a single attack. Previous to this she had been subject to two or three attacks within 24 hours, occurring fortnightly, or after any excitement, and was ill and disabled for days after; now she is able to travel, sleep and go about by herself, and is a different creature, bodily and mentally. I cannot recommend too highly the efficacy of your Treatment and Remedy for Epilepsy, and hope you will make whatever use you may think fit of this letter in making more widely known your most remarkable cure."

Many equally remarkable cases in Australia.

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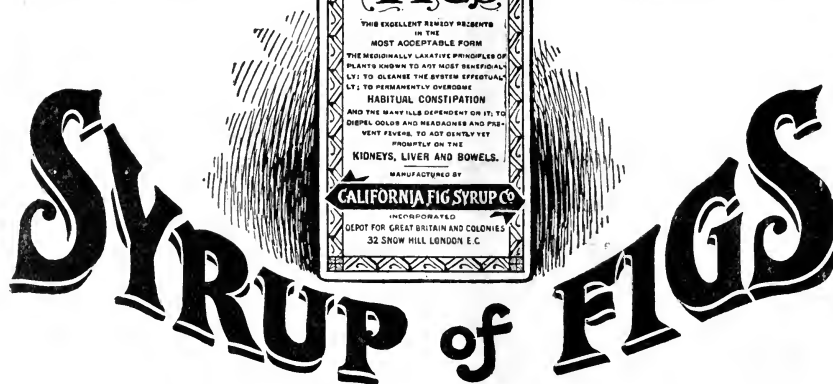
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(Continued on page xxlii.)

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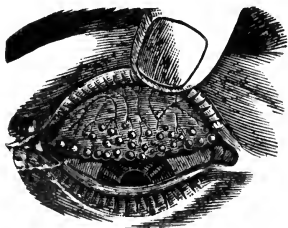
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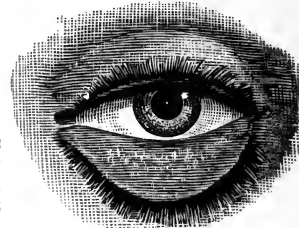
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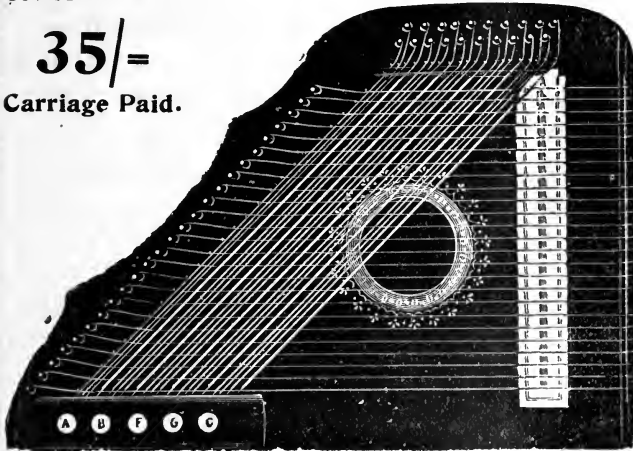
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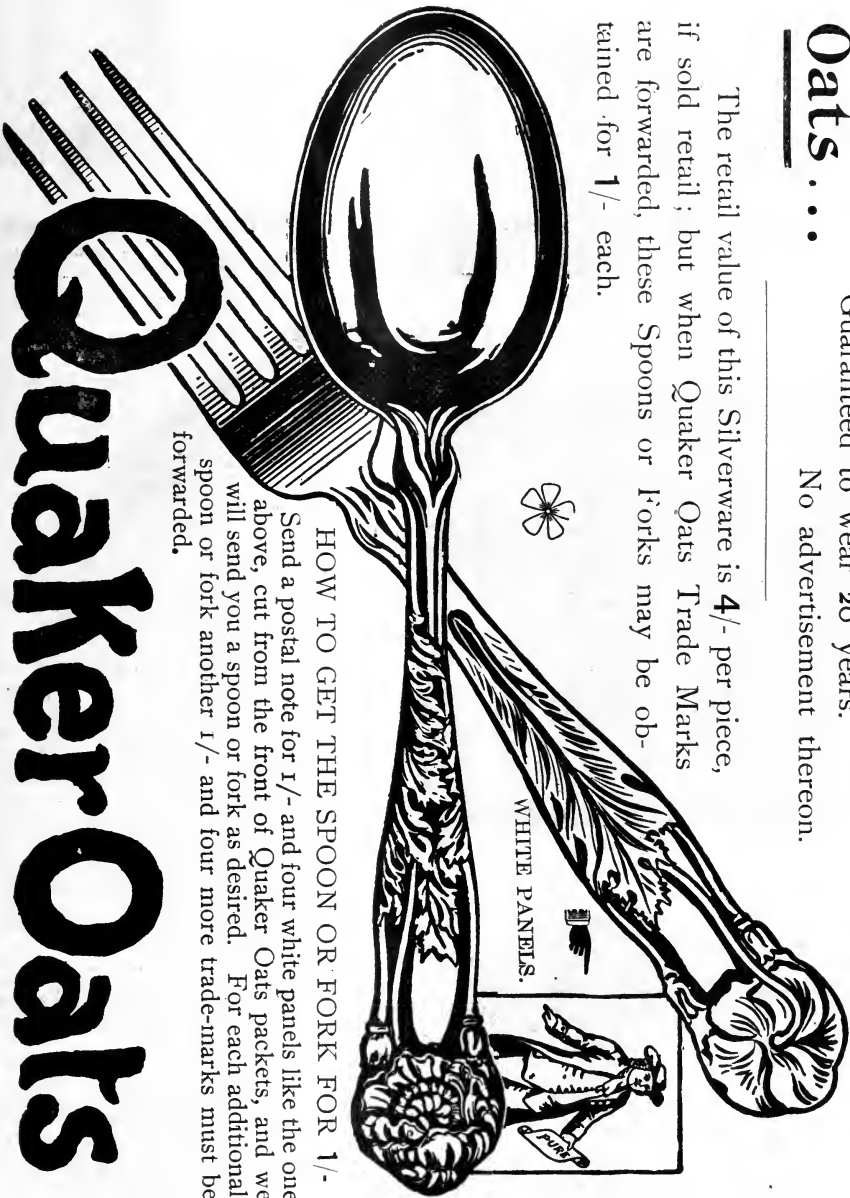
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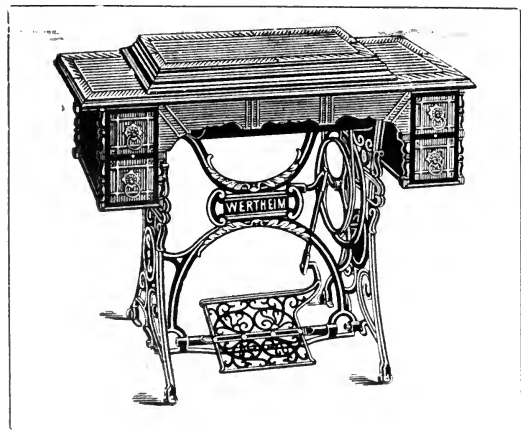


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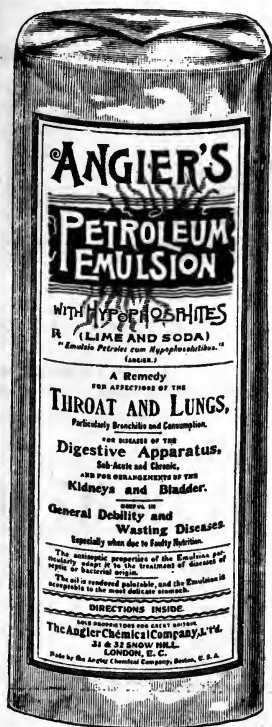
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THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS FOR AUSTRALASIA.

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1903.

Christ's Prayer After the Last Supper ... Frontispiece.	PAGE.	
History of the Month	321	The Sultan of Morocco
Humour of the Month	336	President Roosevelt as "Tenderfoot"
History of the Month in Caricature	339	Thirty Years in Paris
A Ministerial Record	348	The Surgery of Light
Australian Naval Defence	353	How I Became a Novelist.. ..
Is Australian Humour Extinct	357	Venezuela: Under Which Eagle?.. ..
A Picture of Waterloo	361	The First Cradle of Greek Civilisation
Character Sketch:		Gambling at Monte Carlo
"London the Step-mother, and the Stranger		An Enormous Canal.. ..
Within Her Gates"	363	Motor Triumphans
Some Books of the Month	368	The Reviews Reviewed:
"To Be Continued in Our Next"	378	The National Review
Leading Articles in the Reviews:		The Nineteenth Century
Is Man the Centre of the Universe?	384	The New Liberal Review
Alcohol: Food or Poison?	384	The Fortnightly Review
The German Emperor on the Bible:		The Contemporary Review
I.—The Kaiser's Creed	385	The Westminster Review
II.—Professor Harnack's Criticism.. ..	386	The World's Work
The Many Kaisers	387	The Monthly Review
The Irish Land Problem	388	Blackwood's Magazine
"From Out of the Mist of Hell"	388	Page's Magazine
The Future American	390	The Engineering Magazine
The American Capture of the Orient Trade	391	The Pall Mall Magazine
An Armless Artist	392	The North American Review
Cardinal Rampolla: the Next Pope?	392	The Atlantic Monthly
Mr. Balfour at Whittingehame	393	Lippincott's Magazine
A Sketch of Victor Emmanuel III.	394	The Century
The Canadian West and North-West	394	Harper's Magazine
A Volcano in Eruption	395	McClure's Magazine
The Career of the Tobacco Trust	395	Scribner's Magazine
Two Ways of Boring the Alps	396	The Cosmopolitan
The Biggest Social Experiment on Record	396	Frank Leslie's Monthly
Sir John Gorst on Social Reform	397	Gunton's Magazine
How to Improve the Average Man	398	Foreign Reviews:
		La Revue
		The Nouvelle Review
		The Revue de Paris
		The Revue des Deux Mondes
		The Dutch Magazines
		Business Department:
		The Financial History of the Month

W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.,
Editor, "Review of Reviews for Australasia."

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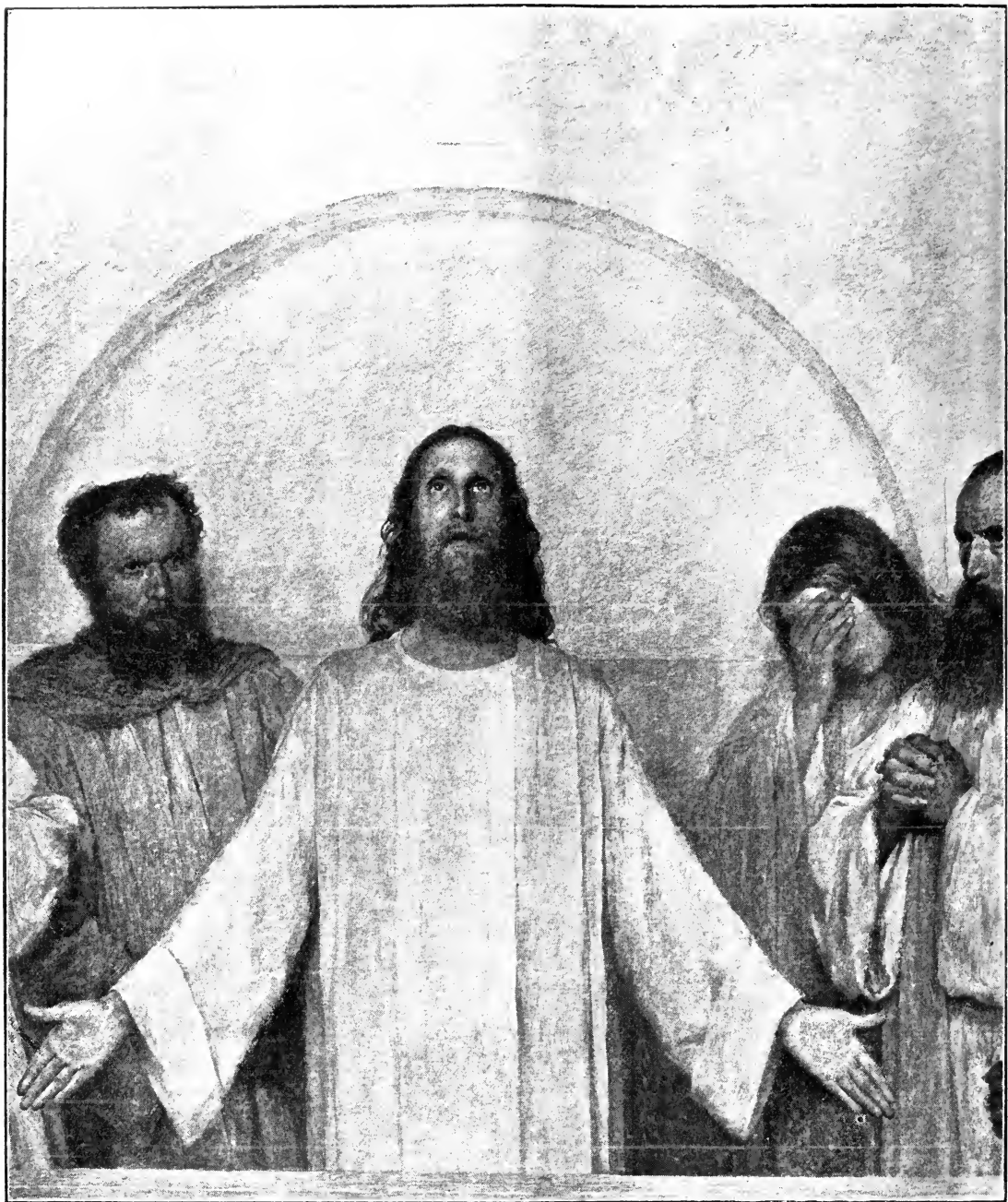
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FOR AUSTRALASIA.

HEAD OFFICE . . . 167-169 QUEEN STREET, MELBOURNE.

Editor: W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D. Manager: T. Shaw Fitchett.

Annual Subscription for Australasia, 8/6.

Vol. XXII. No. 4.

APRIL 20, 1903.

Price, Ninepence.

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

A Political Earthquake The political sensation of the month has been supplied by Tasmania. The general election in that island was practically almost a revolution. It certainly supplies the one instance known to political history in which a Government has "gone to the country" without a single member of it returning from that pilgrimage into the unknown. The "country," in this instance, as far as Ministers are concerned, proved to be, like death, a bourne from which no traveller returned. An almost totally new House, indeed, emerges from the struggle. Eighteen of the old members were rejected; not a single member of the new Parliament, except the Speaker, has ever held office. The election "wiped the political slate clean," in Tasmania, with a thoroughness which has almost the effect of a stroke of humour, and may well serve as a political education to Australia at large. Many explanations of this extraordinary result are offered. Ministers were unpopular alike for the money they spent, the retrenchments they proposed, and the taxes they undertook to levy. The public debt under their management increased in two years by £682,041. They tried to remedy the finances by an income tax of great severity, with a very low untaxed margin, and they proposed to trim with heroic scissors the salaries of all Civil servants. They had failed, again, in

carrying out any plan for simplifying the machinery of government.

The Reason of It But these, after all, are only what may be called the secondary causes of the political revolution in Tasmania. The elections in that island simply make visible at one point a wave of popular sentiment which is felt throughout the whole Commonwealth, and which found expression in Victoria in the Kyabram movement, and in New South Wales in the Tamworth election. That feeling is one of profound discontent with the general drift of State politics, and with the general policy of State Parliaments. These Parliaments have shown an exasperating reluctance to adjust themselves to the political conditions created by Federation. They have loitered in the business of reducing their own scale and cost. They stand, as a rule, for extravagance in expenditure. It vexes the common-sense of even "the man in the street" to find himself the member of a community of less than 4,000,000 people, burdened with fourteen Houses of Parliament, most of them paid! All these Parliaments, too, are clothing themselves with the functions of a semi-divine providence. They are pursuing the unhappy citizen with legislation throughout every department of life, and through all his waking and sleeping hours. They are burdening him in his down-sitting and in his

up-rising with ever-multiplying inspections and regulations. Forty-six members of the New Zealand Parliament have just started on a six weeks' cruise in the Pacific; and the feeling of "the man in the street" undoubtedly is, that if the whole fourteen—or, including New Zealand, sixteen—Houses of Parliament could be put on board a ship, and despatched, say, to the South Pole, it would be the greatest possible service these bodies could render the State!

Public Feeling But the "man in the street" does not represent the highest form of wisdom; and the feeling we here describe is, of course, absurd and unjust; yet it is certain that, temporarily, there is a discord of sentiment betwixt the Parliaments and the general community throughout Australia. The Houses do not reflect the mind of the people. The electors are anxious for simpler forms of government; less interference with private liberty; a resolute economy in public finance, and a suspension of the policy of big loans and huge public works. But the new conditions need new men. The older politicians cannot readily change their ideals, or learn new ways, or evolve a new political conscience. So in all the States the recent elections have dismissed crowds of older members to private life, and the process will certainly go on.

Tasmanian Policy The new Tasmanian Cabinet is to consist of four men, the smallest Cabinet in the British Empire, but quite large enough for a community numbering about one-third of the population of Sydney or Melbourne. All are new to office; and the Premier, Mr. Propsting, has been less than five years in public life. The chief features of its policy are: simplification of State machinery, retrenchment of public expenditure, and stoppage of loans. Already the Tasmanian pays more in the shape of interest on his public debt than the member of any other Australian State. He pays nearly four times as much, indeed, as the average English citizen; although Tasmania has no foreign policy, no inherited debt, and no huge military and naval Budget! One feature of

Tasmanian retrenchment is that a severe reduction in the salaries of Civil servants forms no part of it. The Civil Service in Tasmania has not expanded to the enormous dimensions known in the sister States, and the scale of payments is not excessive. With an absolutely new House, made up in the main of business men and of young men, Tasmanian politics may be expected to yield some refreshing novelties.

Federal Extravagance The new, intense, and most wholesome sentiment in favour of the reduction of public expenditure, and of the public burdens, will certainly make itself felt in the Commonwealth Parliament, and will colour Commonwealth legislation. It may well postpone for a while the creation of the Federal capital; and postpone, too, that legal luxury the Federal High Court. No doubt a final interpreter of Australian law on Australian soil is, sooner or later, a necessity. It would be a nearer and more accessible, though probably not a cheaper, tribunal than the Privy Council. But to set up a Federal judiciary, at a cost of £30,000 a year, would, in the present condition of Australian finances, be an offence against reason. There are six Supreme Court benches—all highly paid, of great ability, and of the highest character—already in existence. If a Federal Court of Appeal has to be created, the six Chief Justices of the States might form such a Court. It would be a Court of unrivalled character and ability; it would make scarcely any addition to the cost of Federal administration, and could do its work without injury to the legal business of the State Courts.

The Tamworth Election New South Wales has supplied some exciting political incidents during the month. One is the Tamworth election, which has been described as "the New South Wales Kyabram." Under ordinary conditions a bye-election has little significance; but everyone realised that the voting at Tamworth would make visible the general drift of public sentiment in New South Wales; and never yet in the political history of that State has a single election been fought with so much energy

and by so many combatants. There were three candidates, representing the three political parties—the Government, the Opposition, and the Labour party—and the rush of honourable members to the scene of conflict suggests the gathering of the clans in “Young Lochinvar”:

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby
clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
they ran.

At Tamworth itself during the days before the election a stone could hardly be thrown in any direction without hitting a member of Parliament. Every balcony in the town was occupied each night, and for many hours during the day, by perspiring orators. Thirteen Ministerialists, including seven Ministers, fifteen members of the Opposition, and fourteen members of the Labour party were perorating and canvassing simultaneously, or in successive detachments, in Tamworth. Roughly speaking, nearly one-half the New South Wales Parliament was emptied, as if out of a balloon, on the astonished electors of Tamworth. As a result, the Labour representative polled only one vote in eleven, and the Opposition candidate, Mr. Garland, was returned by a majority of 137.

A Political Warning

The Tamworth election will certainly make history. Ministers, indeed, affect to regard the incident as “of no importance,” and the Labour party, with happy and irresponsible rhetoric, announce that the position of their candidate—at the bottom of the poll—is a “moral victory”! But the Tamworth election is something more than a ripple showing which way the tide runs. It will help to determine the flow of the tide! For the average politician, like Providence as Napoleon understood it, is apt to be on the side of the strongest battalion. Public sentiment in New South Wales, as everywhere else throughout Australia, is eager for a simpler form of State Parliament, lighter public burdens, and no more borrowing. The story of State politics in New South Wales since Federation need only be stated in the simplest form to be judged.

Amazing Finance

Under Federation three great departments were transferred from the State; the public revenue was increased as a result of the Federal tariff, and rose to £11,178,214, of which no less than £2,053,126 was yielded by the sale or lease of public lands—a reduction, that is, as far as sales at least are concerned, of the national estate. Yet new loans were floated—no less than £4,890,000 in a single year—and the expenditure, which averaged less than £11,000,000, was expanded to something like £15,000,000; or from £8 11s. 2d. per head to £12 13s. 2d. The public debt of New South Wales has been increased by £17,000,000 in a little over three years; and it is still increasing! In nine months of the present financial year the expenditure has exceeded the revenue by over £700,000. This is, of course, the mere irresponsible lunacy of extravagance. For no other group of human beings in the civilised world during the last two years has the expenditure of government been so huge as for the 1,400,000 inhabitants of New South Wales. Sir John See told the electors of Tamworth that he “regarded our huge public debt as a public credit; because by it the Tamworth and other railways were made possible.” That sentence gives an instructive glimpse of the state of Sir John See’s mind. The logic which succeeds in persuading itself that a huge public debt is “a public credit” is truly remarkable. It suggests the story of the enterprising American who, as a proof of his success, told in exultant tones that “when he began business ten years ago he had not a cent, and now he owed \$500,000!”

The Remedy

But affairs are to be mended, though the process is certain to be slow and difficult, and to involve much suffering. A political “rake’s progress” of such velocity cannot be arrested without a shock which will strain the whole machine. Mr. Waddell, the New South Wales Treasurer, startled the public by delivering at Cowra a speech in which he showed, at least, that he realised the seriousness of the financial situation. He was prepared, he said, to consider drastic schemes of retrenchment, including “an all-round re-

duction of salaries," a stern reduction in the scale of old age pensions, etc. This announcement has exasperated the Civil servants, who complain that "we are now asked to pay for Mr. O'Sullivan having kept the day-labour boom going, and placated the Labour party up to date." They have "had to see hundreds of thousands of pounds thrown away in extravagance, and are now required to recoup it out of their salaries." Mr. O'Sullivan, as a matter of fact, has himself grown tired of what is termed "the day-labour razzle." The rate of pay on relief works for the unemployed has been reduced from 7s. a day to 6s.; whereupon a number of the unemployed "struck"! Mr. Waddell, when he made his speech, spoke for himself, and not for the Cabinet; and Sir John See declines to either confirm or disavow his views. Parliament is to be called together, and he reserves any statement of policy till the House meets. It is certain that State politics in New South Wales are likely to become very animated.

New Zealand

New Zealand is once more to enjoy the luxury of a surplus, a surplus which Mr. Seddon announces will be from £250,000 to £300,000. The best proof of the solid and great prosperity enjoyed by the colony, however, is found in the circumstance that its population increased last year by 20,000 persons; and this without any State-aided immigration. The ugly feature in the Australian outlook, the sufficient condemnation of many features in its policy, is found in the circumstance that it has ceased to attract immigrants; and it is the avowed policy of the Labour party to discourage immigration. Canada, on the contrary, is eagerly competing for new population. It has despatched fifty prosperous farmers to lecture throughout Great Britain on the advantages that Canada offers. The first of the fifty who arrived in London told a press interviewer that he had landed in Canada twenty years before, carrying his entire possessions wrapped up in a pocket handkerchief; at the end of twenty years he was drawing £2,000 a year clear from his wheat fields! This is the tale which will set the listening ears of English farm labourers tingling! It is expected

that at least 200,000 immigrants from Great Britain will land in Canada this year. This means the addition of, say, twenty new towns of ten thousand inhabitants each planted on Canadian soil in a single year. Over a million emigrants leave Europe annually to settle in new lands, and each immigrant is estimated to be worth £100 to the land which receives him. What the Australian continent, with its measureless spaces, needs is population; and the spectacle of a few great and crowded cities perched on the edge of an empty continent, and warning the rest of the world off, is one hitherto unknown to civilised mankind. Victoria, to take only one case, is *losing* population at the rate of 16,000 per annum. What a satire on Victorian politics!

South Australia

South Australia is reaping the reward of an early and courageous adjustment of both its finances and its political constitution to the new conditions under Federation. The drought affected only part of the area of the State; in the south and south-eastern parts pastoralists and farmers have had a splendid year, and the high prices have, of course, turned the wheat fields in these districts into fields of gold. South Australia is not plunging into big loans, or making doubtful social experiments. For years, indeed, it has had the sanest financial policy of any Australian State. The point of equilibrium betwixt its income and its expenditure seems to be reached, and the horizon of the State steadily brightens.

The Secret of the Drought

Mr. Russell, the Government Astronomer of New South Wales, thinks he has discovered the secret of Australian droughts. He has the rainfall records for 1867-1903, a period of thirty-six years; he finds that they resolve themselves into four alternating groups of roughly nine years each, with an average rainfall of 29.47 inches, 21.64 inches, 28.39 inches, and 20.24 inches respectively. This seems to show, Mr. Russell argues, that droughts come in cycles, and the cycles correspond with the relations of the moon to the earth. The moon to the south of our hemisphere means good seasons; the moon to the north means

drought. This explanation has at least the merit of simplicity; but is the demonstration perfect? The area of facts observed is narrow; the alleged cause, if it is in operation, must affect other lands than Australia, and there is no proof that this is the case. Moreover, it is easy to shuffle Mr. Russell's figures afresh, and produce another and conflicting set of cycles. A Scotch verdict of "not proven" must certainly stand against Mr. Russell's theory.

Remedies If it were possible, indeed, to forecast the arrival of a great drought, its evils would be half destroyed; until this is done, however, it is clear that the mischiefs of a drought might be enormously reduced by foresight and a wise use of the resources which nature puts at man's disposal. The valley of the Lachlan, for example, in a wet season, resembles an arm of the sea. The river expands into vast proportions; but the mighty and fertilising floods are allowed to flow unchecked into mere space. It is calculated that a weir on the upper reaches of the Lachlan, at a cost of £250,000, would store for use in dry seasons an enormous body of water; and this would make possible a wide ribbon of irrigation along the whole extent of the river, which would serve as a resource against drought and make it possible for the sheep-owners to keep their flocks alive through rainless years. The water problem of eastern Australia, experts declare, may be solved in the valley of the Lachlan. It is certain that the drought has burnt in, as in characters of fire, some wholesome lessons on the imagination of Australian stock-owners; and no future drought will repeat the dreadful mischiefs of the drought just ended.

Naval Defence The question of the naval defence of Australia, and of the part which Australians themselves are to take in it, continues to supply the text of a lively discussion on both sides of the sea. The Federal Cabinet has announced that it will stand or fall as a Government by the increased naval subsidy; and though there is certain to be a fierce Parliamentary debate on the subject, it may be safely assumed that the

increased subsidy will be granted. For Australians, it may be added, the question of naval defence is not one of a little more, or of a little less, cost. Even when the subsidy has been increased the naval contribution of each Australian per head is a little less than thirteence, while for each person in the United Kingdom it is 15s. 2d.! The real matter in debate is, "Shall Australia contribute only cash to her own naval defence, or shall she, in addition, contribute men?" Is she to have a real and living partnership in the fleet, and so make the fleet itself part of the sea-education of her people, a help to the development of a national interest in maritime affairs?

**Australia
and
the Sea**

For ourselves, we have no doubt whatever as to the direction in which Australian sentiment flows, and will flow. A full-dress debate on this subject was held in the Royal Colonial Institute before a brilliant and representative audience, with the Earl of Aberdeen in the chair, and the best naval experts in the Empire took part in the discussion. Admiral Sir N. Bowden-Smith, in the course of the debate, paid the editor of this magazine a quite too spacious compliment. He said: "He quite understood the aspirations of Australians; they had, he believed, been largely shaped by that distinguished writer, Dr. W. H. Fitchett, whose book on Nelson was one that every English boy ought to read." No one person can pretend to have "shaped" Australian sentiment on this subject, but any person of average intelligence can interpret it. The question has been obscured by a hundred irrelevant issues. Men of straw have been set up and knocked down by ingenious disputants with an almost mournful waste of energy. No one proposes, for example, that Australia shall spend millions just now in buying or building a fleet of her own. That the Imperial fleet is a unit and must be under a single control; that Australia, under some conditions, might be best defended by a battle fought, say, in Chinese waters, are platitudes. No one dreams of denying them. But without injury to those venerable aphorisms it is quite possible for Australia to make a contribution to the

navy which would be worth more to the Empire than any cash payment; and which would, in addition, perfectly satisfy Australian aspirations, and act as a tonic on Australian character.

**The
Wiser Way** Admiral Sir N. Bowden-Smith himself suggests one way. Let a certain number of ships be provided by England, but be manned and officered by Australians, and paid at Australian rates out of Imperial funds; the ships to form part of the Australian squadron and be absolutely under the authority of the admiral in command. Or let Great Britain build a certain number of ships specially fitted for Australian coast defence; swift boats, that is, heavily armed; but, since they are not intended for long sea travel, of light coal capacity. Let it be remembered that all the Imperial ships, since they are intended for service in all seas, sacrifice weight of armour and gun-power to coal capacity. The Americans in the war of 1812 won naval victories which set every British captain betwixt Halifax and Portsmouth swearing, by building frigates with the gun-power of line-of-battle ships. And to-day if a British and American ship-of-war of equal tonnage be compared, the American will have nearly twice the hitting power of the British ship. The British Admiralty is at last admitting its own defective policy in this matter, and is increasing the gun-power of its ships. But ships built for coast defence, which never move far from their coal base, may easily carry a weight of armour and a scale of guns impossible to ships built for long sea travel. All this goes to prove that Australian coast defence may be best served by a section of the Australian squadron being ships of a special type; and these, supplied and paid by the Imperial Government, might be manned and officered by Australians and New Zealanders.

**Labour
Troubles** The labour problem is in its most unsettled and trying stage in Victoria, where the existing scheme—that of the wages boards—is hopelessly discredited, and no other scheme is, as yet, definitely proposed. Evidence as to the mischiefs wrought by the wages boards multi-

plies. They have raised the wages of a section of the artisan class; but they have narrowed the area of employment, they have unsettled business, they have destroyed some industries altogether, they have widened the interval betwixt employers and employed, and they have swollen the great army of the unemployed. The "Age," the organ of the Protectionist party, and which interprets, as far as any one journal can interpret, the mind of the working classes, is publishing a striking series of articles on "The Industrial Situation." It gives statistics showing that Victorian manufacturers have lost since 1899 trade to the value of £800,000. This means, of course, a great reduction in the amount of labour employed, and a shrinkage in the wage fund of the State. It is proved, as far as figures can prove anything, that the legislation intended to serve the working classes of the State has seriously injured them. Behind this legislation were the most benevolent intentions; but nature is very cruel sometimes to mere "benevolent intentions."

**A New
Political
Leader**

The industrial unions of Victoria are employing Mr. Tom Mann, at a substantial salary, to "organise the labour forces" of the State for a new campaign; and Mr. Tom Mann's ideals of future legislation are of a somewhat alarming character. He would reduce the working day to six hours, and impose a land tax of such an actively progressive sort that, by its means, "the whole of the unearned income shall become the property of the State." "There would be no poverty in the world," Mr. Tom Mann holds, "but for the monopoly of raw material and machinery by the capitalistic section." Here is a sample of Mr. Tom Mann's teaching:

The question was, How much of the total wealth they produced were the workers entitled to receive? Mr. Mann said the worker was entitled to the lot, after expenses and State charges had been paid. He included the brain-worker amongst the producers, provided his aim was to benefit the community, and maintained that no man who did not work (the man who lived on the unearned increment, for instance) should get anything. Amongst ideals the unions were to strive for were the State ownership of the land and nationalisation of the industries.

Mr. Tom Mann adds that he is in favour of "solid anarchy;" though he adopts a somewhat ethereal rendering of that ugly word

"anarchy." England sends us this new authority on political economy, though the pockets of Victorian working men pay him. But Mr. Tom Mann's advent will certainly not add to the industrial peace of Australia.

Victoria Victoria has got its new and amended constitution. Representatives of the two Houses met in conference; and, after a long and anxious debate, an agreement was reached, was accepted by both Houses, and is reserved for the Royal assent. The new constitution is, of course, a compromise, and does not express fully the ideals of either party. The Assembly is reduced to sixty-eight and the Council to thirty-five members; woman's suffrage is abandoned; the franchise for the Council is reduced to £10 freehold and £15 leasehold per annum; if the Council rejects a Bill the Assembly may dissolve on the question as an appeal to the country; if the Council again rejects the measure both Houses are dissolved. There are to be two dissolutions of the Assembly, that is, and one of the Council, as a penalty for disagreement. The Civil Service vote is represented by two members in the Assembly and one in the Council. Under the new constitution the Council has the right of suggesting amendments at every stage of a money-bill. Both existing Houses are to be dissolved for re-election on the new basis. The constitution ought to work well, and the reduced Houses represent a certain financial saving. But Parliaments are only means to an end; and the real work of reform in Victoria—the task of prudent finance and of healing legislation, that is—has yet to be undertaken.

Customs Prosecutions Great interest—much of it of a political sort—has gathered round in what is called "the Reid Customs case" at Brisbane. The Customs Department instituted proceedings against Robert Reid & Co., Ltd., for "passing false entries with intent to defraud." Mr. Reid was a member of the Irvine Cabinet, was elected by both Houses of the Victorian Parliament to fill the seat in the Federal Senate made vacant by the death of Sir Frederick Sargood, and is a man of the highest com-

mercial standing. The case lasted twenty-six days; the jury found against the defendants on every count, and the judge imposed a penalty of £50. Under ordinary circumstances such a verdict would drive its object from public life; but probably nine persons out of every ten in Australia hold that at least Mr. Reid's personal character emerges untouched from the case. Under a new and complex tariff, where the classification of goods is yet in an embryo stage, a thousand disputes—disputes representing mere conflict of judgment amongst experts—are sure to arise. The Customs authorities try, naturally enough, to collect the largest amount of duty possible, and to classify all the multitudinous items of modern trade under the heads which carry the heaviest duties. The representatives of the importing houses try to secure exactly opposite results; and in the struggle there are endless blunders on both sides, and much sharp practice, it may be added, also on both sides.

Mr. Kingston's Administration Mr. Kingston has somehow succeeded in pouring gall into the relations betwixt his own department and the trading community generally. He himself is not merely incorruptible, but what may be called aggressively incorruptible; incorruptible after the type of Carlyle's "seagreen incorruptible" himself! But it would be unfair to suggest that the triumphant consciousness of his own excessive virtue tends to make Mr. Kingston suspect the virtue of everybody else. He fails as an administrator—or, rather, he misses the success as an administrator which his energy, honesty, and mental power ought to win—for two reasons. First, he is a lawyer, not a business man, and he does not in the least understand that prime secret of business success, the art of organisation; the art of choosing able men, and then trusting details to them. Mr. Kingston does everything himself! A great bank, or a great newspaper, run by Mr. Kingston, and on the methods employed in the Federal Customs, would simply come to a standstill. Then, by some mental peculiarity, Mr. Kingston is unable to distinguish betwixt the relative sizes of things. He cannot see that trifles are trifles. He treats them as if they were Alps!

Chaos!

All this helps to explain the tumult which rages at the Federal Customs: the incessant disputes, the outcries, the accusations, the prosecutions! The Customs Department succeeded, after twenty-six days' trial at Brisbane, in securing a verdict against Robert Reid & Co.; that firm has paid £90,000 in duty, the amount in debate was little over £80, the fine imposed was £50. In another prosecution against the same firm in Adelaide, the verdict of the court was against the Customs Department, with costs. Another prosecution was begun against the great firm of Sargood, Butler & Nicol; the offence was a clerical error in a transfer certificate for imported goods consigned to a town in another State; it was discovered by the firm itself; the amount involved was 8s. 6d. A prosecution was, however, instituted; was cancelled by the department; was begun afresh "by a mistake," and was again cancelled. Prosecutions by the Customs Department have lost all meaning, and even convictions are without much moral weight, under the present administration; and this is a public misfortune.

Prohibition

The wave of sentiment in New Zealand against the liquor traffic still runs strongly, and is of great volume. The official figures of the voting at the last local option poll are striking:—148,449 votes were recorded in favour of continuing existing licenses—including one district, that of Clutha, where the vote (1,368) was for restoration of the licenses cancelled at the poll taken in 1899—132,240 for reduction, and 151,524 for no license (including 2,245 votes cast for non-restoration in the Clutha district). This shows a narrow, but clear, majority in favour of prohibition. It will, of course, need an overwhelming majority to make prohibition, as a general policy, effective; meanwhile the temperance sentiment is registering itself in the annual election of the licensing committees. These have been captured in great numbers, and the restraints on the trade are being drawn steadily tighter. There will be no "dead letter" in future amongst the regu-

lations affecting public-houses. It seems probable that at the next general election three of the great cities of New Zealand—Wellington, Dunedin, and Christchurch—will declare in favour of prohibition. In New Zealand, as in Ontario, the sentiment in favour of trying some heroic remedy for the dreadful mischiefs of the liquor traffic is gathering overwhelming strength.

The State Premiers

At the moment we go to press the State Premiers are in conference, and are discussing a very wide area of subjects indeed; ranging from "the control of the Murray river waters" to "the establishment of a Federal Government printing office;" from "the question of the relative precedence of Federal and State officials" to that of "the creation of a Federal capital" and "the federation of State loans." The annual conference of State Premiers serves many uses, and it promises to become a permanent part of the machinery of government. There is, however, just a little danger, at the present moment—when the relations betwixt the Commonwealth and the States are new, undefined, and somewhat exasperated—that the conference of Premiers may become a centre of hostile influence, a weapon of offence and defence against the Federal Government itself.

Mixed Tints

Someone has suddenly remembered that there is a stain of suspicious colour on the fair face of a "white Australia." The brown man of Asia and the black man of the South Sea groups may be kept out by a sufficiently severe legislation; but what about the sooty Australian aboriginal himself? New Zealand has 40,000 Maoris; but Australia has some 160,000 aboriginals. There are 70,000 in Western Australia, 50,000 in South Australia, and 25,000 in Queensland. The total number of coloured people of other races in Australia—Kanakas, Chinese, etc.—is about 50,000; so that the Australian blackfellow contributes a splash of suspicious colour to the Australian complexion three times as big as that of all the other coloured races put together! Australia is still distressingly far

from being white. In Western Australia, apparently, the problem of the wise and humane treatment of the blacks has not yet been solved. The Australian aboriginal has not the enduring fibre and the fighting energy of the New Zealand Maori; but he is capable of being both civilised and Christianised; and he is entitled to the most generous consideration from the white race which has taken his continent from him.

LONDON, March 2, 1903.

**The
Opening
of
Parliament**

The King opened Parliament in state on February 17. The King's Speech was long, and calls for little comment. The programme of legislation promised contained four principal measures and seven minor Bills, to which Ministers were constrained, in the debates on the Address, to add three others—one dealing with the Housing Question, the second placing restrictions on the immigration of undesirable aliens, and the third amending the law against frauds on the Stock Exchange. The King's Speech list of promised Bills was as follows:

- (1) An Irish Land Bill.
- (2) An Education Bill for London on the lines of the general Education Bill of last Session.
- (3) A Bill to give effect to the Brussels Sugar Convention.
- (4) A South African Loans Bill.
- (5) A Bill to deal with the Port of London.
- (6) A Scotch Licensing Bill.
- (7) An Amendment of the Law of Valuation and Assessment.
- (8) A Bill to regulate the Employment of Children.
- (9) A Bill to deal with adulterated Dairy Produce.
- (10) A Savings Bank Bill.
- (11) The Reform of the Patriotic Commission.

**The
Opening
Debates**

Dr. Macnamara secured the first place for his amendment calling attention to the Housing Question. He scored a great success. Members on both sides of the House supported him in his criticism of the omission of all reference to the vital question of the housing of the people from the King's Speech. Of the urgency of the question there can be no doubt. There are in London over a million persons living in rooms too small to secure decency and health to their inmates. Twenty-six thousand are living six in a room, 9,000



"Town Crier,"

[Birmingham.]

A PARLIAMENTARY PANTOMIME.

Stage Manager Balfour (excitedly): "Now, you imps and demons, keep out of sight, or you'll spoil the grand opening spectacle."

seven in a room, and 3,000 eight in a room. These rooms are small for the most part, mere styes for human beings degraded to the level of swine. The insufficiency of healthy houses in the country is notorious. The Act passed to facilitate the erection of houses has been a total failure. The period allowed for the repayment of loans is too short. A Committee reported in favour of extending the period from thirty or forty to seventy or eighty years. So strong was the feeling in favour of Dr. Macnamara's motion that Mr. Long was compelled to promise to bring in a Bill, and even then the amendment was only defeated by a majority of 39, the nominal Ministerial majority being 120.

**The Un-
employed**

Mr. Keir Hardie followed with an amendment, proposing to add to the programme of the Session: "Such measure or measures as would have empowered the Government and local administrative authorities to acquire land for cultivation, and to set up undertakings whereby men and women unable to find employment in the ordinary labour market might be profitably set to work." He set forth his case with much care and earnestness. He estimated the numbers of workers now unemployed at 400,000. "In Manchester, according to the Trades Council, the police reported that, all sleeping accommodation being filled, every night 2,000 houseless wanderers slept in brick-fields and in the open air." His amendment

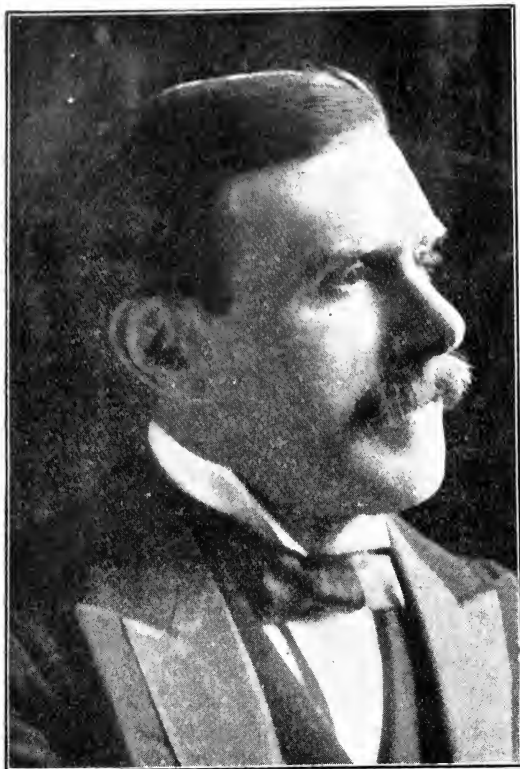


Photo by]

MR. BRODRICK.

[Haines.

was rejected by a majority of 40. Its principle was, however, approved by two representative Conferences held in London. The first dealt solely with the unemployed of London. It was presided over by the Chairman of the County Council. The second, a National Conference, was held at the Guildhall, where it sat for two days. The latter passed several resolutions, one of the most important of which was the first, which declared:

That the responsibility of providing for the unemployed in each district should be undertaken jointly by the local authorities and by the Central Government, and that such legislation should be introduced as would empower both central and local authorities to deal adequately with the problem.

Both Conferences were practically unanimous. But it is doubtful whether the Government will even consent to receive a deputation on the subject.

The Whittaker Wright Scandal

The tide was now running strongly against the Government, and it showed no tendency to turn when the scandalous case of Mr. Whit-

taker Wright came on for discussion. Mr. Whittaker Wright was the financial genius whose exploits with the London and Globe brought down Lord Dufferin's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, and ruined thousands of innocent victims. It was admitted that he had issued a fraudulent balance-sheet with intent to deceive. But it was alleged that to make such an act criminal it must be with intent to deceive either shareholders or creditors, whereas the worthy Whittaker Wright only intended to deceive prospective investors. The law officers of the Crown refused to prosecute, and Mr. Lambert moved an amendment expressing regret at this refusal. The House was righteously angry, and it would have gone hard with the law officers if Mr. Balfour had not intervened. He threw all the blame on the law, and promised to bring in a Bill to amend it. Even after this promise had been made, the Government only escaped defeat by a majority of 51. We have not heard the last of that case yet. Immediately after this division, an amendment was moved objecting to the retention of directorships in trading companies by Ministers of the Crown. Again Mr. Balfour intervened, but this time his majority sank to 38. On the first four divisions since the recess the nominal Ministerial majority of 120 had sunk to an average of 42.

The Army Debate

The great debate on the Address took place on Mr. Beckett's motion declaring that our present military system was unsuited to the needs of the Empire, and that no proportionate gain had resulted from the recent increase in military expenditure. Mr. Beckett stated six objections to the Army Corps scheme. "First, it was based on a wrong principle; secondly, it was not suited to the real needs of the country; thirdly, it was enormously costly; fourthly, it did not remove the defects which the war in Africa had clearly shown to exist; fifthly, it was not adapted to this country; and, sixthly, it had no real existence." Mr. Brodrick, in reply, said that he had added 54,000 men to the regular army in the last six years, and if the House liked to save five millions a year it could put the army back to the old figure. Mr. Balfour, who wound up the

two days' debate, declared that if the House wanted a smaller army it must instal another Government. As no one on the Unionist side, not even Mr. Winston Churchill, wished to see the Liberals again in office, and as the Irish Nationalists, with a keen anticipation of favours to come, refused to vote against the Government, the amendment was rejected by a majority of 116. It was stated in the debate that if we include the military budget of India, we spend £51,000,000 on the army and £30,000,000 on the navy.

The Irish Land Question

For the first, and possibly the last, time the Irish amendment to the Address was an elaborate exchange of compliments. Both landlords and tenants are hoping that the phenomenal spectacle of their agreement—even although it is an agreement to loot the British Treasury—will soften the hard heart of John Bull and induce him to loosen his purse-strings. The only speech in the debate of any importance was Mr. Morley's. He calculates that the Irish tenant now pays £4,000,000 a year in what are termed second-term rents. To induce him to buy, the Conference proposed a reduction of 20 per cent. and the land as a free gift at the end of a term of years. He will pay, therefore, £3,200,000. The landlord will lose £800,000 a year, which is to be made good by the State. Mr. Morley, however, thinks that the extreme sum asked from the Treasury would only be from £400,000 to £600,000. In round figures, we are to guarantee a loan of £100,000,000, and make a free gift over and above of £22,000,000. That may be all right; but why should the present tenants, many of whom are landgrabbers and worse, be set up as landlords at the expense of John Bull, without any regard being paid to the interest of the landless labourers and others who do not happen to have grabbed land, and many of whom have been the victims of eviction?

The Undesir- able Alien

Another debate upon the Address extorted a promise from the Ministers to take measures to check the influx of undesirable aliens into this country. What these measures must be



“Westminster Gazette.”

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON (NEW VERSION).

The Dragon dances to the Irish harp played by a Geraldine St. George.

it is at present impossible to say. Probably it will turn out that the only aliens whom it will be possible to exclude will be the foreign prostitute and her owner. This can hardly be described as protection for a native industry, but there is no doubt as to the extent to which the foreigner has driven the native off the streets. According to a remarkable census taken in Oxford Street, Piccadilly and the neighbourhood, there were 233 foreign girls and only 43 natives. Many of these women are to all intents and purposes the chattels of “souteneurs” and bullies who live upon their earnings. If the foreign bully and white-slave owner could be kept out, not many foreign girls would come in. The traffic in young women is carried on every day between Europe, Africa, and America. Vigorous efforts are being made by the National Vigilance Association to suppress it, but the evil is one which it is much more difficult to deal with than appears at first sight, owing to the ignorance and innocence of the unfortunate victims, who firmly believe that they are going to respectable and lucrative situations, and who wake up with horror to find themselves at the other end of the world, and nothing before them but the dread alternative of starvation or prostitution.

Settlement of the Venezuelan Question

The little war which England and Germany have been waging against Venezuela was brought to a close in the middle of last month by the signature of the Protocol, which provided, first, for the immediate payment of what are



Photograph by]

[Elliott & Fry.

LIEUT.-COLONEL KINLOCH.

A LEADING PERSONALITY IN THE GUARDS
"RAGGING" SCANDAL.

called first-line claims; secondly, for the reference of other claims to a mixed Commission composed of one Venezuelan, and one Briton or German, as the case may be, who, if they disagree, shall refer the question to an umpire appointed by President Roosevelt; thirdly, for the reference of any question as to the distribution of the Custom House revenues assigned for the payment of these claims, in default of arrangement, to the Hague Tribunal. The publication of the official documents proves that, contrary to the statement of the Ministers, the first proposal to go to war against Venezuela was made by Germany to England on July 23, ten days after the retirement of Lord Salisbury. They further proved that, so far from the United States being taken into our confidence and consulted before anything was done, nothing was said to the Government at Washington until Germany and

England had made their pact and decided upon war, for blockade is war, on however limited a scale it may be conducted. That we have got out of the mess is due, in the first case, to the United States Government, and, in the second place, to the existence of the Hague Tribunal. The one satisfactory feature of the whole thing is the almost universal disgust which has been excited, even among the supporters of our Government, at their refusal to use these two great instruments for the peaceful settlement of disputes before, instead of after, embarking upon a perilous joint-stock appeal to arms against an American Republic.

A
Well-earned
Victory for
Uncle Sam

President Roosevelt, Mr. Secretary Hay and Mr. Bowen deserve to be heartily congratulated upon the skill with which they have managed to avert the dangerous complications that might easily have ensued if the American Government had been less cautious and resolute. The great danger which they had to avoid was that of being forced into the acceptance of a position which would have appeared to the jealous, susceptible South Americans as the assumption of authority over the southern half of the Western Hemisphere. The belief entertained in some quarters that the Germans intended to use this Venezuelan trouble as an occasion for making a frontal attack upon the Monroe Doctrine does little credit to German statescraft. If Germany desired to upset the Monroe Doctrine, it would be done by a flank attack, and the first move would be to tempt the United States to take up a position of authority in South America, which would immediately have provoked the South American Republics to unite on a Monroe Doctrine of their own, for resisting the overshadowing power of the United States. Germany would then have found convenient opportunity for appearing on the scene as a protector of South American independence. If the Kaiser entertained any such design it was frustrated by the resolute refusal of President Roosevelt to accept the position of arbitrator. The President not only foiled this manoeuvre, but, by insisting upon the dispute going to the Hague Tribunal, added enor-

mously to the prestige of the Court whose authority the German Government regards with but half-concealed jealousy and distrust. At the same time he secured an emphatic recognition of the Monroe Doctrine from Great Britain and a tacit acceptance of the same principle by Germany. The German Ambassador at Washington is said to have declared that his Government had no hostility to the Monroe Doctrine, while Mr. Balfour went much further, and almost in so many terms accepted it on the part of his Government. He said:

The Monroe Doctrine has no enemies in this country that I know of. We welcome any increase of the influence of the United States of America upon the Great Western Hemisphere. We desire no colonisation, we desire no alteration in the balance of power, we desire no acquisition of territory. We have not the slightest intention of interfering with the mode of government of any portion of that continent. The Monroe Doctrine, therefore, is really not in the question at all.

The Alaskan Com- mission

Mr. Secretary Root, Mr. Lodge, and Mr. Turner have been nominated as the American members of the mixed Commission of six which will examine into and report upon the vexed question of the Alaskan frontier. There is not even a pretence on the American side that the Commissioners will approach the question with an open mind. It is frankly asserted in many quarters that the Senate would never have accepted the treaty if there had been any doubt as to the determination of each and all of the American Commissioners to support the American contention through thick and thin. No provision is made for the decision of the question by an umpire in case the British Commissioners are equally resolute in upholding the claims of Canada. Unless, therefore, one of the British Commissioners goes over to the American side the net result of the investigation will be a report of hopeless disagreement. It will, however, be some gain if the Commissioners should draw up in brief compass a clear statement of the reasons which led them to disagree. We should then have an authoritative statement of the case for each party, and the air would to that extent be cleared. More than this it would be idle to hope for.

The New Slavery

The moral justification for the presence of European authority in tropical Africa is the suppression of the slave trade and the extirpation of that sum of all villainies, slave-raiding. But what if it be true, as many authorities allege, that the only result of the advent of the armed European is to introduce a new and still more infernal system of slave-raiding, and to establish under the protection of our arms of precision a new slavery more ghastly than anything described in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"? Out of the mist of conflicting assertions there is gradually looming distinct before the moral consciousness of the world the fact that the Congo Free State—formed but the other day



Photograph by]

[Lafayette.

ADMIRAL COCHRANE.
A LEADING PERSONALITY IN THE GUARDS
"RAGGING" SCANDAL.

with the loftiest professions of philanthropy, for the purpose of giving freedom to the African, and of securing free trade to all European nations—has degenerated in seventeen years into a vast slave State, whose economic basis is forced labour, whose fiscal system is one of the strictest monopoly, and whose authority is maintained by cannibal levies who terrorise, massacre and eat up (literally) the unfortunate tribes whom they are supposed to protect. One very melancholy feature about the Congo business is the extent to which the Baptist Missionary Society, or some of its representatives, have built a moral zareba round the new slavery, so that it appears to some as if the horrible massacres and tortures by which alone the Congolese can be compelled to “bring in rubber” were perpetrated under the protecting shield of these devoted missionaries of the Cross.

**The
Austro-
Russian
Note**

The Austro-Russian Note which has been so long in preparation was formally presented to the Porte on February 21. It formulated a long string of reforms which, in the opinion of all the signatories of the Treaties of Berlin and of Paris, ought to be introduced into Macedonia. The Sultan furnished the best evidence of their worthlessness by gaily accepting them one and all without note or comment, and as if still further to advertise their real character he is said to have declared his intention to apply them to his other European provinces. The precious scheme contains as its chief feature the appointment of a Turkish Pasha as Inspector-General for a term of three years. He is to have authority over the local governors, and on emergency he is to have the right to employ Turkish soldiers and Bashi Bazouks on his own initiative. As every such Pasha at the end of three years must look for his promotion to the Sultan, it is tolerably certain that if he employs Ottoman troops on his own initiative it will not be to curtail the right of rapine which the Sultan enjoys in Macedonia, but to consolidate and extend it. The police and gendarmes are to be recruited from Mohammedans and Christians in due proportions, and organised by Europeans who will have no independent authority. The Sultan

is to compel the Albanians to abstain from murder and pillage. There is to be an amnesty for political offences, and a speedy trial for all criminals. Finally, local expenses are to be a first charge upon the budget of each vilayet. And that is all. In the name of the prophet—figs! What is needed is that the Powers agree to compel the Sultan to let them hang a Pasha and appoint a European governor, with absolute power to use Turkish or other troops to maintain order! Even a Turkish Pasha like Rustem might do if he had a secure tenure of office. But now everything will go on as before. There will be only a few empty proclamations the more. Macedonia cannot be reformed by wastepaper, and the Macedonians will have to continue as before to suffer the horrors of the regime to which they were thrust back at Britain's bidding.

Mr. Chamberlain told the Cape Town Chamber of Commerce on February 23 that he was anxious for the future of the Empire:

“The burden laid on the Mother Country was becoming more than it can bear. . . . I ask for nothing except that you shall contribute your full share to the defence of the Empire and South Africa.”

At present we are spending sixty-one millions sterling upon our Imperial naval and military forces. Every penny of this is paid by forty million taxpayers in these islands. Outside these islands, in Canada, Australia and South Africa, there are ten million British subjects who enjoy all the benefits of our expenditure equally with ourselves, but so far from paying their “full and fair share” of the bill their contributions do not amount to more than 10 per cent. of it. On the principle of community of sacrifice, every British subject, whether living in Great Britain, Ireland, or the self-governing Colonies, should contribute equally to the cost of the army and the navy. Reckoning our colonists in round numbers to be ten millions strong, they ought to pay on this reckoning £11,000,000 a year into the Imperial exchequer. As they will not listen for a moment to any such proposal, it is no wonder Mr. Chamberlain is anxious as to the future.

tramway construction of a local character should be referred, and the powers which it would be advisable to confer upon such a body." This central authority is precisely what the municipal bodies of Greater London, convened by Mr. Booth a year ago, unanimously urged the Government to appoint.

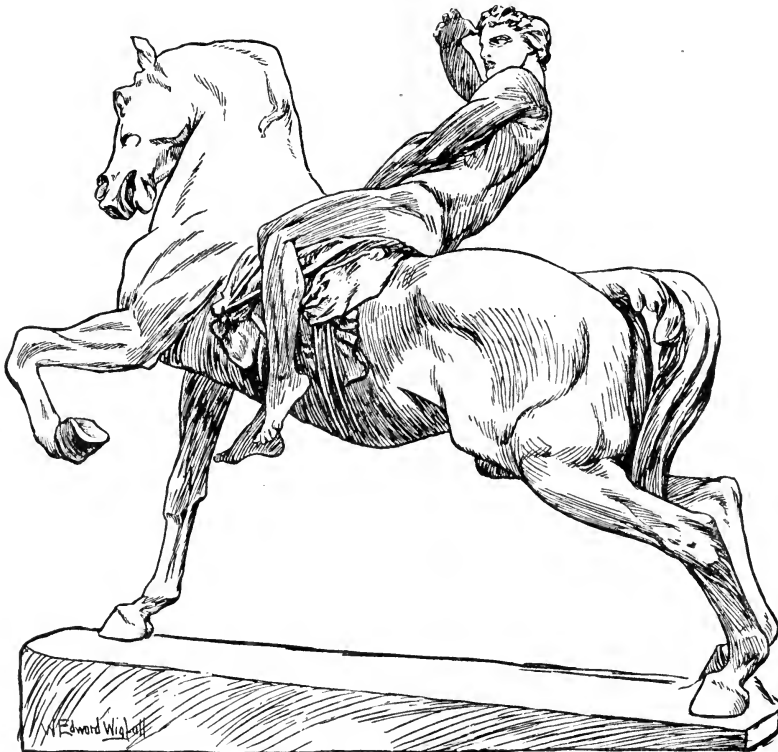
**Is the
English-
speaking
Race
Dying Out?**

President Roosevelt created a mild sensation last month by writing a letter to an authoress who had sounded a note of alarm as to the voluntary avoidance of maternity by American women. In this epistle he says that "the Americans are committing racial suicide." President Roosevelt says:

Those who shun their responsibility through a desire for independence, ease and luxury commit a crime against the race, and should be objects of contempt and abhorrence to all healthy people. If men shirk being fathers of families and women do not recognise that the greatest thing for women is motherhood, the nation has cause to be alarmed about the future.

President Eliot, of Harvard, following in the same strain as President Roosevelt, says that

Harvard graduates have on an average only two children each. This he attributes to late marriages, and he suggests a shortening of the years devoted to study, so that a professional man could conclude his training at twenty-five. It is not only Harvard graduates who are limiting their families. The birth-rate in 1850 in the United States was fifty-six per 1,000. In 1900 it was forty-seven. It would have fallen much more but for the foreign immigrants, who at first multiply and increase like rabbits. The average American family in 1900 was three children. Twenty years ago it was four or five. The same phenomenon is observable in Great Britain and in Australia. The truth is that the human race has learnt that conception does not necessarily follow union, but it has not learnt that if the race is not to decay it is the imperative duty of every healthy, intelligent pair to breed up to the maximum that they can afford to produce, rear, feed, and educate.

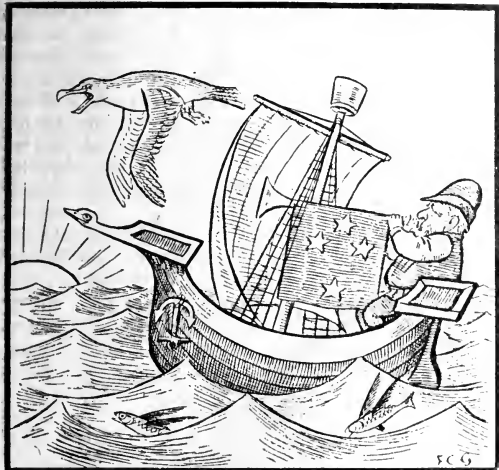


PHYSICAL ENERGY.

The masterpiece of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., a bronze cast of which is now being taken for erection on the Matoppos Hills as a memorial to Mr. Rhodes. The figure stands twelve feet high.
(Photograph by F. Hollyer, Pembroke Street West.)

THE HUMOUR OF THE MONTH.

A PAGE OF THE MODERN FROISSART.



SIR DICKON SEDDON ON HIS VIAGE TO AFRICA AND ENGLAND.

The humour of the month contains nothing better than the chapter in "F.C.G.'s Froissart, 1902," which deals with the doings of Sir Dickon Seddon. It is of special interest to New Zealanders:

Of the journey that Sir Dickon Seddon made from Maoriland to Africa, how he conversed with the lord de Kitchener, and how he hastily departed from Africa, and sailed to England.

Now let us leave somewhat to speak of the adventures of a certain Sir Dickon Seddon, the which are a

great marvel, as I shall shew you. Now, Sir Dickon Seddon was of great puissance, by reason of his pushfulness, in the island wherein he dwelt, the name of which, as I have been informed, is Maoriland. It lieth in an ocean on the other side of the world, and belongeth to England, howbeit it hath its own governance. And of this governance Sir Dickon Seddon was chief. He was a knight of great spirit, and had so great belief in himself that it was a wonder to all men, for he would say to those around him, "Things are not well with the realm of England, nor will be until Sir Dickon ruleth the roast."

When King Edward the Seventh made preparations for his crowning he caused invitations to be sent to every part of the kingdom, even beyond the seas, bidding the chief men of every land to journey to London that they might attend him at Westminster on the day appointed for the Coronation.

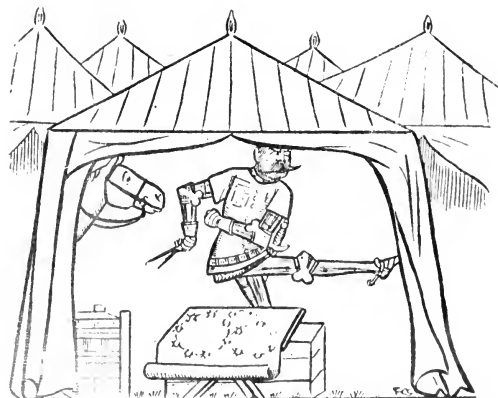
Even had it not been so I trow that Sir Dickon Seddon would have gone there, for he greatly desired that he should not be overlooked. Of a truth he did not journey straight to England, but caused the ship in which he sailed to be steered first to Africa, being minded to see how it fortuneth that the war in that country still continued, and had not been made an end of.

"I will look into this business," quoth he, "for meseemeth that the English are not bestirring themselves as they ought to do, and are not fighting against these Dutch rebels as felly as I would have them do. They are too pitiful; let them entrust the ordering of the war to me and to my Maories, and we will right speedily roll over the land and crush these pestilent Dutchmen. By St. Jingo but I will have no conditions for their surrendering themselves."

In this wise spake Sir Dickon Seddon, and he sent messengers before him to Africa and to England, saying, "Thus and thus hath Sir Dickon Seddon spoken."



SIR DICKON SEDDON DEMANDETH TO KNOW IF THE LORD DE KITCHENER HATH NEED OF MORE MUTTON FOR THE ENGLISH ARMY IN AFRICA.



THE LORD DE KITCHENER ANSWERETH SIR DICKON SEDDON, WHO DEPARTETH IN HASTE.



SIR DICKON SEDDON PERFORMETH A WAR-DANCE
AFTER THE MANNER OF THE MEN OF MAORILAND.

Now you must know that in Maoriland they set great store by sheep, the wool thereof they send abroad for profit, and the meat they send to England where it has been sold for Scottish mutton, as it has been tolá to me.

Sir Dickon would have had those in England to buy no other mutton but that which came from Maoriland, saying, "Wherein is the profit of having a Motherland if she buy not that which her children have to sell?"

So when Sir Dickon Seddon arrived in Africa incontinent, he set out to journey up the country to find the lord de Kitchener. And whensoever he encountered any of the English army by the way, he demanded of them to know whether they had yet made peace with the Dutch, charging them stoutly that in no wise should they yield anything to their enemies.

"Wherefore should we sacrifice that which we have striven so hard to gain?" quoth he.

Then would he paint his face in the manner of the men of Maori-

land, and dance a war-dance to give countenance to the soldiers.

When Sir Dickon Seddon arrived at the place where the lord de Kitchener was encamped with his army, he set himself to hold converse with him, and when he found where his tent was within the camp, he betook himself thitherward. Now, the lord de Kitchener was seated therein planning how he might build more castles if it should fortune that the conferences with the Dutch should be made an end of without peace, and he was sore amazed when Sir Dickon Seddon presented himself demanding to know if he wanted more mutton from Maoriland for the army.

When the lord de Kitchener answered him nay, Sir Dickon said that it rather behoved him to have said Yea, seeing that it would have gone hardly with the Mother country if her children from Maoriland had not made great sacrifices to save her from the Dutch in Africa.

Moreover, he charged the lord de Kitchener that he should not entertain any terms with the Dutch rebels without taking counsel with him, Sir Dickon.

Now what reply the lord de Kitchener made to this I cannot of a surety tell, but it has been shewed me that Sir Dickon Seddon made a sudden end of speaking, and departed with great haste for his ship, saying



SIR DICKON SEDDON IN LONDON.

that he might well have deemed he was anywhere but on English land.

Of the further marvellous adventures of Sir Dickon Seddon, how he counselled Sir Joseph de Birmingham and others in England and the end thereof.

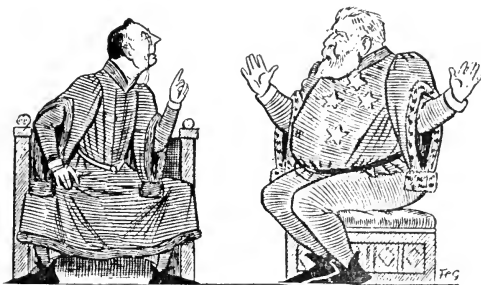
Anon Sir Dickon Seddon continued on his viage to England, for he held that the King could not rightly be crowned if he were not there at the appointed time. And when his ship had taken land in England he hastened on shore and went straightway to London. Here he was received with great honour, and the King sent to him horses and servants richly apparelled in scarlet and gold, whereat Sir Dickon Seddon was mightily pleased, saying to himself, "The King doth well to honour me in this wise, for of a surety this realm could not continue without me."

And Sir Dickon Seddon rode to and fro in England in state as though he had been a Prince, telling the people everywhere what they should do if they desired to prosper. Moreover, he counselled them that they should make haste to wake up and see to it that no other mutton should be allowed to be brought into the country save only that from Maoriland.

He spake in this wise also to Sir Joseph de Birmingham, saying, "Thus and thus should the Mother country do if she would continue in the love of her children."

When Sir Dickon Seddon had thus spoken many times, Sir Joseph de Birmingham answered that it behoved not children to teach their mothers the art of obtaining nutriment either from eggs or mutton.

Sir Dickon was sore vexed that they of the governance in England gave so little heed to his counsel, for he was full of marvellous opinions. Howbeit he dissimuled the matter, avowing that he would still con-



SIR DICKON SEDDON CONVERSETH WITH SIR JOSEPH DE BIRMINGHAM.

tinue to love the Mother country, and when the King had been crowned, as I have herebefore shewed you, Sir Dickon Seddon journeyed back to Maoriland across the seas.

And thereafter whatsoever thing was devised or done in England, Sir Dickon Seddon would say, "Of a surety this was done on the counsel that I gave to Sir Joseph de Birmingham and others in England."

Sir Robert Ball, in "Good Words," well illustrates his contention that astronomy, of all the sciences, most expands the imagination. He writes on the scale of the visible heavens, and endeavours to make less inconceivable the stupendous distances of the stellar universe.

At this time such an article as appears in "Pearson's Magazine" dealing with the life of the Sultan, cannot fail to be of interest. The deepest impression given by the sketch is one of sincere pity and commiseration for the ruler of Turkey, who is also, in the opinion of many, one of the ablest diplomatists of the day.

Two of the articles of interest in the "American Historical Review" for January are concerned with the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century; there is an admirable survey of the literature of the Lutheran movement in Germany by Prof. James Harvey Robinson, while Prof. Herbert D. Foster writes on "Geneva Before Calvin (1387-1536): The Antecedents of a Puritan State."

The late Monsieur de Blowitz is the subject of a special sketch in "Macmillan's." It appears that when De Blowitz was asked to act as temporary correspondent to the "Times" he asked to see a number of the "Times," as he had never before seen it! The story is told of the discreditable means by which he secured an advance copy of the Berlin Treaty. Blowitz thought of himself as an ambassador rather than a journalist, and the writer regards this as a most pernicious departure.

In the "Nuova Antologia" (February 1) Signora Rosselli describes the recent revival throughout Italy

of female home industries of an artistic nature—lace-making, embroidery, weaving, etc.—thanks to the energetic enterprise of various Italian ladies. Already two exhibitions of artistic female handiwork have been held in Rome, and it is now intended to open a permanent depot for the sale of the goods. There is a long character sketch of Andrew Carnegie, with a review of his book, "The Empire of Business," which has been translated into Italian; while General Luchino dal Verme reviews De Wet's "Three Years' War," paying a high tribute to his generalship and strategy, and protesting against the tendency in some quarters to decry him as a mere guerilla leader.

The "Civiltà Cattolica" (February 7) does its best to dislodge Italy from its unhappy pre-eminence as the mother of regicides. It has drawn up an exceedingly interesting table of all the assassinations of monarchs and presidents, both attempted and successful, for the last hundred years, beginning with the murder of the Emperor Paul and ending with Rubino's attempt against King Leopold. In all seventy-three crimes are tabulated, and undoubtedly, taken over so wide a field, Italy is responsible for no more victims than other nations; but the fact remains true that the most notorious regicides of recent years whose crimes have been due to Anarchist doctrines—Caserio, Luccheni, and Bresci—are all of Italian birth. One remarkable fact emerges from the table. The crimes against heads of States in the second half of the nineteenth century were four times as numerous as in the first half. The mid-February number contains a laudatory analysis of the Jesuit Pere Fontaine's much-discussed volume "Les Infiltrations Kantiennes et Protestantes et le Clerge Francais."

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN CARICATURE.



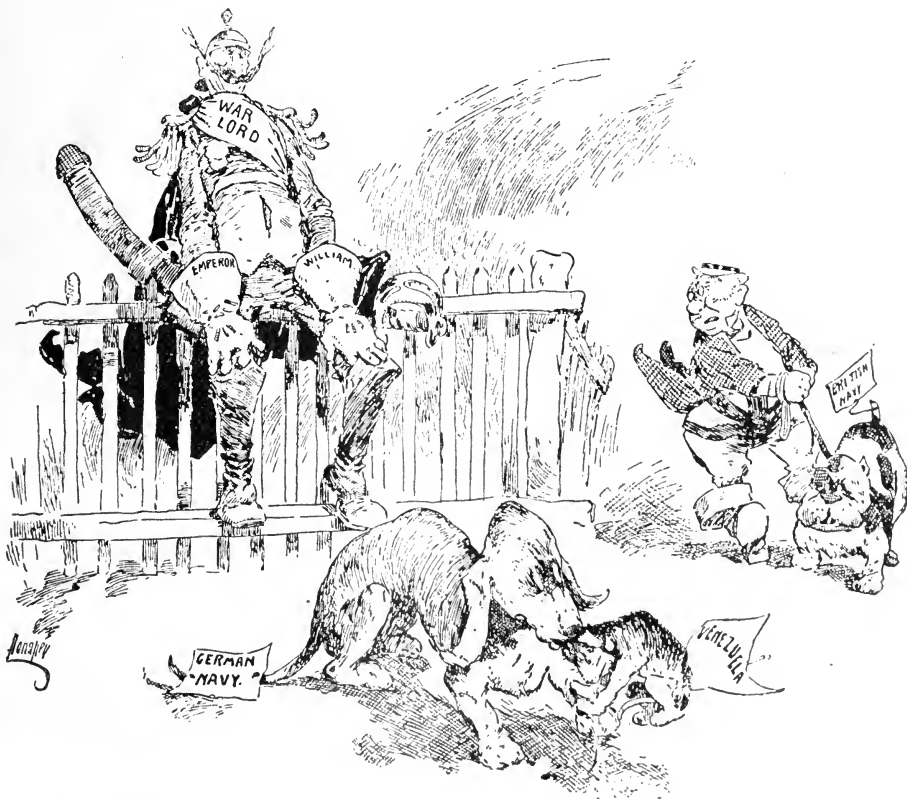
"Bulletin."]

STATE TREASURER WADDELL'S LATEST: "IT'S SUCH A LITTLE ONE!"



"Journal," Detroit.]

John Bull: "Ain't 'e got a 'orrible temper!"



"Plain Dealer," Cleveland.]

"CALL OFF YOUR DOG!"

THE VENEZUELA TROUBLE.



N.Z. "Free Lance."]

INDUSTRIAL CONCILIATION—ITS LATEST PHASE.

New Zealand (to King Dick): "It's a rather ticklish job, Dick, and wants careful handling. Remember, you may take a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink."

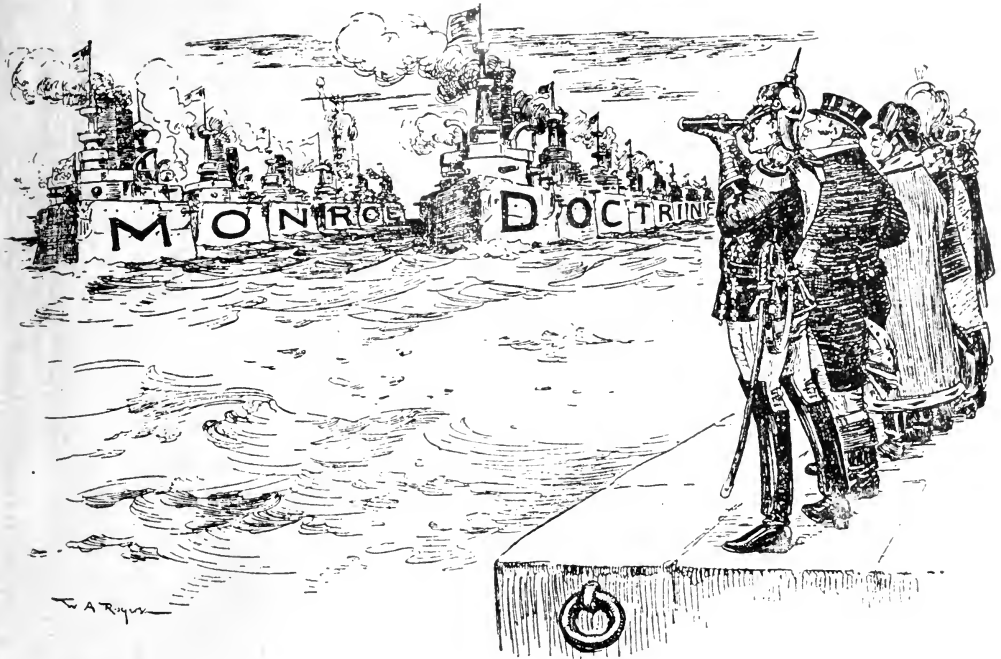


N.Z. "Free Lance."]

(Mr. Seddon said this Pacific cable compact was the first partnership New Zealand had had with the Commonwealth, and, under the circumstances, it would probably be the last.—The Premier at Christchurch.)

A LITTLE DIFFICULTY OVER LINES.

Mrs. Premier Dick (to Mrs. Premier Toby): "It won't do, Toby. You've broken the agreement, and the partnership is off. 'Enceforth we are hutter strangers."



“Herald,” New York.]

LET IT BE WRITTEN SO IT CAN BE READ.



UNCLE SAM AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE



Bernard Partridge.

THE MACEDONIAN PRESCRIPTION.

Abdul Hamid (to Doctors Nicolas and Franz Josef): "Thank you so much! I'll have this made up, and—er—(aside) put it away with the others!"

(By permission of the proprietors of London "Punch")



"World," New York.]

John Bull: "Come out o' that, you blooming idiot!"



"Herald," New York.]

OFF TO THE HAGUE.



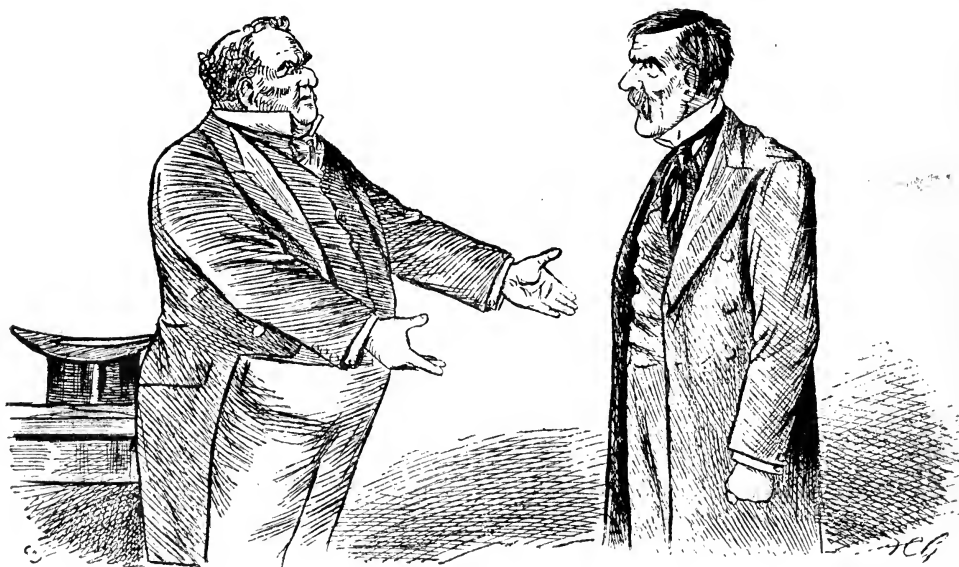
"Westminster Gazette."]

MUDDLING AND MENDING.

Mrs. Britannia Bull: "Good gracious, John, what on earth have you been doing with yourself?"

John Bull: "All right, my dear; I've only been muddling through a little mess. What does it matter as long as I come home right side up?"

Mrs. B. B.: "It matters a good deal, sir! I've got to do the mending!"



"Westminster Gazette."]

WHAT HE WANTS TO KNOW.

John Bull: "What I want to know is this, Mr. Brodrick—Am I an Island? or am I a Continent? If I'm an Island, I want a big Navy and a small Army. If I'm a Continent, I want a big Army and a small Navy. I can't afford to be an Island and a Continent too!"

BRITISH POLITICS.



['New York Journal.']

AN ANGLO-GERMAN SOLILOQUY.

"I vonder vere iss my dog Chonny! I hope he dit not deserted me yet alretty!"



["New York Journal."]

POPULAR SONGS OF THE TRUSTS:

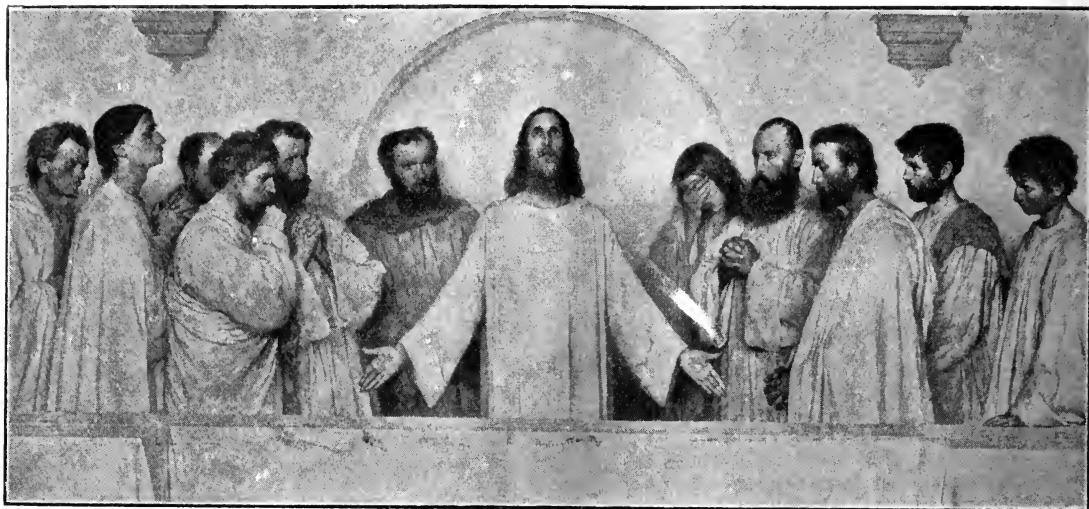
"Some Day She'll be Mine!"



["Herald," New York.]

NOT ENOUGH WOOL TO GO AROUND.

THE REPRODUCTION OF A CELEBRATED PICTURE.



Copyright, 1902, by Photographische Gesellschaft.]

[By permission of the Berlin Photo Company, London, W

EUGENE BURNAND'S "CHRISTI GEBET NACH DEM ABENMAHL."

The frontispiece of the "Review" this month contains the three central figures of a great picture by the Swiss painter, Eugene Burnand, which has been on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery in London, and was exhibited at the Salon in Paris last year. The subject challenges comparison with the famous "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci which is now fading away, but which for four hundred years and more has been regarded as the supreme effort of art in portraying one of the most memorable scenes in sacred history. That a modern painter should have ventured to give us, not the Last Supper, indeed, but a picture of our Lord and the eleven disciples, as Jesus pronounced the final benediction before He went out to His betrayal, is a welcome proof that courage, not to say audacity, has not died out from the modern world. Opinions will differ as to the success with which Mr. Burnand has rendered the features of Jesus. The central figure is, perhaps, too conventional to please many, but the artist could hardly be blamed for having followed the generally accepted type. There will be less criticism of the

figures of the eleven apostles. Judas had gone out from the presence of his Master, but each of the other apostles is rendered with extraordinary skill and individuality. The players at Oberammergau, who were all made up more or less on the figures in Leonardo da Vinci's picture, were not more lifelike and more ruggedly real than these fishermen of Galilee who stand on the right and left of our Lord. The whole picture is very remarkable, and likely to become a great favourite. It is Mr. Burnand's first success in the realm of sacred art. He was first known as a landscape and animal painter. From this he turned his attention to historical paintings, thereby achieving considerable recognition in his own land. One of his pictures, "The Flight of Charles the Bold," was bought by the Swiss Government and hung in the Castle of Chillon. It was not until he was about fifty years of age that he turned his attention to the theme by which he has achieved so remarkable a success. The picture, which is reproduced in miniature at the head of this page, is a publication of the Berlin Photographic Company.

TEN YEARS OF MINISTERIAL OFFICE:

THE HON. J. G. JENKINS, PREMIER OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Australia does not provide for her boys so many fascinating "Log Cabin to White House" stories of industry and success as the United States of America did when that great country was making its early history; but the political success of the Hon. John Greeley Jenkins, Premier of South Australia, bears a marked resemblance to the examples which were set American boys by some of the Presidents. Little did Mr. Jenkins dream, when, with his three elder brothers, he roamed the woods of Susquehanna, in Pennsylvania, that he would become Prime Minister of a large and important British State in the Southern Seas, and that he would live to establish a record for the State in the length of his term of Ministerial office. Few men who have been only twenty-five years in any of the States can boast of having spent more than twenty of them in the service of the public in this manner: Two years a councillor in an important suburban corporation, two years mayor of the town, sixteen years in Parliament for the one district, including ten years ninety days in Ministerial office.

The record of Ministerial service in S.A. to March 31, 1903, is:

	Days.	Years.	Days.
Hon. J. G. Jenkins.. . . .	3,740	10	90
Rt. Hon. C. C. Kingston.. . . .	3,641	9	356
Senator T. Playford	3,556	9	271
Sir Frederick Holder	3,421	9	136
Sir Arthur Blyth.. . . .	3,247	8	327
Sir John Cockburn.. . . .	3,025	8	105
Sir J. C. Bray.. . . .	2,910	7	355
Hon. Lavington Bonython	2,663	7	78
Sir Henry Ayers.. . . .	2,429	6	239
Hon. J. H. Gordon.. . . .	2,185	5	360

Personal History.

Mr. Jenkins was born in County Susquehanna, Pennsylvania, on September 8, 1851, and on leaving school entered the office of a large publishing firm, for whom he was soon commissioned to travel in various parts of the United States and Canada. At the age of twenty-six he was sent out to exploit South Australia, and he landed in Adelaide in April, 1873, unknown to anyone. To-day, if he landed, nine out of every ten persons would recognise him, and he would greet the majority as personal friends. He has the reputation of knowing more men and women in South Australia than any other man. The publication with which he first began business was "Our First Century," an American history, but he soon began business on his own account, and imported a large number of English and American books, and then he abandoned that, to take the position of mar-

ager of the Picturesque Atlas Company, in S.A. In the meantime he had been taking an active part in literary society work. He became president of the Literary Societies' Union, and second Premier in the Union Parliament, which was established by the literary societies. As representative of Parkside Ward, in the Unley Corporation, and then as Mayor of Unley, which has now a population of 20,000, he had further abundant opportunity for political training. In the Union Parliament his ready tongue and smart repartee had helped to make him an able debater, much feared by opponents.

In May, 1886, he sought a seat for the representation of East Adelaide, a vacancy having occurred by reason of the resignation of Mr. George Dutton Green, but Mr. Jenkins was badly beaten by Mr. J. T. Scherk. The contest served to bring him prominently before the public, and when, in the succeeding April, he stood for Sturt,



Photo by Duryea, Adelaide.]

THE HON. J. G. JENKINS

the chief polling place being Unley, he was returned at the top of the poll. He was in the same honourable position at the elections in 1890, but in 1893 he was beaten for the senior seat by Mr. T. Price, the leader of the Labour Party, and he secured the junior seat by twenty-one votes from Mr. H. Adams. That was the year that the Labour Party became a force to be reckoned with in Parliament, for every Labour candidate was successful with the exception of Mr. Adams, who later on entered the Legislative Council. At all

times. He was Minister of Education and of the Northern Territory from March 2, 1891, till January 6, 1892, when he succeeded the Hon. W. B. Rounsevell as Commissioner of Public Works; he held the office until June 21, 1892, when the Holder Ministry took office. On the formation of the Kingston Ministry, in 1893, Mr. Jenkins was appointed Government Whip; but early the following year, when the Hon. T. Playford went to England as Agent-General, Mr. Jenkins took his old position as Commissioner of Public Works, in



THE PREMIER IS A LOVER OF ROSES.

subsequent elections Mr. Jenkins has topped the poll for Sturt, but last year the districts were rearranged, and the Premier ran third for Torrens, the name of the amalgamated districts of Sturt and East Torrens.

Years of Office.

Mr. Jenkins' first Ministerial appointment was in Mr. Playford's Government, which, during a life of two years, was reconstructed five or six

succession to Mr. Holder. The Kingston Ministry went out on December 1, 1899, having been defeated by one vote, and the Solomon Ministry, known as the "Week" or "Weak" Ministry, took office for seven days. Then Mr. Holder's Government, which was practically the Kingston Government without Mr. Kingston, came in, and Mr. Jenkins held the portfolio of Chief Secretary. With a keen eye to the future, the representative of Sturt did not stand for the Federal Parliament.

He was content to take the more responsible position of Premier of S.A., in succession to Mr. Holder, who, of course, advised the Governor to ask Mr. Jenkins to form a Ministry.

In every walk of municipal and political life it may be claimed that Mr. Jenkins has been a success. Personally, he has no enemies, and is one of the most popular men in the State. He is the life of a Parliamentary party, and a most entertaining host, especially if his guests are ladies. In

the House he can suit his mood to the occasion. As leader of the Government in a time of much difficulty, he has of late adopted a serious tone in his speeches, but many members recall with pleasure their delight at listening to his smart speeches. Seldom has the member who interjected escaped the ever-ready, witty retort, and more often than not he has had to laugh with the House at his own discomfiture. His position as Premier has brought him before all sections of the community, and he has been able to adapt himself to his surroundings with a facility possessed by few. He is as much at home

cracking jokes before a gathering of share-brokers and business men as he is presiding at a meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Like Mr. Kingston, he is a teetotaler, and he was a foundation member of the Leopold Masonic Lodge, in which intoxicants are tabooed at the banquets in favour of tea, coffee, and temperance drinks.

It is now well known that Mr. Jenkins might have had his services to the State rewarded with

a knighthood, but that he intimated to Lord Tenynson that he did not desire, at that time, to accept such an honour. An amusing story is told in connection with the affair. When questioned as to the truth of the rumours that were current, the Premier replied: "What would I do with it? If I retired into private life it would follow me; if I went into the wilds of Africa it would be there, and when I got to the cemetery it would still stick to me."

What Office Has Taught.

Mr. Jenkins has not had so long a Parliamentary career as some of the other members of both Houses of the State Legislature, and some of the State's representatives in the Federal Parliament, but he has had exceptional opportunities of forming opinions on the different phases of Australian political life he has witnessed. Though he was busy preparing for a trip to Sydney to attend his third Premiers' Conference, he readily consented to give some of his ideas for the "Review of Reviews for Australasia":

"What changes have I observed

in Australian politics? Well, one of the principal changes that I have observed in all the States is the greater care and attention which is evidently being given by Ministers to the various departments under their control, and the deeper interest that is being manifested in the actions of Ministers and members of Parliament by the electors. This has been more apparent since the necessity for increased taxation has been brought so prominently before the public. Another change I have observed is the introduction of direct taxation on



SETTING OUT FOR HIS OFFICE.

land and income, not only in S.A., but in the other States. One of the causes of that taxation was the dropping off in the receipts for the sale of land, receipts which should never have been allowed to go into general revenue. Another cause was the expenditure of borrowed money—in some instances—upon works that were not directly reproductive. The interest on these loans has had to be met annually out of revenue from other sources.

"The general drift of legislation? Well, that is a very wide question. I should say, though, that the general drift of legislation throughout Australasia is undoubtedly liberal. The South Australian record will show this. We passed adult suffrage in 1893, and it has since been adopted by the Commonwealth, New South Wales, and Western Australia. Then there was the 'Free Education' Act, the arbitration and conciliation laws, the recognition of the eight hours system, and its adoption in Government employment, the general assistance of the producers, in the matter of storing and shipping produce, and endeavouring to find markets, and the assistance of the people in other respects where private enterprise has failed. Where the Government have stepped in, they have generally been successful."

The Politicians of S.A.

"How do the politicians of to-day compare for ability with bygone politicians?"

"That is rather a difficult question to answer, and I would rather not be placed in the position of judge. No one can deny that the removal of such men to the Commonwealth Parliament as the Right Hon. C. C. Kingston, Sir Frederick Holder, the Hon. Thomas Playford, Sir John Downer, Mr. P. McM. Glynn, and Mr. V. L. Solomon, has robbed South Australia of able debaters and men of ability; but their places have been filled in the local Parliament by many new men who are rapidly gaining experience, and are ably filling the positions to which they have succeeded. It may not be out of place to say a word in reference to the late Sir John Bray, who was a colleague of mine in the Playford Government as Chief Secretary, and who in my earlier Ministerial life gave me some very good advice. It is questionable whether any politician ever held office in South Australia who could seize a point more readily, and debate it with more ability and tact than he."

"What is there in South Australian politics that tends to political stability?"

"Up to ten years ago the Ministerial changes were much more frequent than they have been in the last decade. Between 1856 and the present time there have been forty-three Ministries in South Australia, the average life of each being about one year and six weeks. The long continuation in office of the Kingston Ministry, from June, 1893, to December, 1899, was in a measure due to the general support given by the Labour Party, which came into political power in 1893. It was understood that the members of the Party were not to accept Ministerial office, but this understanding was evidently departed from at the defeat of the Kingston Government, for three of those who were returned as Labour men voted against the Government, and one of them took office in the succeeding Government. Then, when a week later the Government was thrown out, Mr. Holder asked Mr. Batchelor, the leader of the Labour Party, to accept the portfolio of Minister of Education, and he did so. Another thing which has tended to the stability of Ministries for the last few years is the loyal support which has been given by the agricultural members, in consequence of the care and attention that have constantly been given by the various Ministerial departments to the advancement and encouragement of the producers."

When asked to mention the principal legislative measures that he had been connected with, Mr. Jenkins replied: "Every liberal measure which has been passed during the last ten years." He went on to point out that these included the Free Education Act, which he introduced; woman suffrage; the eight hours system; the Act under which the produce depot was established; industrial legislation, and, more lately, the Constitution Amendment Act, under which the Legislative Council was reduced from twenty-four members to eighteen, and the House of Assembly from fifty-two to forty-two; the Outer Harbour Act, which provides for the expenditure of up to £500,000 on a harbour for ocean-going steamers, at the mouth of the Port Adelaide River, and the Transcontinental Railway Act, under which it is intended to complete the railway to the Northern Territory, on the land-grant system. The beneficial effect of the Constitution Amendment Act, in which South Australia showed an example to the other States, was shown last session, when more than the usual amount of work was done in about two-thirds of the time of former sessions.

AUSTRALIAN NAVAL DEFENCE.

BY SEAMAN.

Of all the arguments put forward by the opponents to Australian naval development, the favourite is *cost*. It is wonderful how this card is played again and again, no matter how clearly and plainly the falsity of the argument is demonstrated. Nevertheless, only a few days ago Mr. Seddon made the appalling statement that an Australian Navy would cost something over three millions to start, and over a million a year to maintain. This estimate was put forward as the alternative to the acceptance of the scheme, costing £200,000 a year, which our representatives at the Conference in London, last year, promised and vowed for us. It is an estimate in its modesty characteristic of the great New Zealand Premier, who is nothing if not modest, and it has the additional charm of having "nothing to do with the case." It is worth ventilating. Once well understood of the people, and, peradventure, Mr. Seddon will be compelled to look round in those rich turnip fields of his for one of another shape to hollow out and frighten us with.

What We Don't Want.

An "Australian Navy" means Australian independence—that is the plain English of it. How far off from that evil ideal we are, we who believe in the naval development of Australia as a direct Imperial duty, we need scarcely affirm. An Australian Navy is no more possible than an Australian King or Australian Emperor, Sultan, or President, or Panjandrum. The sea is one, and upon it there cannot be two independent sea forces under one Empire. There is the British Navy—frequently misnamed the Imperial Navy—and Australian ships or squadrons, or even fleet, in the years to come, would only be a working portion of it, and constitute the addition that would justify its "Imperial" title. An "Australian Navy" means an independent force, directed to independent action (or inaction), and this is only possible to an independent Government. For in one sea, as in one field of campaign, there must be one scheme and one command. An Australian ship or ships would not, therefore, be a Navy, but an addition to the Empire's sea forces. Such an addition might be great or small; at least we will give ourselves the credit of making it proportionate to our means, with some due appreciation of our necessities, and the added load to the Empire's sea responsibilities incurred by our existence. As has just been said, such an addition, such a contribution by Australia may be great or small; but, says Mr. Seddon,

you cannot do this, you can make no contribution in ships which are Australian (or New Zealand), because an "Australian Navy" would cost three millions, or a dozen millions, and some other huge sum to maintain.

Why stop at three millions? Mr. Seddon and his school (there are more than a few in Australia) evidently mean that if we did any portion of our sea defence we must do the lot, undertake the whole of our naval defence, and relieve the Mother Country completely of this responsibility. His estimate is possibly based on the cost and maintenance of ships of the Royal Navy in these waters. We may parenthesise here, to remark that £3,000,000 would provide a fleet capable of making very small mincemeat of the ships of the Royal Navy in these waters to-day. This, however, by the way.

Puzzle-headed Arithmetic.

Why may we not supply a portion of the fleet for our naval defence? We can only surmise that, for some reason or another, co-operation is judged to be impossible. We may, without conceit, credit ourselves with the capacity to turn out efficient ships. Fairly competent in other lines and departments of life, it is curious if we are a sort of naval "colour-blind" in sea work. This, as Euclid says, is absurd, and we can only conclude, as the corollary to Mr. Seddon's statement, that co-operation between ships manned by Australians and ships of the Royal Navy is impossible.

For the same reason, Mr. Seddon's "three-million fleet" would, it must be supposed, be equally incapable of acting in concert with those East Indian and China squadrons that we hear are to rally to the aid of the Royal Naval Squadron in these seas should we ever be seriously threatened. And this, again, leaves with us as the only possible deduction—and we present it without reserve to Mr. Seddon—that, for safety, we must have a fleet equal to the strongest afloat in the world. It is quite evident that a three-million fleet would be powerless against France or Russia, or Germany—who to-day is, of all Powers, the most peevishly hungry for over-sea possessions. But out of this horrible danger we are to be saved by payment of that quite too ridiculous trifle of £200,000 a year, to provide one second-class cruiser, and two of our dear old friends of the Auxiliary Squadron, who have been with us so long, to be used as training ships.

There is really something puzzling in antipodean mathematics when applied to defence. The Admiralty can make us quite safe for £200,000; but if we of Australia take a hand in it,—“Well,” says Mr. Seddon, no small authority in making the Empire safe, “it can’t be done, let me see, under £3,000,000 odd, first cost, and about 1½ millions maintenance.” Really, a man with his experience in Empire-saving might have given us a slightly lower quotation.

The Logic that Proves Too Much.

But, seriously, the absurdity of this “cost argument” can best be seen by applying it to our land defences. Now who, for instance, would put forward, as a serious reason for doing away with our land forces and paying the Imperial Government a lump sum for our land defence, that a complete army for a land like this, if gauged by population, and compared with, say, Holland, would cost us some millions; or, if gauged by extent of territory, and compared with Russia, would cost something more than even the President of the New Zealand Empire Salvage Company would care to quote?

Here is another parallel: In point of time and distance, Western Australia, though connected by impassable land with the main centres of Australian resources and population, is yet further than New Zealand; nevertheless, Western Australia maintains a defence force according to its means and capacity. There would be far more reason to say to that State, “Disband your defence force; it is useless. Why, an army to protect you would cost several millions! You can’t do any real good with it in an emergency.” W.A. would, however, immediately and sensibly reply that they could make a small attack impossible; that if threatened more seriously, they could co-operate with any forces Australia Felix sent to her assistance; and if her Eastern neighbours, in their turn, were pressed, they would lend their aid, to the best of their power and numbers.

Similarly, the British War Office might, with some reason, argue the absurdity of any Australian military forces, using precisely the same argument that any armed strength we could raise would be useless against the millions of France, Russia, or Germany. That, while the Empire existed, Australia would be safe from over-sea invasion, and the only proper and sensible policy was, clearly, general disbandment, and payment of a sum into the Imperial Treasury. That if the Empire lost her sea supremacy and fell, nothing but an army far exceeding anything we could raise would save us, and we must, in fact, be lost.

The Secret of It.

Now, in that contention there is fact and unassailable logic. Why, then, are we not so advised? Why do not the War Office say, “Disband your land forces”? And how should we meet such a proposal? We say at once, “Our land forces can make a small raiding attack impossible, and, moreover, if you are ever hard-pressed in the East, we have a force in Sir Ed. Hutton’s field army, specially designed and organised to aid you.” This the War Office know, and have used every means to bring about, and is a very sufficient reason why the War Office do not advise what, on the face of it, seems so logically sound. The great difference—and we have at last arrived at it—is that the War Office accept and appreciate Australian co-operation, be it with a thousand men, or ten thousand, or whatever we can spare, and the Admiralty do not. They will have none of it. have persistently set their faces against it, and have lost no opportunity, during the last fifteen years, to repress any tendency in that direction, and to dwarf our naval arm. The War Office say, “Do all you can, and join us.” The Admiralty say, “Do nothing, but pay us.” The Admiralty’s message to us, through Admiral Sir L. Beaumont, was to disband and abolish all our sea forces. Australia’s naval claws were actually becoming visible; they must be pulled out. If, they say in effect, you want to do anything in the way of naval defence, you must do it all by yourselves, and we won’t have any hand in it whatever.

Latterly, at the suggestion of Sir Ed. Barton, pressed, no doubt, to show some sign of a feather or two cast into our side of the balance, the privilege has been conceded to Australia of the training of Australian seamen in one of the subsidised ships, and the forming of a reserve for service in the Empire’s fleet.

Again, using the parallel of the land forces, the present proposal, agreed to by Sir Ed. Barton, would, if applied to land forces, mean the disbanding of all our regiments, corps, and the payment of a subsidy for defence by regiments of the regular army. Into one of those regiments Australian private soldiers would be enlisted, and a militia reserve for general army service would be open to about 500 Australians. It is needless to comment upon the reception which such a proposal would meet with, or the unpleasant time which our representatives would experience upon their return, after signing a draft agreement to that effect. Could our Prime Minister, in his highest sugar-coating flight, have been equal to administering that pill to an Australian audience? He would have tried nobly, but the imagination fails to picture the result. And yet a proposal

on exactly parallel lines is calmly agreed to in London for our sea defences! Truly extraordinary, this, when it is remembered that, as a matter of fact, our sea are our only defences—only by sea are we assailable. It is amusing to think it is one and the same Cabinet which has established such a proprietary over the oceans that surround our shores, as to levy duty on every glass of grog drunk on a dirty night, and every yard of canvas drawn from the store-room to patch a sail, that elects to do its defence duty over those seas by payment of a cheque to the Admiralty!

Unreal Objections.

For the time, and we humbly apologise, we have wandered away from Mr. Seddon. We return to his estimate, and the why and the wherefore of its immensity; and it will be easy to show how that inflated absurdity can be pricked, and shrink to a sum that will admit of our doing our due share as Australians, a vigorous branch of the Empire, and in the only way proper to an averagely manly people.

Mr. Seddon, we see, estimates for a complete navy, which we do not want any more than a complete crown or throne or kingdom, and assumes we must, of ourselves, undertake the whole weight and cost of the Empire's sea-defence in these waters. This is presumably because the idea of Australian ships—one or two or three or six, or whatever we can raise as a part of the British fleet in these seas, i.e., under the command of the Admiral on the station—is objected to by the Admiralty; and that once *we* (of Australia) manned ships, the Royal Navy would gather up its skirts and leave us to be eaten up. Why this determined exclusiveness towards Australia? There can be but two reasons for the Admiralty objections, other than mere prejudice: Firstly, if the ships are inefficient and worthless; or, secondly, if command and control over them are not complete. The first, I think, we may put aside—we have no fears as to our competence. The second is a solid objection, but one which it is entirely in our hands to remove.

What Must be Made Clear.

There must be no flaw in the Admiral's command. Ships, sea work, naval work generally, is no child's game. Ships commissioned and placed under the Admiral for service should so remain till paid off. They must be no play-ground for the fussy, meddlesome gentlemen in Parliament—like that horror of all headmasters, the fussy mother of a spoiled boy at a public school. The command and direction of all operations, and all the details of defence,

must be in the hands of the Commander of the Fleet. If he cannot command and administer his fleet, dismiss him. A clear understanding, an Act of Parliament, if necessary, to that effect—if our Legislatures can exercise the self-denial to refrain from meddling—will, there is little doubt, remove the great objection, and I believe, with some confidence, the only one to co-operation—i.e., to common service by Australia with the Empire's fleet—to a fusion of forces so complete as, when required, to be one fleet, one organisation. It knocks the bottom out of the latest New Zealand estimate. It would lead directly to the attainment of the object in view—viz., ships manned and officered, crews raised and trained by Australia—a purpose to be achieved with patience and work, within something considerably less than the period included in the recent draft agreement. That Australia shall furnish and produce sea-power, and not be its mere purchaser, will be to develop the most valuable race trait we have inherited, if, to borrow a term from our cousins, we are to hold our end up in the Pacific.

This development and training will react with tenfold benefit in the many ways of special value to a sea people and sea traders, markedly in the improvement of the mercantile marine, and all the branches of industry which it feeds and is fed by. We shall, too, acquire something of that sense of responsibility which to-day is one of our serious lacks; and, lastly and sordid consideration, we can do all this easily with the means which we can command, notwithstanding—we say it tremblingly—Mr. Seddon.

This is intended to be the first of a series of articles designed, hopefully and modestly, to throw some light on the question of greatest importance to be considered by our Commonwealth Parliament. It is hoped that the question of cost, and the wild and extravagant statements made for interested or party or prejudicial purposes, may be made plainer, and its ridiculous fallacies exploded. The big statements of millions refer to our possible requirements as an independent nation, relying on our own resources. They, as we show, "have nothing whatever to do with the case," and in no way concern us. We are concerned only with the cost of doing such part of our defence as we are able, and is our due, as a portion of the Empire—to which it is our pride to belong, and in which we will be no lagging burden and care, but a strong help. Such we can accomplish well within the amount which it is proposed to subsidise others to do, rather than do ourselves. The persistent taunts that we will neither pay for our safety, nor are fit to undertake any share of it for ourselves, must cease.

Our Place in the Line.

Finally, it is important to bear in mind that world conditions are changing with extraordinary rapidity, markedly so those which bear directly on the world's naval problem. Of its realisation by those in authority we hear daily. The old order is, indeed, changing in all naval questions. What better evidence of an awakening to actual facts can we have than the position assigned to Australia in the diagram on the Empire's defence problem, which heads the first of a series of articles recently published with all the support and authority of the "Times" (London), and discussed in the House of Commons? Here we have Australia centrally placed immediately in rear of the line of the Empire's strategic front—the only white race so placed by many thousands of miles.

Other instances we have in the report of Sir Edward Grey's committee on the Naval Reserve. Australia's great strategic importance, and the value of our position in the Pacific, is

here referred to, and clearly laid down. We have another in the great deputation that waited on the Prime Minister of England, to consider the question of food supply in war, and, there is little doubt, must lead to still greater naval effort by the Mother Country, if she is to be safe in war. With Naval Estimates already at the limit of the taxpayers' capacity, where is the additional sea force, which the Empire must acquire or die, to be obtained? Mere mention of these great influences and impelling forces, in contrast to the recent draft agreement that so dwarfs Australian naval growth, and makes us a charge on an Empire already over-burdened, is sufficient.

Future articles will deal with the defence worth of our proposed bargain—or lack thereof; strategical conditions peculiar to Australia; and, finally, a scheme of actual and true co-operation, for getting most worth in defence out of our joint money, material, and resources—Imperial, or, rather, Royal Naval and Australian.

In the "Sunday at Home" the Rev. A. R. Buckland writes on the late Archbishop of Canterbury. He concludes an appreciative review of his life thus: "With all allowance for failure, Frederick Temple still remains one of the most lovable and one of the strongest figures in the modern history of the English Church."

"Cassell's" for March is a very readable number. Noticed elsewhere is Mr. Moore's sketch of President Roosevelt's early days in the West. Mr. Ward Muir lets one see what Monte Carlo is like, within and without. Mr. Holmes describes certain remarkable beds, the most remarkable of which is the great Bed of Ware, now in the Rye House, about twelve feet square, and capable of accommodating twenty-four persons. Mr. Dolman, L.C.C., writes on the training of a London fireman. Mr. Randal Roberts gives effective photographs of football crowds.

Franciscan students will turn at once in the "Rassegna Nazionale" (February 1) to Professor G. Grabinski's important article on recent Franciscan studies. He agrees with Professor Mariano in deploping what he calls the "subjective rationalism of M. Sabatier," but differs considerably from Mariano in the latter's estimate of the Franciscan Order and the extent to which it has been faithful to the Franciscan ideal. Another interesting article of an exceptionally good number describes the friendly understanding that exists between Governor Taft and Mgr. Guidi, the new Apostolic delegate to the Philippines, pointing to a speedy solution of the vexed religious question. In its mid-February issue the "Rassegna," although distinctly anti-clerical, denounces cremation with extreme vigour of language as "a barbarian institution, contrary to human nature, contrary to hygiene, contrary to the sentiment of all pious and refined souls, and contrary to progress and to civilisation."

There is an excellent sketch of the late Cardinal Parocchi, who was for many years among the papabili.

The most noteworthy article in the "Deutsche Revue" is contributed by Professor Vambery. In this paper he gives full rein to his Russophobia feelings. He deals with England's position in Asia—and especially in India—in relation to the other great Powers. He prefaces the article with a few general remarks upon the universal envy which every Power has for a successful neighbour, and the determination which is inherent in each to destroy its neighbour, even if no benefits accrue to itself thereby. He points out that when England began to extend her Empire in India, all the other Powers were otherwise engaged, and for the moment took no notice, and were even friendly to the scheme. Before long, however, they woke up to the fact, and Russia especially began to press forward her policy of Asia for Russia. Then follows the description of Russia's movements to secure this aim. Professor Vambery, of course, puts the very worst possible complexion on the intentions and actions of Russia. It is not worth while entering into his views on the subject. They are held by so many in Great Britain, and have been so often brought forward in needless scares. The Professor then proceeds to prove that France's aim in Indo-China is equally inimical to Great Britain. German relations with England in the near East are next dealt with. We are told that although the Governments of the two countries are very friendly—a secret treaty having even been hinted at—the German people hate England even more than do the Russians. The conclusion of this lugubrious article will appear next month. A rather interesting article is that by Otto Gentsch, chief post-office inspector, upon the progress of wireless telegraphy—spark telegraphy, as it is called in Germany.

IS AUSTRALIAN HUMOUR EXTINCT?

BY A TIRED AUSTRALIAN.

The Australian has invaded the realm of literature with a light heart, and with a courage which is almost astonishing. It might have been said in advance that the Australian would have not much taste for literature, and no time at all to devote to it. He has—if not better, yet—more urgent and practical business to attend to than the task of either writing books or reading them. He has a whole new continent to occupy and civilise. He has railroads to build, rivers to bridge, cities to create, territories as vast as kingdoms to bring under the plough, or to populate with flocks and herds. A very youthful community, with an estate so vast and undeveloped on its hands, might be supposed to have better things to do than to hammer out rhymes, and label them "poetry," or write tales and call them novels. Yet the Australian, as a matter of fact, shows a quite surprising taste for books. He betakes himself to literary pursuits with a smiling audacity which might almost make a philosopher weep, or a cynic grin. He produces and consumes more square feet—or, rather, acres—of newspapers per head daily than any other member of the human family. And he has written more verse, and produced more volumes—considering his extreme youth—than anyone in advance could have believed to be possible.

Australian Literature.

And Australian literature, it may be said in all seriousness, is really of a very respectable quality. The best Australian journals compare with the best papers of any land. Whether there is any real divine spark burning in Australian verse has yet to be proved; but the verse itself stretches out in linear miles; and very good verse it is. If it has chiefly to do with horses—if the cadence or galloping hoofs is to be heard in about every third verse of Australian poetry yet written—this is hardly to be wondered at. The youthful Australian is still at what may be called the horse-riding stage. But in any list of minor poets—let us be modest and say poets of the fourth class—drawn up to-day, at least half a dozen Australian names would have to be included. And can any meditating philosopher tell us what there is in the Australian mind that effloresces so diligently, and at so many points, into rhyme? In the realm of fiction, too, Australians have already done good work. "For the Term of His Natural Life" and "Robbery Under Arms" are two of the most striking tales modern fiction knows.

The Missing Gift.

But there is one literary element, the most precious of all, which seems to be

absolutely non-existent in the Australian mind. It is the element of humour! Is there any other quality in literature which adds so much to the happiness of mankind, or for which the world is willing to pay more? What would we not give to-day for another Dickens, a second Thackeray, a Mark Twain *redivivus*? Now, the Australian ought, on many grounds, to possess the supreme gift of humour. He comes of a humorous stock. He possesses the divine gift of youth, with its lightheartedness, its freshness of vision, its capacity for easy laughter. He is delivered from the imprisoning conventions of the old world. He is not ice-bound in habit. He carries a lighter burden of care than the rest of the human family. The humorous reading of life ought for him to be easy. Why, then, have we not evolved at least an Australian Dooley, if not an Australian Dickens? We need not, perhaps, expect an Australian Thackeray. Thackeray's humour was of what may be called the middle-aged type. It flourished in the atmosphere of a club. No breath of open air, that pulse of simple nature, stirs it. But we ought to develop a humour of our own, with the brightness of Australian sunshine in it, and the freshness of Australian winds.

A Melancholy Pilgrimage.

Yet where shall the weary reader turn in the realm of Australian literature to find one gleam of humour? Not to Australian poetry! The Australian rhymster is incapable of a joke in verse. Not to Australian fiction! Is there a single humorous character an Australian novelist has yet produced? The present writer knows of none. He is told that "On Our Selection," by Steele Rudd, almost succeeds in being amusing. He has a vague notion, too, that the author of "Seven Little Australians" makes valiant efforts in the direction of humour. But, then, he has never read one of her books. He is a tired Australian already; why should he run the risk of being still more hopelessly tired? And—without making any rude personal references—is there any more distressing experience the human mind can know than that of watching a dull person trying desperately to produce a joke? Some of the most melancholy literature a long-suffering world has had to endure is not seldom that which is labelled "humorous." The average funeral sermon is mere frisking gaiety itself compared with some of the works of "humour" inflicted on mankind by more or less eminent writers, whom politeness forbids us to mention.

But will any reader of these lines come to the help of a tired Australian, and tell him on what

patch of Australian soil he may find the flower of pure and unforced humour blossoming? To that spot he will make, tired as he is, an instant and rejoicing pilgrimage! Most of our papers, to their credit, be it said, make a gallant effort, once a week, to be entertaining; and sometimes a transient success rewards these efforts. The present writer recalls an article, entitled "A Peck of Pickled Poets," which appeared many years ago in the "Queenslander;" and the flavour of those pickled poets lingers on the delighted palate still. It was a bit of humour as genuine as any to be found in Dickens, or Thackeray, or Mark Twain. But who wrote it, and why he never wrote anything else as good, are questions to which there is no answer.

The "Humorous" Journals.

We have a whole section of the Australian press devoted to humour; and, alas! the saddest forms of literature extant are, as a rule, these same humorous journals. Such ancient jokes; toothless, bald-headed, rheumatic, unvenerable! Such leaden attempts to be sprightly! Such contortions, intended for smiles!

Many people, we suspect, will quote the "Bulletin" as an example of successful, deliberate, and industrious humour. And it may be frankly admitted that "Hop" has, in caricature, the gift of genuine and exhaustless humour. He has more than a touch of satiric genius. He is worthy to take his place beside the delightful "F.C.G." of the "Westminster Gazette," or with E. T. Reed, or Bernard Partridge of London "Punch." But, then, "Hop," alas! is not an Australian. He is an American, borrowed and acclimatised. Whether Phil May is an Australian the present writer is too tired to remember; but in any case he has emigrated, and now flourishes under alien skies. Carrington, in far-off days, made the pages of Melbourne "Punch" gay with his pencil, and is the only caricaturist who might have vied with "Hop." But he has visibly lost his gift, or forgotten how to use it.

As for the special literary quality of the "Bulletin," it cannot be called humour, though it not seldom succeeds in being wit—of the vitriolic sort. The "Bulletin" has many literary gifts; but its humour is of the mechanical sort; so mechanical, indeed, that an age which has produced one machine to make sausages and another to turn out bricks, ought to be able to invent a third which would produce "Bulletin" paragraphs automatically. The "Bulletin" humour may be reduced to a formula. It is always personal. It consists in (1) robbing its object of the ordinary conventional prefix—just as Mr. Morley, in his foolish days, insisted on spelling "God" with a small "g;" (2) fixing a derisive label on its victim; (3) supplying him with the basest possible

motives; (4) denying him the possession of the faintest spark of intelligence. Good temper is an essential element of humour; but good temper is certainly not to be found in the category of literary virtues possessed by the "Bulletin." It permanently groups mankind into three classes: (1) rogues, (2) fools, (3) the editor of the "Bulletin"! Now, this is convenient; but it is hardly scientific; it even ends by becoming fatiguing.

No! a tired Australian emerges from the columns of the "Bulletin" a little more tired than he plunged into them. He finds there a little wit; a good deal of verbal smartness; gleams of shrewd logic; the worst possible opinion about everybody discussed; but no touch of humour. And if this quality is not to be discovered in the "Bulletin," where else in Australian literature shall it be sought!

The Satire of Our Politics.

It would be wandering into more serious realms—realms too trying for the feet of a tired Australian—to say that Australian politics are a final and damning proof of the entire absence of humour in the Australian mind. A population of four millions which endures—and even pays for—fourteen houses of Parliament—leaving out the two New Zealand Houses—must be as destitute of the sense of humour as an oyster! And perhaps the most active of all our political sections, the Labour Party, is the one which is the most deplorably and visibly bankrupt of humour. In every Australian city the wail of the unemployed is to be heard. It has become almost impossible for an Australian boy to learn a trade. A handful of people, sprinkled on the edge of an almost unknown continent, cannot find work enough for its hands, or food enough for its stomach. And yet, for at least a quarter of a century, the Labour Party has shaped Australian politics, and has toiled at the business of making Australia "a paradise for the working man." And this is the sort of paradise they have made for themselves! Yet it never occurs to the Australian working man that his politics are hopelessly muddleheaded! What an entire bankruptcy of humour this argues.

Why Not an Australian Dooley?

But, to return to less perilous realms, why should we not produce, if not another Dickens—for which we have not, perhaps, enough of the Cockney; or another Thackeray—for which we have not enough of the clubman—yet an Australian Mark Twain, or an Australian Dooley without the dialect? Mr. Dooley proves that the Chicago Irishman keeps, under alien skies, his natural faculty for a joke, though he flavours it with American irreverence. But the Sydney or Mel-

bourne Irishman, somehow, loses both his dialect and his jokes. Is it something in the Australian climate, or in Australian politics, that is fatal to the sense of humour? Why is it that when he breathes the Australian air a Scotchman parts company with his "wut," an Englishman with his humour, and an Irishman with his imagination? And how is it that the Australian, compounded of the best elements of English and Irish and Scotch, somehow has no gleam of the humour which runs through all three of those varieties of the human stock? Is Australian humour dead, or is it not yet born: this is what a tired Australian wants to know?

Some Expert Opinions.

We have invited the opinions of a few experts in Australian literature on the subject upon which our too emphatic contributor writes; and these will be read with interest.—Ed. "Review of Reviews for Australasia."

What "Hop," the Greatest of Australian Caricaturists, says:

"Hop," of the "Bulletin," very courteously gives his opinion on Australian humour; his contribution shows that there is as much humour on the point of his pen as even in the tip of his inimitable pencil. He writes:

"It seems to me that one's judgment in such a matter as the existence or otherwise of humour in a national literature might be subject to, or influenced by, varying conditions. The point of view, the frame of mind, the state of health, the working order of the digestive organs of him who sits in judgment—all or any of these might influence the verdict, or afford good and sufficient reasons for appeal therefrom. Before I accepted anyone's opinion as final I should like to know where he had been the night before, was he suffering from toothache, gout, corns, or paralysis of the platysma myoides (the muscle which controls the upward or downward action of the angles of the mouth), at the time he wrote his article on 'The Missing Australian Humourist.' I have known want of appreciation of humour to yield to medical treatment. To make jokes, one must be healthy—and inspired. To see them he must be healthy. To criticise the same requires the prescience of an archangel. For no mortal knoweth what humour is made of. Melancholy has been articulated, bone by bone; but the Burton has not yet been born to pick a joke to pieces, to see what is inside it. As well attempt to dissect a kookaburra to find the funny-bone! If a man is really tickled in earnest, he will not have the presence of mind to analyse his sensations for publication.

"I have been tickled by Australian writers, and, speaking personally, I do not recognise that humour is the missing link in our national literature. But whether any such thing as a national humour—a humour that is racy of the soil—exists here, is open to question. Australian humour, like an Australian Navy and Imperial Federation, is, at present, very much 'in the air.' Do not understand me as saying that our people are wanting in appreciation of humour. On the contrary, they are as keen in their relish of a good joke as they are quick to recognise any other good thing; but at present they are content to buy their jokes as they do their shoelaces, their locomotives and their cutlery—in the cheapest market. In other words, the formula (if I may use the word) of our jokes is based upon imported models, and not quite indigenous. A national humour! Why, we are yet far from being a nation. We are still fearfully and wonderfully English, and our ideals (humorous included) are based on somebody else's Glorious Past. It is hardly surprising, then, that some of our ideals are a misfit. We encase our obstinate Anglo-Saxon heads in a section of polished stove-pipe, in torrid climes, because, synchronously, other Anglo-Saxons wear the same head-gear in higher latitudes. We turn up our trousers at the ankles when the cable tells us that it is raining in London. Again, our Parliaments are modelled, more or less, after that of Great Britain, and the debates of the former are a mimicry of the 'Commons,' and regulated by a Speaker in a full-bottomed wig, who looks as much like Mr. Pitt as he can (wig and weather permitting), and settles points of order or disorder 'according to May.' The average 'Colonial' Parliament, like the wig, is a misfit. Blame not, then, the 'Colonial' joker of jokes if his quips and quiddities savour of Fleet Street, or if the local cartoonist, when he is told that his pictorial satires are 'quite in the spirit of "Punch,"' blushes a gratified blush.

"Humour we have, both in pen and pencil, but not a strictly national variety as yet. And the reason is not far to seek. Humour thrives best under hard conditions, a fact well understood by Chas. Dickens when he drew the character of Mark Tapley. The cheerful image stands out best against a dark background. No doubt the so-called American humour first took root in the shadow of the gloomy temple of Calvinism which the Pilgrim Fathers reared upon Plymouth Rock, and, strangely enough, some of its greatest exponents sprang from that austere race. The genial Autocrat of the Breakfast-table lived and laboured and died almost within the sound of the 'waves' that 'dashed high' on the 'stern and rock-bound coast' where the 'Mayflower' landed

its passengers. 'Mark Twain' has done his best work at his home in Connecticut, whose pastures are composed mostly of cobble-stones, and where the cattle wear steel-pointed noses.

"It would seem, conversely, that life under easy and pleasant conditions is not favourable to the development of a national humour, and it may be that, up to now, we have had too royal a time of it. Perhaps another seven years' drought, a few more bank failures, a civil war or so, a Russian or a Chinese invasion, combined with an earthquake or two, would bring us to regard life as a good joke. When the time comes for Australia to take her place among the nations that make history—and jokes—when she shall come to possess a humour that is racy of the soil, its high priests shall spring from that soil, and sit at their own feet. A land that can boast of the only bird that laughs naturally need not despair. The kookaburra is by no means a bird of evil omen, and if we take this hint from nature we may yet live to laugh at jokes of our own manufacture, and keep the money—and the humour—in the country."

Some profane persons may doubt whether newspapers are literature. Without, however, discussing that delicate point, the head of a great Australian journal must be expected to have some competent knowledge of Australian literature. One of the most experienced and successful of Australian journalists is Sir Langdon Bonython, and his opinion was invited on the subject of Australian humour. Sir Langdon Bonython says: "Yes, on consideration, I believe it is quite true that there is a lack of humour in Australian writers. I cannot recall one that possesses that priceless gift in any marked degree. I grant, too, that the absence is curious, and certainly not capable of easy and offhand explanation. The absence of humour, too, is remarkable amongst our public speakers. Where a public speaker has a distinct gift of humour, as in the case of the Hon. G. H. Reid, or the Hon. J. G. Jenkins, the Premier of South Australia, these are not of Australian stock, one being a Scotchman and the other an American. Perhaps humour, both in Australian literature and Australian poetry, may emerge in time; but at present it is practically non-existent, and I am quite unable to offer any theory which may explain that distressing fact."

Mr. H. G. Turner, of Melbourne, whose knowledge of Australian literature is unrivalled, says:

"Your quest for the missing Australian humourist crossed my path here, where I am rustivating away from my library. I own some 250 volumes of Australian fiction and verse, and under other

circumstances might have delved in that mine for exhibition specimens, probably without suitable recompense. Speaking, therefore, from the general impression left by much reading, I would say that Australia has not produced any writer entitled to take a leading rank as a humourist, in the highest sense of that much misused word. Of rollicking, riotous, reckless fun we have abundant exponents, both in volume and in broadsheet; and Young Australia has been so schooled to laugh at squalid makeshifts that their ridiculous presentation, in an illustrated volume, seems to reach the perfection of humour. This is because Young Australia does not know that biting satire, cynical contempt of the characters dealt with, and too often an openly defiant disregard of the decencies of social life is a very different thing to that humour which has been aptly called 'the salt of life'—humour that laughs *with* the people it deals with, not *at* them; that leaves no rancour, and is ever called up with a smile. Most of our comic scribes have drawn their inspiration from the Rabelaisian school, enlivened with a little up-to-date patter of recent Western American scribes, and a personal cynical bitterness born of uncongenial surroundings. Perhaps the nearest approach to a humourist that we have had was the man whose verdict on the 'weird melancholy' of Australian surroundings is so widely quoted—Marcus Clarke. In some of his short stories, such as 'Holiday Peak,' and others, there is a refinement of humour quite exceptional, and in the musings of the 'Peripatetic Philosopher,' he is never coarse, though too obviously cynical. But the fact remains that the kindly, genial humour of the gentle 'Elia,' the wise witticism of the dear old Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, and the delicately refined imagery which often surrounds the humour of Robert Louis Stevenson, have found no followers or imitators in the land of our adoption. Seeing what strong meat is furnished weekly for the Australian palate by a so-called comic press, I fear that anyone bold enough to model his style on the names mentioned would be derided as 'namby-pamby.'"

Mr. A. G. Melville, speaking as a publisher, says:

"I would say that humour is not so much a missing element as one that will in time make itself more apparent. So far, Australians have treated literature from the more serious aspect, yet in more recent days Lawson in his 'While the Billy Boils,' Davis in his 'On Our Selection,' and 'Banjo' Paterson in his 'Billy Magee,' show that the elements of humour are not wanting. The graver and abiding humour of the great English writers will no doubt appear in Australia later on."

A PICTURE OF WATERLOO.

BY CONAN DOYLE.

Conan Doyle is giving, in the "Strand Magazine," some new exploits by Brigadier Gerard. They make very excellent reading, of course; but in the February number he gives a picture of Waterloo, as seen through a Frenchman's eyes, which is brilliant and impressive in the highest degree. Says Brigadier Gerard:

"A sight lay before me which held me fast, as though I had been turned into some noble equestrian statue. I could not move, I could scarce breathe, as I gazed upon it. There was a mound over which my path lay, and as I came out on the top of it I looked down the long, shallow valley of Waterloo. I had left it with two great armies on either side, and a clear field between them. Now there were but long, ragged fringes of broken and exhausted regiments upon the two ridges, but a real army of dead and wounded lay between. For two miles in length and half a mile across the ground was strewn and heaped with them. But slaughter was no new sight to me and it was not that which held me spellbound. It was that up the long slope of the British position was moving a walking forest—black, tossing, waving, unbroken. Did I not know the bearskins of the Guard? And did I not also know, did not my soldier's instinct tell me, that it was the last reserve of France; that the Emperor, like a desperate gamester, was staking all upon his last card? Up they went and up—grand, solid, unbreakable, scourged with musketry, riddled with grape, flowing onwards in a black, heavy tide, which lapped over the British batteries. With my glass I could see the English gunners throw themselves under their pieces, or run to the rear. On rolled the crest of the bearskins, and then, with a crash which was swept across to my ears, they met the British infantry. A minute passed, and another, and another. My heart was in my mouth. They swayed back and forwards; they no longer advanced; they were held. Great Heaven! was it possible that they were breaking? One black dot ran down the hill, then two, then four, then ten, then a great, scattered, struggling mass, halting, breaking, halting, and at last shredding out and rushing madly downwards. 'The Guard is beaten! The Guard is beaten!' From all around me I heard the cry. Along the whole line the infantry turned their faces, and the gunners flinched from their guns.

"'The Old Guard is beaten! The Guard retreats!' An officer with a livid face passed me

yelling out these words of woe. 'Save yourselves! Save yourselves! You are betrayed!' cried another. 'Save yourselves! Save yourselves!' Men were rushing madly to the rear, blundering and jumping like frightened sheep. Cries and screams rose from all around me. And at that moment, as I looked at the British position, I saw what I can never forget. A single horseman stood out black and clear upon the ridge against the last red angry glow of the setting sun. So dark, so motionless against that grim light, he might have been the very spirit of Battle brooding over that terrible valley. As I gazed he raised his hat high in the air, and at the signal, with a low, deep roar like a breaking wave, the whole British Army flooded over their ridge, and came rolling down into the valley. Long steel-fringed lines of red and blue, sweeping waves of cavalry, horse batteries rattling and bounding—down they came on to our crumbling ranks. It was over. A yell of agony, the agony of brave men who see no hope, rose from one flank to the other, and in an instant the whole of that noble army was swept in a wild, terror-stricken crowd from the field. Even now, dear friends, I cannot, as you see, speak of that dreadful moment with a dry eye or with a steady voice.

"At first I was carried away in that wild rush, whirled off like a straw in a flooded gutter. But suddenly, what should I see amongst the mixed regiments in front of me but a group of stern horsemen, in silver and grey, with a broken and tattered standard held aloft in the heart of them! Not all the might of England and of Prussia could break the Hussars of Conflans. But when I joined them it made my heart bleed to see them. The major, seven captains, and five hundred men were left upon the field. Young Captain Sabbatier was in command, and when I asked him where were the five missing squadrons, he pointed back and answered: 'You will find them round one of those British squares.' Men and horses were at their last gasp, caked with sweat and dirt, their black tongues hanging out from their lips; but it made me thrill with pride to see how that shattered remnant still rode, knee to knee, with every man, from the boy trumpeter to the farrier-sergeant, in his own proper place. Would that I could have brought them on with me as an escort for the Emperor! In the heart of the Hussars of Conflans he would be safe indeed. But the horses were too spent to trot. I left

them behind me, with orders to rally upon the farmhouse of St. Aunay, where we had camped two nights before. For my own part, I forced my horse through the throng in search of the Emperor.

"There were things which I saw then, as I pressed through that dreadful crowd, which can never be banished from my mind. In evil dreams there comes back to me the memory of that flowing stream of staring, screaming faces, upon which I looked down. It was a nightmare. In victory one does not understand the horror of war. It is only in the cold chill of defeat that it is brought home to you. I remember an old Grenadier of the Guard lying at the side of the road with his broken leg doubled at a right angle. 'Comrades, comrades, keep off my leg!' he cried, but they tripped and stumbled over him all the same. In front of me rode a Lancer officer without his coat. His arm had just been taken off in the ambulance. The bandages had fallen. It was horrible. Two gunners tried to drive through with their gun. A Chasseur raised his musket and shot one of them through the head. I saw a major of the Cuirassiers draw his two holster pistols and shoot first his horse and then himself. Beside the road a man in a blue coat was raging and raving like a madman. His face was black with powder, his clothes were torn, one epaulette was gone, the other hung dangling over his breast. Only when I came close to him did I recognise that it was Marshal Ney. He howled at the flying troops and his voice was hardly human. Then he raised the stump of his sword—it was broken three inches from the hilt. "Come and see how a Marshal of France can die!" he cried. Gladly would I have gone with him, but my duty lay elsewhere. He did not, as you know, find the death he sought, but he met it a few weeks later, in cold blood, at the hands of his enemies.

"There is an old proverb that in attack the French are more than men, in defeat they are less than women. I knew that it was true that day. But even in that rout I saw things which I can tell with pride. Through the fields which skirt the road moved Cambronne's three reserve battalions of the Guard, the cream of our army. They walked slowly in square, their colours waving over the sombre line of the bearskins. All round them raged the English cavalry and the black Lancers of Brunswick, wave after wave thundering up, breaking with a crash, and recoiling in ruin. When last I saw them the English guns, six at a time, were smashing grape-shot through their ranks and the English infantry were closing in upon three sides and pouring volleys into them; but still, like a noble lion with fierce hounds

clinging to its flanks, the glorious remnant of the Guard, marching slowly, halting, closing up, dressing, moved majestically from their last battle. Behind them the Guard's battery of twelve-pounders was drawn up upon the ridge. Every gunner was in his place, but no gun fired. 'Why do you not fire?' I asked the colonel as I passed. 'Our powder is finished.' 'Then why not retire?' 'Our appearance may hold them back for a little. We must give the Emperor time to escape.' Such were the soldiers of France.

"Behind this screen of brave men the others took their breath, and then went on in less desperate fashion. They had broken away from the road, and all over the countryside in the twilight I could see the timid, scattered, frightened crowd who ten hours before had formed the finest army that ever went down to battle. I with my splendid mare was soon able to get clear of the throng, and just after I passed Genappe I overtook the Emperor with the remains of his Staff. Soult was with him still, and so was Drouot, Lobau, and Bertrand, with five Chasseurs of the Guard, their horses hardly able to move. The night was falling, and the Emperor's haggard face gleamed white through the gloom as he turned it towards me.

"'Who is that?' he asked.

"'It is Colonel Gerard,' said Soult.

"'Have you seen Marshal Grouchy?'

"'No, Sir. The Prussians were between.'

"'It does not matter. Nothing matters now. Soult, I will go back.'

"He tried to turn his horse, but Bertrand seized his bridle. 'Ah, Sir,' said Soult, 'the enemy has had good fortune enough already.' They forced him on among them. He rode in silence with his chin upon his breast, the greatest and the saddest of men. Far away behind us those remorseless guns were still roaring. Sometimes out of the darkness would come shrieks and screams and the low thunder of galloping hoofs. At the sound we would spur our horses and hasten onwards through the scattered troops. At last, after riding all night in the clear moonlight, we found that we had left both pursued and pursuers behind. By the time we passed over the bridge at Charleroi the dawn was breaking. What a company of spectres we looked in that cold, clear, searching light, the Emperor with his face of wax, Soult blotched with powder, Lobau dabbled with blood! But we rode more easily now, and had ceased to glance over our shoulders, for Waterloo was more than thirty miles behind us. One of the Emperor's carriages had been picked up at Charleroi, and we halted now on the other side of the Sambre, and dismounted from our horses."

CHARACTER SKETCH.

BY W. T. STEAD.

"LONDON THE STEP-MOTHER, AND THE STRANGER WITHIN HER GATES."

"It cannot be denied that the outside air and framework of London is harsh, cruel, and repulsive."—De Quincey.

London is the biggest conglomeration of houses the world has ever seen. For mere hugeness, London is the giant of this Barnum show of a world. Like most giants, she suffers from her monstrosity. She is a province covered with houses, it is true; but is she a city? She is a conglomerate of twenty-seven boroughs and a couple of cities; but is she an organism? Municipally and educationally, London is becoming organic. But socially she is still inorganic. Like the earth in the first chapter of Genesis, social London is without form, and void, and darkness is upon the face of the deep.

What poem, not even excepting Wordsworth's lovely sonnet on Westminster Bridge, has done for London what Byron—to take only one example—did for Rome?—

O Rome, my country, city of the soul,
Lone mother of dead Empires.

The Step-Mother City.

What poet has embodied in his verse a living conception of London, that cold step-mother of an Imperial race? What painter has given us the soul of the great city on canvas? What sculptor has ventured to portray London in marble or in bronze? Parisian artists revel in giving form and shape and substance to their conception of the French capital. Round the Place de la Concorde sit on thrones the sculptured effigies of the great cities of France; but who has ever seen a statue symbolical or emblematic of London? There is no such thing. The monster on the Thames is shapeless, formless, even sexless. For who is there who can say with authority whether London be a he, a she, or an it?

London, the capital of the Empire on which the sun never sets, the financial centre of the world, and the key of India, is, like Jerusalem of old, the city to which the tribes go up. It is not a holy city, like Mecca. But it is the pilgrim shrine of the English-speaking world. The seat of Government and the mart of commerce, it is also the centre of our art, our music, and our literature. Here are the courts where justice is administered in the last resort to one-fourth of the human race, and hither, despite its ill-dredged river and mismanaged port, come the ships from

all the Seven Seas. It is the greatest of all world centres. Yet it is itself without a centre, apparently without a heart, and to the stranger within its gates it is as stony-hearted a step-mother as was Oxford Street in the days when De Quincey declaimed against it for "listening to the sighs of orphans and drinking the tears of children."

London is splendidly equipped for the purpose of giving hospitality to all her visitors. "You can find everything in London if you only know where to look," was the verdict of one whose purchases were more varied than those of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. There are more well-appointed residences in London and in the suburbs, where generous hospitality could be given without conscious sense of strain to our kith and kin from beyond the sea, than in any other city in the world. And never before, at any period in our history, were there so many occupants of these houses so sensible of the obligation to show hospitality to strangers from over the sea, especially to those who come to do reverence to the august shrines of our colonising race. Never were there more resources available for hospitality, never was there so much keen appreciation of its importance as a factor in the making and the keeping of Empire.

The Charm of London.

Within the four-mile radius from Charing Cross are massed the accumulated treasures of many generations of scholars, antiquaries, artists, explorers, and men of science. In the British Museum is hoarded the loot of vanished civilisations, side by side with the latest products of contemporary genius. In the National Gallery the poorest citizen can gaze at leisure upon the masterpieces of the masters of every school of art. From the walls of the National Portrait Gallery look down the most authentic pictures of the men and women whose valour and whose piety, whose genius and whose sagacity, have been the precious material out of which this realm of England has been fashioned. In the Natural History Museum is the most complete collection of all the creatures which inhabit this planet. Earth and air and sea have been scoured to bring together representatives of all these innumerable tribes or species of the subjects of Man over whom he has dominion, but of whose very existence the most of us are

unaware. In South Kensington are stored up the best products of human skill, the finest specimens of the marvellous ingenuity and tireless industry of the human race. In Piccadilly, the book of the rocks, whereon is inscribed, as by the finger of God, the indelible history of the world, is open for all to read. Everywhere in lavish profusion are heaped together the treasures of art and of science, the choicest handiwork of the craftsman, the most glorious achievements of human genius.

Nor is it only in these storehouses of treasures for which the world has been ransacked that London is rich. More attractive than museum or picture gallery are the great buildings in and around which cluster the romantic and tragic associations of a thousand years of history. The Tower, with its dungeons, in the East; the great hall of Westminster in the West; St. Paul's in the City, and the august temple of reconciliation and of peace where our kings are crowned and our heroes are laid to rest—these possess a fascination which naught but age can give, and which time enhances rather than impairs. London is full of places hallowed in history or in song. The labyrinthine maze of her streets is like a vast palimpsest of stone on which scores of generations have written the story of the comedy and of the tragedy of their lives. Opposite this grey building was smitten off the head of a faithless and perjured king. Here in the Temple Gardens were plucked the Red and White Roses which became the badges of York and Lancaster in the bloodiest of our Civil Wars. There once blazed the fires of Smithfield; here stood the pillory in which the patriot and the prostitute were alike exposed to the gibes and insults of the mob; and not so far away the ruins of the prison whose name is for ever radiant with the saintly glory of the love and compassion of Elizabeth Fry. From this inn Chaucer's pilgrims started on their immortal journey to Canterbury. Near by, one William Shakespeare superintended the performance of his own plays.

But to the most of those who come up to town the living dog is preferred to the dead lion, and they are apt to be more interested in the mansions of the millionaires who rule the Rand from Park Lane than in the tombs of the Crusaders who rode steel-clad across Europe to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the Infidel. To them London is intensely alive. Beneath her smoke canopy dwell all the men whose names have been familiar to the colonist or to the provincial since his childhood. From his distant home they seemed to dwell afar off as gods upon some sky-piercing Olympus. But when he comes to town he jostles with his demigods in the street. He may sit next to the Commander-in-Chief in church, and listen to the sermon of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Mr. Balfour may whiz past him in his motor-car, as he stands gaping at Mr. Chamberlain. That was Mr. Gladstone's house. Lord Salisbury lives in that street, and there is Lord Rosebery's mansion cheek by jowl with that of Alfred Harmsworth in Berkeley Square. The Horse Guards sit motionless at the gates of Whitehall; the Lord Mayor's coach, with its quaintly liveried footmen, drives past our windows down the Embankment; to the merry marching music of fife and drum step out the British Grenadiers; Dukes and Duchesses, popular novelists and pretty actresses, famous barristers and eminent divines, whom they had read about all their lives, as we read about Richard the Lion Heart, and John Hampden, suddenly take life before their eyes, and stepping down from their pedestals mingle with us as men among men. We see Mr. Balfour watching the Lord Mayor's Show from the vantage ground of a coster's barrow, or we meet Mr. Morley walking sedately down Pall Mall to eat a modest chop at the Athenæum.

The amusements of London are more universally attractive even than its celebrities. London has not the Roman Colosseum. But it has the Hippodrome. The Wild West attracts its thousands to Olympia. Earl's Court is a popular Elysium, and the Crystal Palace a dream of fairyland come true. The Zoological Gardens are a microcosm of the whole world of animated nature, and the Gardens at Kew are famous throughout the Empire.

None of these attractions—no, not all of them put together—equal the charm of the crowded streets, the brilliant shops, the whole palpitating life of the myriad denizens of the busy hive of men unveiled before the eyes of the onlooker.

A Stony Solitude.

And yet, and yet, with all these accumulated glories and charms to interest, to excite, to thrill and to amuse, London is to thousands of her visitors a stony wilderness, dreary and forbidding, the memory of which, in after years, is as a nightmare. For the heart of man and of woman recoils from solitude, and nowhere is mortal so much alone as in the heart of a great city in which he does not know a single friend.

The simple fact of the matter is that London is to the strangers within her gates an absentee hostess. When they arrive there is none to bid them welcome. When they depart there is none to bid them God-speed. There is no one who is charged with that first duty of a hostess—to make her guests feel at home, to show them about the premises, and to introduce them to the other guests, or to the members of the household. And as a result, every year there arrive thousands of

men and women with their hearts yearning for sympathy, and their minds full of memories of the old home and the motherland, who depart shaking her dust from off their feet in disappointment and disgust. Motherland, indeed! Nay, only a stony-hearted step-mother! Never again! And so, one by one, are severed these invisible silken links of sentiment, which are more potent than ironclads or army corps to hold the Empire together, to knit the race into one great family, whose members encompass the earth, but who in thought ever gather round the common hearthstone of their ancestors. This need not be so. This ought not to be so. And, thank God, there are signs not a few that it is not going to be so much longer!

The Coming of the Hostess.

In Coronation year, almost for the first time in our history, there was visible some widespread awakening to the duties of hospitality on the part of the citizens of London to the strangers within our gates. It is true that the arrangements were imperfect, spasmodic, and inadequate. But it is the first step that counts, and it was a great thing to have made a beginning. The efforts to make our Colonial contingents feel at home were very successful. Thanks largely to the efforts of Miss Brooke Hunt and other public-spirited ladies, a club was provided, wherein our Colonials in uniform could feel at home, where they could meet their friends, enjoy games, read the papers, and receive invitations from those who were desirous of showing them hospitality. Besides this organised effort for a special class there was a great deal of spontaneous private hospitality on the part of residents in London and in the suburbs. Colonials and others were invited to spend the week-end with hosts to whom they needed no other introduction than the fact that they were our kith and kin, in London alone and friendless, at a period of great national rejoicing. There were also dinners and lunches, receptions and garden-parties, not confined, as in ordinary times, to personal friends and acquaintances, but to which the stranger within our gates was made heartily welcome. All this was good. Good in itself, but better still as a prophecy of things to come. For what was done sporadically and fitfully at a time of national festivity, will hereafter be done systematically at all times. The beginnings may be humble, but the progress will be steady and continuous, until the happy day will dawn when every stranger within our gates will be sure of a hearty welcome, and London, from being the churlish step-mother, will be known as the most hospitable of hostesses in the whole wide world.

At present that ideal is a long way off; but we are groping towards it. There are various clubs being organised for the purpose of carrying on this work, and there are several organisations which have for some time been busy in this direction. I will take these various agencies in their turn.

There are the offices of the various Agents-General. Some of these are very good from this point of view, others not so good. The best Agents-General do their utmost to make visitors from their respective colonies comfortable in London. They supply them with information as to where they can find other Colonists; they provide a reception-room with books and papers; they have a poste restante for their own people; they act as "Inquire Within" incarnate, and where they can they introduce these Colonists to hospitable homes. But although all this is admirable, it is not hospitality shown by the Motherland to her children from over sea. It is an organisation created by the Colonists themselves, at their own cost, and out of their own resources to help their own people to find their way about London with ease. Much the same remark may be made about the various Colonial clubs and institutes. First of these is the Royal Colonial Institute; but this institution exists for the benefit of its own members. To join it one must pay an entrance fee and an annual subscription. This is all right, but it stamps the character of the Institute as a self-helping organisation for the convenience of its own members. It does not profess to be, and from its constitution it cannot undertake the duties of organising or dispensing the hospitality of London.

The Colonial Club, which is about to shift to more commodious premises—at present occupied by the Chess Club—is exclusively confined to Colonials. Only those who are Colonial born, or who have solid interests in the Colonies can become members. The annual subscription is £3 3s. Distinguished Colonial visitors are admitted as honorary members for three months. After that time they pay a nominal fee of half-a-guinea. It was in the rooms of this club that the Australian Commonwealth Bill was drafted. The club, which has now over seven hundred members, gives farewell dinners to newly-appointed Governors on their departure, and does a good work in helping to make Colonists feel at home in London. But it does not aspire to be more than a Colonial Club for Colonials in London.

The Victorian League, which was founded in 1901, and which first became generally known in 1902, is more like the kind of institution that is wanted. Some public-spirited ladies from the Antipodes last month started an Australasian Club

in Bond Street. All these are good, and will facilitate the working of the Social Centre which London will in the future evolve. But they do not even profess to be such a centre.

The office of the Victoria League is at Dacre House, Victoria Street, Westminster. The Countess of Jersey is its president, Lady Tweedmouth its vice-president; Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton is hon. secretary. The league is busied with a good deal of work foreign to this article. But its entertainment sub-committee, of which Lady Frances Balfour is the hon. sec., is doing just the kind of work for which I am pleading in this article. In the report issued July last year they say:

Many people in England desire to mark their gratitude for the generous hospitality extended to them when visiting any of the Colonies by showing a like hospitality to visitors to this country. The work of this committee has been crowned with the most gratifying success. A large number of people have shown real eagerness in entertaining, and have spared no trouble to make their parties agreeable. That they have succeeded in pleasing our visitors from the Colonies there is abundant testimony. Numbers of letters of thanks have been received in the office, and many spoken and written words of appreciation offered to different members of the committee. The only difficulty lay in the numbers, for, although the committee kept strictly to the plan of inviting those only who had been introduced to them by letters from personal friends, there were something over 1,100 visitors recommended in this way. The committee may congratulate themselves, notwithstanding, on having preserved the personal character of the hospitality offered through their medium. The committee consists of:

The Lady Brassey.
The Lady Edward Cecil.
Mrs. H. Chamberlain.
Viscountess Cranborne.
Lady Dawkins.
Mrs. Laurence Drummond.
Lady Duff.
The Countess of Jersey
(Chairman).
Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton.
The Duchess of Marlborough.
Lady Ommanney.
The Lady William Seymour."

A Dream that May Come True.

What is wanted is the creation of a Social Centre in London, an institution which would be to all the strangers within our gates what the hostess of a country house is to her guests, or, if you like, what a good head waiter is to those who stay in a first-class hotel. This is no new idea with me. Many a time have I discussed it with Cecil Rhodes and Lady Warwick. It was one of the first and most indispensable things to which were to be devoted some of the Rhodes millions. Mr. Rhodes, who ever took a large view of things, used to say that some time he would try to secure Dorchester House as the centre of Imperial

hospitality in town, and rent Warwick or some other famous castle nearer London in order to afford Colonials and Americans an opportunity of experiencing something of the charm and romance of a sojourn in some great historic pile, not as tourists but as welcome guests.

Mr. Rhodes, alas! is no more with us, and his millions are allocated to other purposes. But the conception is so sound and the need so great that I do not despair of finding some millionaire who will rear for himself a monument more lasting than eternal brass by supplying the necessary funds for founding and endowing the institution which would make the hospitality of London famous throughout the world.

And this is how I have dreamed it might be accomplished. In the neighbourhood of Charing Cross stands—in my vision of the days to come—a stately building dedicated to the Service of the Stranger within our Gates. It is the seat of the organised hospitality of London. The ground floor would be let as a restaurant on a scale at present unknown in the world. It would be an international restaurant and cafe, where every nationality within our gates would find its national dishes served by its compatriots. A spacious staircase would lead the stranger to the reception-rooms and offices on the first floor. The doors would be open night and day, weekday and Sunday, all the year round. The janitors, chosen for their courtesy and pleasant demeanour, would receive each stranger as if he were an invited guest. Within, a hostess selected for her sympathetic and intuitive tact would welcome the visitor with cordiality, and when he left bid him a kindly Goodspeed. From her presence, nimble pages would conduct the visitor to the registration bureau, where he would enter particulars as to his name, home address, London address, state the probable duration of his stay, and enter particulars as to the object of his visit, and whether or not he wished for introductions to English homes. He would find his letters at the Poste Restante without having to go to St. Martin's-le-Grand. At the central bureau polyglot secretaries would take pleasure in acting as living incarnations of "Inquire Within about Everything." Round this would be grouped sections devoted to facilitating the stranger's quest for lodgings and hotels, to furnishing him with all available information as to trains and steamers, and to directing him as to how to make the best use of his time, either in pursuit of pleasure or the despatch of business. Colonists would find directories of all those from their particular colony resident in London, and the German, French, or other European would find affable and intelligent clerks able to place at their disposal the fullest procurable lists of addresses of

their compatriots in London. Everything that a stranger could desire to make him free of the resources of the city would be at his elbow. Whether he wished to book seats for the theatre, to buy tickets for a tour round the world, or to purchase a guide-book, he would not need to leave the building. Members of the staff, whether ladies or gentlemen, would be delighted to place themselves at his disposition, and to discharge all the duties of hospitality as if they were the hosts and hostesses of welcome guests.

On the second floor the visitor would find a spacious reading-room and library full of cosy corners and pleasant windows. On the tables would lie all the best papers and periodicals of the world. On the shelves would be all the best books and portfolios of pictures that exist to describe and illustrate the antiquities, the museums, the picture galleries, and the objects of interest in London and in Britain. Intelligent and courteous librarians would deem it a pleasure to procure whatever book or picture was sought upon their shelves. Around the reading-room would be grouped drawing-rooms, conversation-rooms, smoking-rooms, and all the conveniences of a first-class club.

On the third floor, which, like the others, would be reached by a lift starting on the first floor, he would find all the organisation for the facilitation of social intercourse for rendering accessible all the best that London has to offer her visitors. There would be made up every day lists of those who wished to be conducted by competent ciceroni to the museums, art galleries, historic edifices, etc., of the metropolis. At present, with the exception of a few—not above a dozen annually—pilgrimages conducted by the Positivists, there are literally no organised attempts to make the treasures of our galleries and museums intelligible to the visitor. Every day parties, conducted by lecturers, specially trained for the service, would start for the Abbey, for St. Paul's, and for the Tower. Every day parties would be made up for the British Museum, for South Kensington, for the National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, the Tate Gallery, etc. Arrangements would be made for facilitating visits to the Houses of Parliament, and perhaps, in the case of some, for securing invitations to tea on the Terrace.

Here were a dozen telephone closets free to all visitors, for communicating with subscribers in

any part of London. Another section was devoted to Hospitality, where a competent staff was constantly busy in arranging that no stranger in London should find him or her self without invitation to the home of some of the citizens. Invitations to lunch, to tea, to dinner, and to breakfast, to "at homes," receptions, dances, picnics were filled in and issued with care and discrimination. Where, from any reason, private hospitality failed, public receptions were organised, in public buildings, where all sorts and conditions of men and women met together for social intercourse. This department had succeeded at last in converting the Imperial Institute into a great social centre. Wealthy citizens vied with each other in undertaking the expense of providing these entertainments, where all classes, from Royal Dukes to poor tutors and struggling musicians, met on a footing of perfect equality. None were overcrowded. The reception was never allowed to degenerate into a mob. All who accepted invitations understood that they were expected to enter into conversation with any other guests without the formality of an introduction. It was the democratisation of social intercourse.

On the fourth floor the Correspondence Club demanded the constant activity of a large staff of despatching clerks. Every week thousands of letters were received and despatched to members who preferred to make acquaintances in the first instance behind the mask of anonymity. A copious but strictly private dossier of all the members was kept, so that the Conductor could with the utmost facility discover and pair correspondents who were unable to make their own selections.

But it is unnecessary to elaborate in more detail the many ways in which such an institution could minister to the wants of the stranger within our gates. With careful and intelligent organisation and adequate funds the Social Centre would from the very first effect a marvellous change. The Step-mother City would disappear, and in its place would stand the gracious and hospitable hostess, who by the co-operative effort of hospitable citizens would be able to remove the reproach of churlish inhospitality and secure to all the lonely and friendless and strangers in our midst the blessing of an open door into an English home.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

A Scientific Demonstration of the Existence of the Soul.*

The magnum opus of Mr. Myers is before us at last. Nearly thirty years devoted with single-souled earnestness to the investigation by scientific methods of the greatest of all the problems which confront mankind have had the welcome result of establishing on sure foundations the truth of the oldest of all faiths—the existence of the soul after death. The transcendent importance of the conclusions set out in these fourteen hundred closely printed pages need not be insisted upon. As Mr. Myers himself says:

"They affect every belief, every faculty, every hope and aim of man, and they affect him the more intimately as his interests grow more profound. Whatever meaning be applied to ethics, to philosophy, to religion, the concern of all these is here."—Vol. I., p. 33.

Without further preface I will condense and extract, by the kind permission of Messrs. Longman, Green & Co., as copiously as the limits of my space will permit, the contents of this book, which is not merely the book of the month, or the book of the year, but may well deserve to be considered the book of our time. I will, as far as it is possible, use Mr. Myers' own words, merely extracting and recombining his sentences with due reference to the numbered paragraph from which the extract is taken.

The Aim of the Book.

"In about 1873—at the crest of perhaps the highest wave of materialism which has ever swept over these shores—it became the conviction of a small group of Cambridge friends that the deep questions thus at issue must be fought out in a way more thorough than the champions either of religion or materialism had yet suggested. To myself, at least, it seemed that if anything were knowable about the unseen world, that knowledge must be discovered by no analysis of tradition and by no manipulation of metaphysics, but simply by experiment and observation, simply by the application to phenomena within us and around us of precisely the same methods of deliberate, dispassionate, exact inquiry which have built up our actual knowledge of the world which we touch and handle. We determined to institute an inquiry, resting upon objective facts actually observable, upon experiments which we can repeat to-day, and

which we may hope to carry further to-morrow—an inquiry based on the presumption that if a spiritual world exists, and if that world has at any epoch been manifest or even discoverable, then it ought to be manifest or discoverable now (para. 107).

"My one contention is that in the discussion of the deeper problems of man's nature and destiny, there ought to be exactly the same openness of mind, exactly the same diligence in the search for objective evidence of any kind, exactly the same critical analysis of results as is habitually shown, for instance, in the discussion of the nature and destiny of the planet upon which man now moves (p. 101). Yet it is strictly true to say that man has never yet applied to the problems which most profoundly concern him those methods of inquiry which, in attacking all other problems, he has found the most efficacious. The method of modern science—that process which consists in an interrogation of Nature entirely dispassionate, patient, systematic; such careful experiment and cumulative record as can often elicit from her slightest indications her deepest truths—this method has never yet been applied to the all-important problem of the existence, the powers, the destiny of the human soul (p. 100). Even among Christians, whether from apathy or from fear, no one has made any serious attempt to connect and correlate their belief with the general scheme of belief for which science already vouches. They have not sought for fresh corroborative instances, for analogies, for explanations; rather, they have kept their convictions on these fundamental matters in a separate and sealed compartment of their minds—a compartment consecrated to religion or to superstition, but not to observation or to experiment. It is my object in the present work to do what can be done to break down that artificial wall of demarcation which has thus far excluded from scientific treatment precisely the problems which stand in most need of all the aids to discovery which such treatment can afford (p. 101). In carrying out this design, I also attack critically the belief that all, or almost all, supernatural phenomena are due to the action of the spirits of the dead. By far the larger proportion as I hold, are due to the action of the still embodied spirit of the agent or percipient himself" (p. 106).

Such being his aims and methods, what are the conclusions at which he has arrived?

*"Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death." By Frederic W. H. Myers. In two volumes, pp. 700 and 660. (Longmans, 42s. net.)

The Problem of Human Personality.

"I begin by stating briefly the two views of human personality, viz., the old-fashioned, common-sense view that my personal identity implies continued existence and conscious unity of the self, and the newer view of experimental psychology that there is no unity of personality, no entity, no soul—in short, nothing but a mere co-ordination of a certain number of states having as their sole common basis the vague feeling of the body (pars. 109-110). I believe that certain fresh evidence can now be adduced which closes the immediate controversy by a judgment more decisively in favour of both parties than either could have expected. All that the co-ordinators say in their analysis of the Self into its constituent elements must be unreservedly conceded. On the other hand, the new evidence affords the partisans of the unity of the Ego, for the first time, with the strongest presumptive proof that the Ego can and does survive the crowning disintegration of bodily death. It is an unhopd-for ratification of their highest dream (p. 111).

The Conscious and the Unconscious Self.

"The conscious self of each of us does not comprise the whole of the consciousness of the faculty within us. There exists a more comprehensive consciousness, a profounder faculty, which for the most part remains potential only so far as regards the life of earth, but from which the consciousness and the faculty of earth life are mere selections, and which reasserts itself in its plenitude after the liberating change of death (p. 111). I conceive that no Self of which we can here have cognisance is in reality more than a fragment of a larger Self, revealed in a fashion at once shifting and limited through an organism not so framed as to afford a full manifestation (p. 112). Our consciousness at any given stage of our evolution is but the phosphorescent ripple on an unsounded sea (p. 115).

A Helpful Analogy.

"I compare man's gradual progress in self-knowledge to his gradual decipherment of the nature and meaning of the sunshine which reaches him as light and heat indiscernibly intermingled. Optical analysis splits up the white ray into the various coloured rays which compose it. The limits of our spectrum do not inhere in the sun that shines, but in the eye that marks his shining. Beyond each end of that prismatic ribbon are ether waves, of which our retina takes no cognisance. Beyond the red end come waves whose potency we still recognise, but as heat and as light. Beyond the violet end are waves still more mysterious, whose very existence man for ages never suspected, and whose intimate potencies are still but

obscurely known. Even thus, I venture to affirm, beyond each end of our conscious spectrum extends a range of faculty and perception exceeding the known range but as yet indistinctly guessed. The phenomena cited in this work carry us, one may say, as far onwards as fluorescence carries us beyond the violet end. The X rays of the psychical spectrum remain for a later age to discover (p. 117).

Telepathy.

"I doubt whether we can say of telepathy anything more definite than this: 'Life has the power of manifesting itself to Life' (p. 634). We see that telepathy—the communication of impressions of any kind from one mind to another, independently of the recognised channels of sense—may act upon each definite type of sensation in turn, or may generate vague impressions not referable to any special organ of sense. The hypnotic trance assists, but is not essential to its action. There is a fairly continuous transition from spontaneous to experimental telepathy (p. 631). I cannot accept Sir W. Crookes' suggestion that telepathy is due to brain waves; it does not fit the facts (p. 633). The evidence has led me to a different treatment of veridical phantasms. Instead of starting from a root conception of a telepathic impulse merely passing from mind to mind, I now start from a root conception of the dissociability of the Self, of the possibility that different fractions of the personality can act so far independently of each other that the one is not conscious of the other's action (p. 638).

"Telepathy and telæsthesia—the perception of distant thoughts and of distant scenes without the agency of the recognised organs of sense—those faculties suggest either incalculable extension of our own mental powers or else the influence upon us of minds freer and less trammelled than our own. These faculties of distant communication exist none the less, even though we refer them to our own subliminal selves. We can in that case affect each other at a distance telepathically; and if our incarnate spirits can act thus in at least apparent independence of the fleshly body, the presumption is strong that other spirits may exist independently of the body, and may affect us in a similar manner (p. 114). To prove that telepathy implies a spiritual environment would be at once to lift our knowledge of the Cosmos to a higher level. To prove that man survives death would also be to transform and transfigure the whole life here below (p. 124).

Telepathy as Love.

"As we have dwelt successively on various aspects of telepathy we have gradually felt the conception enlarged and deepened under our study.

It began as a quasi-mechanical transference of ideas and images from one to another brain. Presently we found it assuming a more varied and potent form, as though it were the veritable influence or invasion of a distant mind. Its action was traced across a gulf greater than any space of earth or ocean, and it bridged the interval between spirits incarnate and discarnate, between the visible and the invisible world; there seemed no limit to the distance of its operation or to the intimacy of its appeal. Love, which (as Sophocles has it) rules 'beasts and men and gods' with equal sway, is no matter of carnal impulse or of emotional caprice. Love is a kind of exalted but unspecialised telepathy, the simplest and most universal expression of that mutual gravitation or kinship of spirits which is the foundation of the telepathic law (p. 1,004).

From Telepathy to Spirit Return.

"The vague question of former times as to apparitions at the moment of death narrows down to the more precise question: Are these still coincidences, is there still evidence showing that a phantasm can appear not only at but after a man's bodily death, and can still indicate connection with a persistent and individual life? To this distinct question there can now be given, as I believe, a distinct and affirmative answer. When evidence has been duly analysed, when alternative hypotheses have been duly weighed, it seems to me that there is no real break in the appearance of veridical phantasms or in their causations at the moment of bodily death, but rather that there is evidence that the self-same spirit is still operating, and it may be in the self-same way. Telepathy looks like a law prevailing in the spiritual as well as in the material world. And that it does so prevail I now add is proved by the fact that those who communicated telepathically with us in this world communicate with us telepathically from the other. Man, therefore, is not a planetary or transitory being; he persists as very man among cosmic and eternal things (p. 124).

What Has Been Proved.

"I will here briefly state what facts they are which our recorded apparitions, intimations, messages of the departing and departed have, to my mind, actually proved: (a) In the first place, they prove survival pure and simple; the persistence of the spirit's life as a structural law of the universe; the inalienable heritage of each several soul. (b) In the second place, they prove that between the spiritual and the material worlds an avenue of communication does, in fact, exist; that which we call the despatch and the receipt of telepathic messages, or the utterance and the answer of prayer and supplication. (c) In the third place,

they prove that the surviving spirit retains, at least in some measure, the memories and the loves of earth. Without this persistence of love and memory should we be in truth the *same*? To what extent has any philosophy or any revelation assured us hereof till now? The above points, I think, are certain if the apparitions and messages proceed in reality from the *sources* which they claim. On a lower evidential level comes the thesis drawn from the *contents* of the longer messages, which contents may, of course, be influenced in unknown degree by the expectation of the recipients or by some such infusion of dream-like matter as I have already mentioned. That thesis is as follows. I offer it for what it may be worth: Every element of individual wisdom, virtue, love, develops in infinite evolution toward an ever-higher hope; toward 'Him who is at once thine innermost Self, and thine ever unattainable Desire.'

The Possibility of Communicating with the Departed.

"Here, more than anywhere, the need of actual experiment is felt. For experiment would mean the enlistment of the departed in conscious and willing co-operation: and, in fact, such experiment turns out to be actually feasible. There is a possibility of inducing a spiritual hearing, and a spiritual picture-seeing or reading, and also a spiritually-guided writing and speech. Both our sensory automatism and our motor automatism may be initiated and directed by intelligence outside our own. Apparitions may flash their signals, automatic script will lay the wire. For, however inchoate and ill-controlled these written messages may be, if once they have been received at all we can assign no limit to their development as the expression of thought that passes incorporeally from mind to mind (p. 125).

"Here we reach a point which has become without my anticipation and—as a matter of mere scientific policy—even against my will the principal nodus of the present work. This book, designed originally to carry on as continuously and coherently as possible the telepathic hypothesis, has been forced unexpectedly forward by the sheer force of evidence until it must now dwell largely on the extreme branch of the subject. For in truth during the last ten years the centre of gravity of our evidence has shifted profoundly. With the recent development of trance phenomena we seem suddenly to have arrived by a kind of short cut at a direct solution of problems which we had till then been approaching by difficult inference and laborious calculation of chances. What need of computing coincidental death-wraiths—of analysing the evidential details of post-mortem ap-

partitions—if here we have the departed ready to hear and answer questions and to tell us frankly of the fate of souls? Must not our former results seem useless now in view of this overwhelming proof? Our previous disciplined search has been by no means wasted, but it seems to me now that the evidence for communication with the spirits of identified deceased persons through the trance utterances and writings of sensitives apparently controlled by those spirits is established beyond serious attack (p. 126).

Results of This Truth.

"The reader who may feel disposed to give his adhesion to this culminating group of the long series of evidences which have pointed with more and more clearness to the survival of human personality and to the possibility for men on earth of actual commerce with a world beyond, may feel, perhaps, that the desiderium orbis catholici, the intimate and universal hope of every generation of men, has never till this day approached so near to fulfilment. There has never been so fair a prospect for Life and Love (p. 127). Assuredly this deepening response of man's spirit to the Cosmos deepening round him must be affected by all the signals which now are glimmering out of night to tell him of his inmost nature and his endless fate. Who can think that either Science or Revelation has spoken as yet more than a first half-comprehended word? But if in truth souls departed call to us, it is to them that we shall listen most of all. We shall weigh these undesigned coincidences, we shall analyse the congruity of their message with the facts which such a message should explain (p. 128).

An Appeal to Scientific Men.

"Curiosity, candour, care—these are the intellectual virtues: disinterested curiosity, unselfish candour, unlimiting care. These virtues have grown up outside the ecclesiastical pale. Science, not Religion, has fostered them. The remedy lies in inculcating the intellectual virtues, in teaching the mass of mankind that the maxims of the modern savant are at least as necessary to salvation as the maxims of the medieval saint. But in order to attract help, even from scientific men, some general view of the moral upshot of all the phenomena is needed (p. 1,000).

"These discoveries should prompt, as nothing else could have prompted, towards the ultimate achievement of that programme of scientific dominance which the 'Instauratio Magna' proclaimed for mankind. Bacon left the realm of 'Divine things' to Authority and Faith. I here urge that that great exemption need be no longer made. I claim that there now exists an incipient method of getting at this Divine knowledge also, with the

same certainty, the same calm assurance with which we make our steady progress in the knowledge of terrene things. The authority of creeds and Churches will thus be replaced by the authority of observation and experiment. The impulse of faith will resolve itself into a reasoned and resolute imagination, bent upon raising even higher than now the highest ideal of man (p. 1,001). The time is ripe for the study of unseen things as strenuous and sincere as that which science has made familiar for the problems of earth (p. 1,003).

The Rapture of Certainty.

"I confess, indeed, that I have often felt as though this present age were even unduly favoured, as though no future revelation and calm could equal the joy of this great struggle from doubt into certainty, from the materialism or agnosticism which accompany the first advance of science into the deeper scientific conviction that there is a deathless soul in man. I can imagine no other crisis of such deep delight. Endless are the varieties of lofty joy. In the age of Thales Greece knew the delight of the first dim notion of cosmic unity and law. In the age of Christ Europe felt the high authentic message from a world beyond our own. In our own age we reach the perception that such messages may become continuous and progressive, that between seen and unseen there is a channel and fairway which future generations may learn to widen and to clarify. Nay, in the infinite Universe man may now feel, for the first time, at home. The worst fear is over; the true security is won. The worst fear was the fear of spiritual extinction or spiritual solitude; the true security is in the telepathic law (p. 1,003).

The State of Souls After Death.

"Firstly, and chiefly, I at least see ground to believe that their state is one of endless evolution in wisdom and in love. Their loves of earth persist, and most of all those highest loves which seek their outlet in adoration and work. Yet from their step of vantage-ground in the universe, at least, they see that it is good. I do not mean that they know either of an end or of an explanation of evil. Yet evil to them seems less a terrible than a slavish thing. It is embodied in no mighty potentate; rather it forms an isolating madness from which higher spirits strive to free the distorted soul. There needs no chastisement of fire; self-knowledge is man's punishment and his reward; self-knowledge and the nearness or the aloofness of companion souls.

"In that world love is actually self-preservation; the Communion of Saints not only adorns but constitutes the Life Everlasting. Nay, from the law of telepathy it follows that that commun-

ion is valid for us here and now. Even now the love of souls departed makes answer to our invocations; even now our loving memory—love is itself a prayer—supports and strengthens those delivered spirits upon their upward way. No wonder; since we are to them but as fellow-travellers shrouded in a mist. 'Neither death nor life, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature' can bar us from the hearth-fire of the universe, or hide for more than a moment the inconceivable oneness of souls (p. 1,010).

A Corroboration of the Christian Faith.

"Has any world-scheme yet been suggested so profoundly corroborative of the very core of the Christian revelation? Jesus Christ 'brought life and immortality to light.' By His appearance after bodily death He proved the deathlessness of the spirit. By His character and His teaching He testified to the Fatherhood of God. So far, then, as His unique message admitted of evidential support, it is here supported. So far as He promised things unprovable, that promise is here renewed. I venture now on a bold saying; for I predict that in consequence of the new evidence all reasonable men, a century hence, will believe the Resurrection of Christ, whereas in default of the new evidence no reasonable men, a century hence, would have believed it.

"We have shown that amidst much deception and self-deception, fraud and illusion, veritable manifestations do reach us from beyond the grave. The central claim of Christianity is thus confirmed as never before. If our own friends, men like ourselves, can sometimes return to tell us of love and hope, a mightier Spirit may well have used the eternal laws with a more commanding power. There is nothing to hinder the reverent faith that, though we be all 'the children of the Most High,' He came nearer than we, by some space by us immeasurable, to that which is infinitely far (p. 1,010).

A Word to Christians.

"To the Christian we can speak with a still more direct appeal than to scientific men. 'You believe,' I would say, 'that a spiritual world exists, and that it acted on the material world two thousand years ago. Surely it is so acting still! Nay, you believe that it is so acting still; for you believe that prayer is heard and answered. To believe that prayer is heard is to believe in telepathy—in the direct influence of mind on mind. To believe that prayer is answered is to believe that unembodied spirit does actually modify (even if not storm-cloud or plague-germ) at least the minds, and therefore the brains of living men. From that belief the most advanced "physical" theories are easy corollaries.'—(Vol. ii., p. 306.)

The New World-Religion.

"So now also it seems to me that a growing conception of the unity, the solidarity, of the human race is preparing the way for a world-religion which expresses and rests upon that solidarity, which conceives it in a fuller, more vital fashion than either Positivist or Catholic had ever dreamed. For the new conception is neither of benefactors dead and done for, inspiring us automatically from their dates in an almanac, nor of shadowy saints imagined to intercede for us at tribunals more shadowy still; but rather of a human unity, close-linked beneath an unknown sway, wherein every man who hath been or now is makes a living element, inalienable, incorporate, and imperishably co-operant, and joint-inheritor of one infinite Hope.

Prayer to the Dead.

"Not, then, with tears and with lamentations should we think of the blessed dead. Rather, we should rejoice with them in their enfranchisement, and know that they are still minded to keep us as sharers in their joy. It is they, not we, who are working now; they are more ready to hear than we to pray; they guide us as with a cloudy pillar, but it is kindling into steadfast fire. Nay, it may be that our response, our devotion, is a needful element in their ascending joy, and as God may have provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.—(Vol. ii., p. 303.)

"I wish to show that so far from our needing to suppose that an answer to prayer is an interruption of the natural order of things, many answers to prayer are, on the contrary, manifest extensions—not natural developments—of perfectly familiar phenomena. We already have life, and by disposing our spirits rightly we can get more life. We already have friends who help us on earth; those friends survive bodily death, and are to some extent able to help us still. It is for us to throw ourselves into the needed mental state—to make the heart-felt and trustful appeal. To the benefit which we may thus derive, no theoretical limit can be assigned; it must needs grow with man's evolution. For the central fact of that condition is the ever-increasing closeness of the soul's communion with other souls" (Ib., p. 314.)

W. T. STEAD.

A Modern Froissart.*

This is the second volume of Mr. Gould's "Froissart," the first of which appeared last year, and which at present is the sole humorous historical

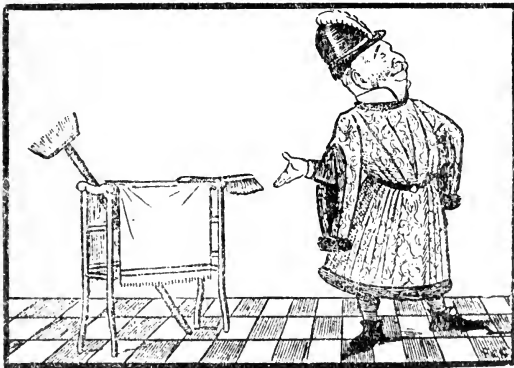
*"F. C. G.'s Froissart, 1902." By F. Carruthers Gould. (T. Fisher Unwin.) 112 pp. 3s. 6d.



SIR JOSEPH DE BIRMINGHAM GOETH TO GUILDHALL.

annual produced in the English language. It was a happy thought which led Mr. Gould, whose admirable cartoons in the "Westminster Gazette" have secured for him an undisputed right to the position held for many years by Sir John Tenniel, to write and illustrate the chronicles of our time in the quaint phraseology of the chronicles of Sir

John Froissart. The new volume is quite up to the high standard of the first, and higher praise it would be impossible to give it. There are twelve chapters, which enable him to gossip with pleasant humour upon the leading incidents of the year, from the Coronation to the Remount Commission. Upon the latter subject he is very amusing. "I have been informed the English knights and squires purchased all the animals that were brought to them that had four legs. And if it fortune that they refused any animal



SIR BLUNDELL DE MAPLE PROTESTETH THAT TOWEL-HORSES WOULD HAVE BETTER SERVED THE ARMY THAN THE HORSES THAT HAD BEEN BOUGHT IN HUNGARY.

(Remount Records.)

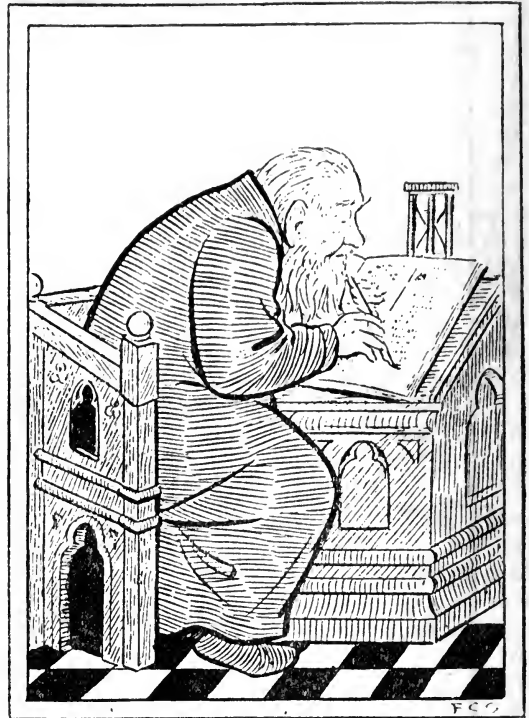


ENGLISH SQUIRE BUYING HORSES FOR THE ARMY IN AFRICA.

(Remount Records.)

because it bore only three legs, then that same animal was brought to them again at night and sold. . . . Among those who murmured there-at was a certain knight, Sir Blundell de Maple, who had great knowledge of horses. Quoth he, 'Marry, but they had better have sent towel-horses to Africa than the animals that they have bought in Frankfurt, and Buda Pesth, and Judea.'"

There is an excellent chapter, which describes the adventures of the New Zealand Premier in Africa and in England. It is admirably illustrated with cartoons of Sir Dickon Seddon, showing how he painted his face in the manner of the men of Maoriland, and danced a war-dance to give good countenance to the soldiers. There is a delightful picture showing how Sir Dickon Seddon "demandeth to know if the Lord de Kitchener hath need for more mutton for the English Army in Africa," with its companion picture, showing how the Lord de Kitchener answereth Sir Dickon Seddon by the summary process of kicking him out of his tent, when Sir Dickon departed in haste. We are further told of the marvellous adventures of Sir Dickon when he rode to and fro in England in state, as though he had been a Prince, telling the people everywhere what they should do if they desired to prosper, for he was full of marvellous opinions. After Sir Dickon Seddon journeyed back to Maoriland across the seas, this veracious chronicler saith, "And thereafter whatsoever thing was devised or done in England Sir Dickon Seddon would say, 'Of a surety this was done on the counsel that I gave to Sir Joseph de Birmingham and others in England.'"



OOM PAUL WRITETH HIS CHRONICLES.

Near by is the account of how a great monster, called "The Spearpoint Drorgan," came across the sea and sore affrayed the English. "Now, this Drorgan was as puissant on land as on water, for it was both a Drorgan and a Sea-Fish, and for this reason it was also called the great combine. It was a terrible monster, which seized all the ships that could not avoid it, yet it spouted out streams of gold to pay for them, so that no man received hurt or damage thereby."

Of course, Joseph's journey to Africa is described at length. Also the visit of the Boer Generals to London. "Sir Joseph went to Uganda to see the Lion and the Unicorn, to the end that when he returned back to England he could the more readily discourse about the wild beasts that guard the Crown of the Empire," and so forth and so forth. But no extracts from the letterpress can give even a faint idea of the excellence of this book unless it is accompanied by the charming sketches, which in the manner of medieval chroniclers illuminate nearly every page with good-humoured satire. As usual, Mr. Gould is best when he is delineating Mr. Chamberlain, but he is very good with the late Archbishop, and also with Mr. Seddon. His picture of Dr. Clifford preaching on horseback to the people is also very happy.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

(Coronation Records.)

Zola's Last Word.*

Down with the Roman Catholic Church.

In this bulky novel we have the last complete work from the pen of Emile Zola. It is the third of four which he had planned to write. The first was "Fecondite," the second "Labour," the third "Truth," and the fourth "Justice." He had begun "Justice" before he died, but it was only a beginning, and we are therefore justified in regarding "Truth" as the last word which he had to address to the men of his generation. The story of "Truth" has obviously been suggested by the Dreyfus case. But it is a parable rather than a narrative. Dreyfus was the victim of militarism; Simon, the murdered Jew in "Truth," is the victim of clericalism. The principle, however, of both is the same. A young and beautiful boy, the nephew of a Jewish teacher in a secular school, of the name of Simon, was found one morning strangled, death having resulted from his vain attempt to resist a felonious outrage perpetrated on him by a member of one of the religious orders of the Church of Rome, who taught a religious school in opposition to the secular school of which Simon was the head. When the body is discovered, two other brothers of the Order are present, who pick up a copy of a newspaper which had been rolled up into a ball and thrust into the boy's mouth to prevent him crying out. Inside this ball was a copy-book heading of the kind used in schools.

This copy-book heading was issued to the children both in the secular and in the religious schools, and in the corner was a mark indicating which school issued it. The clerical brother who first discovered the roll of paper and the incriminating strip recognised that it bore in the corner a mark showing that it had been issued in the clerical school. He promptly tore this corner off and destroyed it. Then, in order to avert suspicion from themselves, they accused Simon of having murdered his nephew, and on the strength of some scrawl on another corner of the copy head they satisfied a jury, inflamed by the anti-Semite agitation, that it bore the initials of Simon. All the members of the religious order conspired together, as their military counterparts did in the Dreyfus case, in order to secure the conviction of Simon. He is convicted and sent to the equivalent of the Devil's Isle. There he remains until, in the course of time, his innocence is completely demonstrated.

Gorgias, who was the criminal, makes full confession, and shortly afterwards meets with his de-

serts at the hand of an assassin, while a well-aimed thunderbolt from the sky delivers the world from the pollution of the presence of his fellow-conspirators.

The importance of the book lies in the fact that it is Zola's last word, and that he has left us, as it were, his last solemn declaration of faith that Gambetta was right when he declared, "La clericalisme, voila l'ennemi." According to Zola, that the whole nation could be so carried away by savage prejudice as to doom an innocent man to a living grave was apparently due to the baleful influence of the Roman Catholic Church. The following passage does not need the alteration of a single word to be printed as Zola's explanation of how it was the military conspiracy against Dreyfus came so near to be crowned with success:

How came it that the mentality of the masses was no higher than that of mere savages? Had not the Republic reigned for thirty years, and had not its founders shown themselves conscious of the necessities of the times by basing the state edifice on scholastic laws, restoring the elementary schools to honour and strength, and decreeing that education henceforth should be gratuitous, compulsory, and secular? . . . The people of to-day relapsed into the brutish degradation, the dementia of the people of yesterday, amidst a sudden return of ancestral darkness. What had happened then? What covert resistance, what subterranean force was it that had thus paralysed the immense efforts which had been attempted to extricate all the humble and suffering ones from their slavery and obscurity? As Marc put this question to himself he at once saw the enemy arise—the enemy, the creator of ignorance and death—the Roman Catholic Church. . . . It was that Church which, with the patient tactics of a tenacious worker, had barred the roads, and gradually seized on all those poor, dense minds which others had tried to wrest from her domination. . . . And all those children were young brains won over to error, future soldiers for the religion of spoliation and cruelty which reigned over the hateful society of the era.

The concluding chapters of the book describe Zola's picture of the millennium which is to come, when the Roman Catholic Church has been destroyed. Simon is brought back from captivity. His enemies attempt in vain to blow into a flame the dying embers of race fanaticism. He attributes the change to the fact that education had been entirely freed from Roman Catholic influence. He says:

And now that Rome was vanquished, that the congregations were disappearing, that not a Jesuit would soon be left to obscure men's thoughts and pervert their actions, human reason was working freely. . . . The simple fact was that the people, being now educated and free from the errors of centuries, were becoming capable of truth and justice.

One great feature of the emancipation of the human race from the dominion of Rome is the emancipation of women:

*"Truth." By Emile Zola. Translated by E. A. Vize-telly.

Woman, being freed and raised to equality with man, would render the sexual struggle less bitter, impart to it some calm dignity. . . . They were emancipated from the Church; they were no longer possessed by base superstition and the fear of hell; they no longer feigned a false humility before the priest; they were no longer the servants who prostrated themselves before men, the sex which seems to acknowledge its abjection and which revenges itself for its enforced humility by corrupting and disorganising everything.

It was necessary to impart knowledge to woman before setting her in her legitimate place as the equal and companion of man. That was the first thing necessary, the essential condition of human happiness, for woman could only free man after being freed herself. As long as she remained the priest's servant and accomplice, and instrument of reaction, espionage, and warfare in the home, man himself remained in chains incapable of all virile and decisive action.

His last word takes the form of a triumphant pean over the final discomfiture of the Roman Catholic Church, which with prophetic eye he sees in the near future:

Rome had lost the battle; France was saved from death, from the dust and ruin in which Catholic nations disappear one after the other. She had been rid of the clerical faction which had chosen her territory as its battlefield, ravaging her fields, poisoning her people, striving to create darkness in order to dominate the world once more. France was no longer threatened with burial beneath the ashes of a dead religion; she had again become her own mistress, she could go forward to her destiny as a liberating and justice-dealing power. And if she had conquered, it was solely by the means of that primary education which had extracted the humble, the lowly ones of her country districts, from the ignorance of slaves, from the deadly imbecility in which Roman Catholicism had maintained them for centuries.

Sir Walter Besant as a Prophet.*

"*'As We Are and As We May Be'* is," says the author of the preface to the book, "the exposition of a practical philanthropist's creed, and of his hopes for the progress of his fellow-countrymen. Some of these hopes may never be realised; some he had the great happiness to see bear fruit, and for the realisation of all he spared no pains. The personal service of humanity that in these pages he urges so repeatedly on others he was himself ever the first to give."

This volume contains some of the collected essays of Walter Besant; there are twelve of them, beginning with "*The Endowment of the Daughter*," and ending with a paper on "*The Associated Life*." Most of them deal with social problems; but there are two—"The Land of Romance" and "The Land of Reality"—which were lectures delivered in connection with his tour in America. There are three delightfully gossipy papers about

the East End of London. The chief interest of the book, however, lies in those papers in which Sir Walter Besant ventures to forecast the future.

A Bodeful Vision of What May Be.

In a paper entitled "*From Thirteen to Seventeen*," which was written sixteen years ago, he pleads for paying more attention to the education of boys and girls after they leave elementary schools. Here is a doleful forecast of what may be:

We may readily conceive of a time when—our manufactures ruined by superior foreign intelligence and skill, our railways earning no profit, our carrying trade lost, our agriculture destroyed by foreign imports, our farms without farmers, our houses without tenants—the boasted wealth of England will have vanished like a splendid dream of the morning, and the children of the rich will have become even as the children of the poor; all this may be within measurable distance, and may very well happen before the death of men who are now no more than middle-aged. Considering this, as well as the other points in favour of the scheme before us, it may be owned that it is best to look after the boys and girls while it is yet time.

The Future of the English-Speaking Peoples.

One more prophecy and I have done. In his lecture entitled "*The Land of Reality*," he concludes with a vision of the future of the English-speaking race:

Before many years the United Kingdom must inevitably undergo great changes: the vastness of the Empire will vanish; Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa will fall away, and will become independent republics; what these little islands will become then I know not.

Something better and more stable, however, may yet come to us, when the United States and Great Britain will be allied in amity as firm as that which now holds together those Federated States. The thing is too vast, it is too important to be achieved in a day, or in a generation. But it will come—it will come; it must come—it must come; Asia and Europe may become Chinese or Cossack, but our people shall rule over every other land, and all the islands, and every sea.

The indestructible fraternity of the whole English-speaking races was a watchword to which Sir Walter Besant was ever faithful. The book from which we have given these extracts is full of admirable common-sense and a generous enthusiastic optimism, which makes it very pleasant reading when we are inclined to sit in doleful dumps. Here at least is a message from a man with his feet planted upon the bed-rock of solid facts who ever kept his eyes fixed on the stars.

The Lord of the Dark Red Star.*

The Incarnation of Satan.

Mr. Eugene Lee-Hamilton, who has hitherto only been known as a poet, makes in this volume

* "*As We Are and As We May Be*." By Walter Besant. (London: Chatto & Windus.) 314 pp. 6s.

* "*The Lord of the Dark Red Star*." By Eugene Lee-Hamilton. (Scott Publishing Company.) 296 pp. 6s.

a very remarkable venture into the field of historical romance. "The Lord of the Dark Red Star" is very much more than an historical romance; it is a daring attempt to present to the public a kind of diabolical gospel of the incarnation of the Lord of Hell. The hero is Ezelin, the Imperial Vicar of Emperor Frederick II., who let Hell loose and kept it going in Northern Italy. We have the whole thing here in the compass of a comparatively short novel. There is the diabolical annunciation, in which Adalhita, who plays the role of the Virgin Mary in this black Gospel, and who was so intensely evil that she attracted Satan from hell. The scene in which the Devil visits her, and Ezelin is begotten, is indeed a gruesome horror. The Devil's bride, whose locks were like black adders, and whose cheek was white as the death-fed mushroom, that grows where murder rots. At midnight, nine months before the birth of Ezelin, she crouched by the open window of the castle, looking out into the dead darkness, round which moon-struck wolves had howled for three nights. Down in the castle moat nine witches sing the nuptial hymn of horror; as the thunder growled ever louder, a vampire shriek stabbed the darkness; while the ghouls were prowling round the castle, and fleshless souls muttering in her ear, she heard her name echoed in the thunder peal, and mighty wings sounded around her like the roar of a tempest-churned sea. Lord, who art thou?" she cried, and the voice answered, "I am Satan."

Nine months after this, Ezelin was born, "very man of very fiend," even as Christ was "very God of very man." Ezelin was Hell's incarnation. In appearance he was only a small, pale man, riding upon a black horse; but within that pale tenement dwelt a Satanic soul. To him the sight of pain was like strong wine, and when it meant the spread of fear it flushed and intoxicated his soul. The characters in the story are very vividly drawn; the witch-mother, the saint-like wife, and Fra Luca stand out with vivid distinctness. So also does the second wife, who bore the child dedicated before his birth as a sacrifice to Satan, in return for which was promised to Ezelin the crown of Northern Italy. There is no need to tell the whole story here, excepting to say that Satan was cheated of his grandson by a surreptitious baptism by Fra Luca, and instead of Ezelin obtaining the crown of Northern Italy, he was stabbed in the back by an assassin who did the bidding of his second wife. It is a weird story of great imaginative power, in which even the shadowy forms of Death and Sin, who time and again throw the dice for the soul of Ezelin, have a certain dim but distinct personality of their own. What purpose the author had in writing this story it is difficult

to say; it is neither pleasant nor profitable for the mind to dwell upon scenes of carnage and torture, but no one can deny its daring and originality.

"Karl of Erbach."

The author of "My Lady of Orange" possesses in a high degree the storyteller's gift. He can weave a plot, invent character, and describe battle incidents so that they seem to live. "Karl of Erbach" appeared as a serial in "Longman's Magazine," under the title of "Prince Karl;" it is now published in volume form, with a slightly changed title, as "a tale of Lichtenstein and Solgau," by the great publishing house of Longmans, Green & Co., in their "Colonial and Indian Library" series. The tale has all the essential elements of interest. It is a story of the Thirty Years' War. There is love in it, adventure, sorrow. The politics of the two tiny States are interwoven with the fortunes of the hero and the heroine. Historical characters appear on the stage: Pere Joseph de Tremblay, Richelieu's Capuchin friend and diplomat, and Bernhard of Weimar, the pupil of Gustavus. The contest is one of wit, as well as of sword blades, and in the long run love triumphs in the fashion always welcome to novel readers. Altogether, "Karl of Erbach" is a fine example of historical fiction.

"By the Ramparts of Jezreel."

Mr. Arnold Davenport, the author of this tale—another of Longmans' "Colonial and Indian Library" series—has at least the merit of literary courage. He boldly sets his plot in a Biblical atmosphere, and sets on the stage a cluster of Biblical characters, including Jezebel, Elisha, Benhadad, etc. One of the heroines is a daughter of the prophet Elijah; Jezebel represents the worship of Moloch, and is painted as a woman of transcendent beauty and no morals. Mr. Davenport not only adorns his pages with "patches of purple rhetoric," his whole book is one long purple stain of rhetoric; love scenes, storms of battle, priestly plots, scenes of sensual idol worship—all are painted in very high colours indeed.

"The Way of Cain."

This book belongs to "The Sportsman's Library of Fiction," issued by George Routledge & Sons, Ltd. It is a tale of murder, and of the pursuit of the murderer, of suspicions fixed on the wrong man, of the arts of the amateur detective. The whole makes up a picture of a human soul yielding to temptation and reaping the bitter harvest of wrongdoing.

"TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT."

[We give some extracts from the serial under this title, which appears in the English "Review of Reviews," and in which current events are translated into personal terms.—Ed. "R. of R. for A."]

The Coming of the Rains.*

"There now!" exclaimed Marion, as she settled her patient comfortably on her pillows, "you are as pretty as a picture!"

Sina smiled up at her weakly from a background of vivid red; when she could no longer spare the water for washing she had covered her pillows with cheap twill, rather than have her dainty soul vexed continually by the dingy linen. Her face, childishly small and large-eyed, looked up, white as parchment, from a cloud of lustreless black hair, and her little hand opened and shut on the gay counterpane, as if grasping after something.

"It is so hot!" she complained in a tiny bird-like voice. Sina was very small and bird-like in everything. It was difficult to associate her with heroic ideas. Yet little Sina had faced and fought more hardship and danger than falls to the lot of fifty average men. "The air seems to scorch my lungs," she added with a gasp. "But I don't mind, I don't mind anything, Marion, now that you're here."

"Oh! but I mind!" retorted Marion, stooping to give her an admonitory pat on the thin cheek. "What will Lewis Gore say to me if his wife is ill?"

Sina laughed feebly. "Poor old dear!" she said. "You know, Marion, it is such an odd thing, but I feel as if I had been away somewhere from Lew for ever so long. And what helps the feeling out is that he has a great hole in his coat, and no buttons on his shirt. Now how can that have happened!"

"S-s-s," exclaimed Marion, in hasty reproof. "I told you, Sina, you are not to talk. Shut your eyes and determine to sleep. You must, or baby will be ill."

A soft bundle of dingy white stirred feebly on the pillows, and a little cry came from it. Marion shook her head at Sina, and lifting the bundle gently on her arm, set the door a little wider, and stood in it swaying from one foot to the other. Sina's brilliant eyes followed her with a look of perfect satisfaction.

"Sing, Marion!" she said, entreatingly. "Hymns, M-m-m—if you only knew how I have longed to hear somebody sing for these eighteen months back!"

Marion nodded at her severely, and pointed to the baby; then, balancing herself lightly from one

foot to the other, she began to sing. Her voice was curiously deep and soft, and had an emotional thrilling quality very sweet to listen to, such a voice as one hears on the wild coast of the West, when the Irish girls sing their Litany to the Blessed Virgin, or when Highland lasses join in the Psalms. So great had been Marion's grief, that the very fount of song seemed dried within her. But at another's need she found it springing full and clear. Softly she sang at first, rocking the child in her long arms, with her eyes on that small dark face lying against the scarlet of the pillows. Then, little by little, her own pain was soothed and comforted by the touch of the tiny creature she held so close. She felt no longer her fierce motherhood, robbed and desolate, but resigned and prayerful, though longing still. Her voice rang out into the torrid night in the cry of the Psalmist, "Lord, hear the voice of my complaint;" and Dick, by the empty water-tanks with Lewis Gore, told himself, with a swelling heart, that "Marion was over the worst of it now: thank God for that!" She had dropped the greater portion of her own heavy load in stooping to carry another woman's. For forty-eight hours she had kept Sina from slipping back into that no-whither where she had wandered before the baby came; kept her by sheer force of will and strength of mind to the world of every day and the little soul who needed her. Sina was rational now, the only thing necessary was sleep, and sleep she could not.

Lewis wandered about with Dick at his elbow, torn between hope and fear, and Marion fought the enemy single-handed, as was her wont. The over-bright eyes were blinking in the candle-light, dropping every now and then; little by little she sank into snatches of uneasy slumber, her thin face and hands twitching painfully. The heat was intolerable, the electricity-laden silence pressed down on the narrow calico-lined room with the weight of a mountain. It seemed to volume in by the loosely-hung door, and hang on to the limp swish of Marion's holland riding-habit as she patiently swayed to and fro with the baby, her soft notes falling into an abyss of awful quietude and calm.

Suddenly she stood with the song frozen on her lips. Sina was sitting bolt upright, her eyes, with the brilliant pupils distended, staring into space,

*"The Story of the Seven Years' Drought," of which this is the sequel, appeared in the February "Review of Reviews for Australasia."

her thin scarlet lips apart, her shadowy hair trailing cloud-like around her wasted shoulders.

"Listen! listen!" she exclaimed, with one transparent hand raised in warning. "Oh, listen! The rain! the rain! Oh, cool and sweet at last! The rain, the blessed, blessed rain!"

Marion went swiftly to the bed, and laid the child down, then gently forced her back upon the pillows.

"Lie down, dear," she said, commandingly, "and do not wake baby again. Do you hear, Sina?"

Sina looked away into some far-off land, and talked of rain, rain. Marion flew to the muslin-covered packing-case which did duty for table, and snatched up her most treasured possession, what remained of a large bottle of eau-de-Cologne, and lifting the heavy masses of black hair, poured it down the back of the sick woman's head. She sighed gratefully, and half closed her eyes, then opened them again, and would have spoken, but Marion imperiously forbade a word, then, stooping to pick up the ever-necessary palm-leaf fan, found herself suddenly confronted by the keen blue orbs of Lewis Gore, looking out of his high-featured face, with a positive terror in their depths.

Sina instinctively divined his presence. "Lew," she murmured—"Lew, do you hear the rain?"

A spasm of pain contorted Lew's features, and he answered, with unconscious exaggeration of his customary drawl. "Of course I do," he said. "Don't be vexed with my little girl, Mrs. Penrhyn. Many a night we've sat together listenin' for the rain; an' now it's come!—teems an' pours, as old Sallie Maguire would say."

He went cautiously across the gaping ironwood floor, and turned with elaborate dissimulation at the door. "My word," he exclaimed heartily, "this will do the country good!" and vanished into the darkness of the verandah.

Sina turned on her pillow with a sigh of entire satisfaction, and closed her eyes again. Marion, with a quick look after Lewis, pulled down the mosquito net, tucked it in, and went to the head of the bed, and there she stood for what seemed interminable hours, fanning her patient, while she concentrated every fibre of her being in the determination that she should sleep. Rigid and motionless, with the palm-leaf turning in her strong fingers, she looked down on the tiny face, with its two brilliant spots of colour on the hollow cheeks, and the great eyes, that would open and wander, only to close flickeringly again and again, till the final struggle left Marion victorious. Sina's head turned comfortably on the pillow, and her thin red lips closed in the long tremulous sigh of that profound sleep which follows on sheer physical exhaustion. Marion stooped to listen to

the long, regular breathing, the palm-leaf fluttered down, and she became all at once conscious that her spine was as water, and her knees were knocking together with weakness. She walked softly to the table, steadying herself by the wall, and sipped a grudging mouthful of the cooling drink she had prepared from the luscious fruit of the prickly pear for Sina, then, placing the candle in the basin, went out on the verandah.

The heat rose up against the homestead, and submerged it in a succession of great waves. The vast impermeable silence lay dense and unbroken on hill and plain, a deserted, burnt-out world.

She shut her hot eyes, and pressed her palms on the hardwood slabs behind her, her figure tense with pain, her head thrown back, fighting with a horrible illusion which persuaded her she had been flayed alive, and every nerve lay raw and tingling to the electric air. As she wrestled with this agony, a sound, a sensation almost, so faint, vague, and remote did it seem—the mere suggestion of an echo—smote upon her inner senses, and instantly the horror fell away from her, and she became her own brave self again. Swiftly and noiselessly she fled towards the sound of Lewis Gore's voice. He rose as she came, and thrust out his hands as if to ward off a blow.

"Don't," he exclaimed, hoarsely; "wait a bit; you don't know Sina. She'll be all right in a while—to-morrow, perhaps. Give her time, Mrs. Penrhyn."

"My dear man," said Marion, quietly, "Sina is all right; sleeping like a lamb. What I want to tell you is, she *did* hear the rain. It is coming—just listen, will you!"

With a bound both men were out in the open straining their ears for the far-off sound. Lewis Gore cleared his throat several times, and spoke thickly—

"Got some dust in 'em, those froggies," he said, unsteadily; "but they're singing out as if they meant business—eh, old man?"

He slapped Dick on the back weakly, and turned quickly to the house, laughing to himself softly as he went.

"Poor chap," remarked Dick, "his nerves are clean gone to pieces."

Then he suddenly buried his face in his hands, and stood silent.

Marion clasped her fingers across his arm and waited, and clear and distinct across the void of silence came the faint sound of croaking—the frogs in some dried-up swamp awaking from the semblance of death to welcome the coming rain. The darkness deepened till it was almost palpable, and that dim croaking seemed to float through the silence of infinite space. A brooding weight of atmosphere oppressed them, the milky smoke of

the bush fires crept upwards through the hot air in snaky wreaths, and across the heavens stretched an arch of appalling magnificence from which terrific fires descended and enwrapped them in blinding flame. Marion fled back to the sick-room; Dick followed her and brought a chair to the wide-set door, that he might have her near.

A sudden puff of wind came whirling by, scattering dust and leaves. The hobbled horses whinnied softly. A cow lowed in the darkness uneasily, and was faintly answered by her feeble calf. A blaze of sudden crimson showed Lewis standing by the step, every line of his hard face alight with joy.

"D'ye hear that?" he cried, shrilly.

The cicadas had begun to fiddle, and nearer and nearer came the frog-chorus; till from among the faded honeysuckle at the verandah post came a little whispering pipe from some tiny green creature awakened to an unhopd-for salvation. There was a brief period, during which a mighty rushing wind swept through the high heavens, driving the tumultuous masses of lightning-riven cloud in fiery grandeur before it, while the scrub lay motionless, and the plain cracked and gaped for the rain. Then the wind came down, and the world broke into mad rejoicing over the breaking drought. The trees tossed their branches against it as the wind hurtled through them with incredible shriekings and wild outcry. The frog-chorus swelled into thunderous proportions, the cicadas shrilled fiercely, and a flock of parrots, scared survivors of the innumerable multitude, flew weakly fluttering with the gale. Then all at once the whole earth seemed to stagger and recoil with some terrific impact. Great globes of linked fire fell downwards on the plain and licked the smoking ground. The gums seemed rocking, in the sound, and for one instant the hurricane stood aghast, and once more there was silence. Again heaven and earth reeled with the thunder-shock, the wind tore out and away, and there was a sudden sense of breaking bonds, of moist, cool, fragrant earth-mould and ferny deeps, and then like the sound of multitudinous hurrying feet came the susurrations of the rain sweeping through the darkness, bringing with it all the wild, exulting chorus of rejoicing creatures, bird and beast, reptile and insect. Every wild creature that had survived the drought came forth and gave thanks and drank deep.

Dick rose and stretched his hands out into the solid wall of descending water. Marion bent over the verandah rail and let it beat on her bare head and soak her habit.

"Oh, Dick!" she said, with a little bitter cry, "if it had only been a month sooner." Dick bent towards her and lifted her right hand.

"It had to be," he said, heavily, "and it is in time for poor little Sina. Let us be thankful for Sina, Marion."

All night long the rain beat in soothing cadence on the shingle roof, binding Sina and her baby in a deep slumber, and when her eyes opened again, the ground was already showing a faint mist of green above the ochre. All the sky was hidden in drooping grey and a full-mouthed peal came in measured strophe from the rapidly filling swamp in the ten-acre paddock, while a bell-bird sat on a high tree and chimed a merry song for her delight.

"Oh, Marion!" she sighed. "Isn't that good to listen to? And I think you are the best woman in the world. How good of you to give my baby your pretty long clothes!"

"He deserves them, you foolish little person," said Marion, "and there will be no need to harry the lowlands for him, the grass is growing."

Dick beckoned to her at the door. "I am going to meet the mail," he said, cheerfully. "Old Fearon passed through this morning; he says it has been raining on the watershed for a week. The teams have gone up, Marion, and the mail is due this morning. Like old times, is it not? Just think, we have had no mails for seven months!"

"Oh, do go," exclaimed Marion, eagerly, "and hurry back. I would like some letters."

Dick lingered for a moment. "There is some tea, too," he remarked. "I went down to the store on Sunday with the shepherd. I know how you miss your tea."

Marion watched him ride away, his burly, square-set figure swinging loosely in the saddle, his holland coat flapping around him, and a whimsical smile turned up the corners of her sad mouth as she recalled another picture of him, the Dick Penrhyn of her beautiful love-story, immaculate in pink, crossing the floor at her first ball, with his strong face aglow at the sight of her. Her melancholy eyes smiled at the memory, and clouded with pain as she remembered her loss. The boy with his father's kind eyes and generous heart.

It was evening before Dick came back, drenched to the skin, but looking as if years had fallen off him. He had great news. The teams were through, and the mail man had heard that Billy had saved some of the sheep, and was sowing maize.

He changed into dry clothes, and sat down on the arm of Marion's squatter's chair.

"I have great news!" he exclaimed—"astounding news! Francis is coming out to us. He left London on the ninth of January. We may reasonably expect him about the middle of March."

"Francis!" ejaculated Marion in amazement. "What would Francis do on a sheep station? Besides, I thought Rosamund and he——"

"Rosamund," interrupted Dick, dryly, "is going to be married."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Marion, "can that be true? I know she—whom is she going to marry?"

"Skeffington the Oil King," replied Dick, with the same dry accent. "Lady Gordon laments in five pages that Rosamund is engaged to a man with no manners and five millions!"

"She will be very unhappy," remarked Marion slowly. "I know she loves Francis."

"Well, if she is," replied Dick, "the fault will not be with Francis. I think she has had the opportunity of happiness on five hundred a year with him. Francis has given away all his immense fortune to some charity, and only retained his mother's money. He is coming out to learn sheep-farming. I am very glad for his sake, for I always thought if he were a poor man we might expect great things from him. We may do so now. Comparative poverty will simply be the making of him. As for Rosamund, I never pretended to understand her. She is too complex for the average intelligence."

"I am sorry—sorry for Rosamund," exclaimed Marion, softly; "she has missed the most beautiful thing the world can offer."

Dick looked at her troubled face with a short laugh. "Don't worry, Marion," he said, suggestively; "it is a long time till the end. Let Rosamund buy her soul. For, between you and me, she has none yet. When she is attuned to suffering she will be nearer happiness."

"Look," said Marion, "how wonderful!"

She pointed out across the wide expanse of rolling plain, along which the gums, blackbutt, and stringybark arrayed themselves in the rain, their white and brown trunks crowned with sullen grey. A great shaft of sunlight shot up behind a scrub-covered hill, showing its irregular outline vague and high in a whirling robe of white light. The distant mountains shouldered themselves forward, gigantic and threatening, under a canopy of purple cloud. Suddenly a dazzling array of brilliant tints surged off the earth—blues and greens and unsuspected browns and yellows, a long line of palpitating colour, which drove itself against the grey of scrub and sky, and broke in lines of irregular light into dim forest recesses and drifting cloud.

Then a great blaze of fiery crimson shot skyward from the farthest mountain heights. In an avalanche of chromatic fire it fell, and came whirling and rolling in cloudy torrents towards the plain. Down, down, down, tossing and foaming

in wheeling fire, till the young greenness of the earth seemed to shrivel at its touch. All at once it was snatched back, and was gone. The clouds drifted low and grey, the shingle roof dropped a curtain of crystal drops on the shrunken honeysuckle, and from a drifting rift the crescent moon looked down on the satisfied ground, drinking, drinking still.

The British Grenadiers: New Style.

Her Majesty's Theatre was crowded with a brilliant audience, intent upon seeing the dramatic representation of Count Tolstoi's story "Resurrection." Those liked it best who knew least of the Count, and of the great story of infinite pathos in which he has embodied the latest and ripest result of the profound studies of a lifetime. The genius of the actress who played the part of the luckless Maslova, which had from the first interested, now enthralled the house. Apart from her, the chief interest of the play to many of those present seemed to be the picture which it afforded of the sombre melancholy and brutal horror of convict life in Siberia.

The curtain had fallen on the third act. The tense strain relaxed, and a buzz of conversation filled the house.

Colonel Fred Gordon, a tall, handsome soldier, bronzed with the African sun, with Lady Sidney and a Russian friend, Prince Boris, was seated in the centre of the stalls. Prince Kropotkin flitted to and fro, full of interest in the success of the play, and rejoicing in his innermost heart that sentiments so humane and doctrine so subversive of all Governments should be proclaimed from a London stage. Here and there were a few Russians, but for the most part the audience was the ordinary well-to-do crowd in the stalls and boxes, and the average theatre-goer in the pit and gallery.

"What brutes these Russians are," said a young exquisite with an eyeglass, in the next row, loud enough for all the neighbourhood to hear.

Prince Boris, who was sitting next Colonel Frederick, flushed slightly.

The Colonel tried to divert his attention by asking if the Prince had ever seen Count Tolstoi.

"Once," he replied, "and I am glad he is not here. He did not write 'Resurrection' to hear his country insulted."

"Oh, never mind," said Lady Sidney. "What does it matter what such a creature says?"

But the creature, who was standing with his back to the stage, continued to hold forth to the gaily-dressed ladies of his party in a drawling voice and a somewhat affected lisp.

"Really, they are too awful for anything. It's bad enough on the stage, but the reality, by Jove, is far worse. Why, they flog their soldiers with the knout in Russia. Fancy that! Just fancy an English private being flogged by his officers! They're brute beasts, slaves they are, that's what I call 'em."

Fortunately for everybody, the curtain rising on the fourth act silenced a discourse which Prince Boris could not have endured much longer.

The audience settled into silence. But the young man with the eyeglass and the drawl did not sit down.

Those behind him whose view of the stage was obscured, cried impatiently, "Sit down, sit down!"

But he continued standing. Impatience gave way to anger, and the voices crying, "Down, down, sit down in front!" became clamorous. Suddenly, in a momentary lull, there piped out a shrill voice from the pit:

"Let the poor chap alone! He can't sit down. Don't you see he is one of the Grenadier Guards?"

Instantly there burst out a roar of Homeric laughter. The actors on the stage were momentarily forgotten; the woes of Maslova, the sufferings of the Siberian chain-gang were momentarily swept out of sight and out of mind. The laughter and cheering were renewed as the offender, with his lady companions, quitted their stalls and left the house.

As the house was settling down again, Prince Boris, with a bewildered air, began: "Why this—?"

But he stopped, for Colonel Fred was preparing to leave the box. A bright red spot blazed in his cheek, and with a hurried and hardly articulate apology he left the theatre.

The Russian turned to Lady Sidney. "The Colonel—is he ill?"

"No," said Lady Sidney, in a whisper. "Only upset. Wait till the play is over."

The last act dragged interminably. But it came to an end at last, and as they rose to go, Colonel Fred reappeared. He was himself again.

"I've come to take you to supper at the Carlton," he said. "So sorry I had to leave you, but I really couldn't help it."

"You must excuse me, Fred," said Lady Sidney, "I must be off home. Besides," she added, in an undertone, "I should be in the way."

The Colonel pressed her hand. "Sir George will be there," he said. "He promised to join us, and bring with him your cousin the editor."

After seeing Lady Sidney into her carriage the two men sauntered down to the Carlton, where they found Sir George and the grizzled Gordon awaiting them.

The Colonel led his friends to a table, and they were just taking their seats, when his eye lighted upon the young dude who had figured so conspicuously in the theatre sitting between two lady companions. The champagne was flowing freely, and all three were flushed and excited.

"Waiter," said the Colonel, "we won't sit here, give us another table." They followed him to the other end of the supper room. When they settled down the Colonel began:

"It's too bad, my dear Prince," he said, "to fuss like this. But I cannot stand that young cub and his companions."

"It matters not," said the Prince. "Ignorant he is, and his companions also. But what meant that laughter in the theatre when they went out?"

The Colonel was silent for a moment. Noting his moody looks, Sir George asked if there had been a scene.

"No," said the Russian; "not a scene, but a laugh. That young man with the women was rude to my country, and there would have been a scene if he had not stopped. But then——"

"Fact is," interrupted the Colonel, "it's that cursed 'ragging' case come up again. It's always coming up, but never, I think, quite so awkwardly as to-night."

Prince Boris looked puzzled. "'Ragging' case?" he said. "What means 'ragging'? I don't understand."

"With your leave," said the editor, "I will explain to the Prince."

"Excuse me," said the Colonel. "The truth is," said he, somewhat ruefully, "it's a bad business, a thorough bad business. We all say that. Not one of my brother officers but admits it. But to have it thrust in your face in the theatre like that was more than flesh and blood could stand. As an old Guardsman I never thought it would come to this."

"Really, my friend," said the Prince, "I am more in the dark than ever. What means this 'bad business'? Is 'ragging,' then, so bad, and what has it to do with Guardsmen?"

"Not a bit of it," said the Colonel, defiantly. "'Ragging' is all right. Never a fellow gets 'ragged' unless he jolly well deserves it. What are we to do with the unlicked cubs handed over to us to make men of if there was no 'ragging'? No, no! don't tell me that it is bad business. It is good business—necessary business. Without it where would be our regimental system? And what have we left in the Army but the regimental system? The War Office is rotten. Bobs, poor old Bobs, is weak as water, and a mere cipher at that. Brodrick pokes his nose into every detail of matters he does not understand. Our

Army Corps are phantoms. Our regimental system is the one good thing we've got left."

"And the regimental system is built on 'ragging' as its chief corner-stone," said Sir George.

The Colonel eagerly assented, and the two men, finding themselves in accord, chummed together and lit their cigars.

"Allow me, Prince," said the editor, seeing the others were absorbed in their own talk, "just to explain what they are talking about."

"I shall be delighted, sir," said the Russian. "I thought I knew something about it before we began to talk, but now I understand nothing."

"Ragging," he began, "is a slang term describing the rough justice administered among the subalterns in a regiment by their comrades. The boys who enter our Army, especially the Guards, are many of them badly spoiled before they take to soldiering. Rich, idle, and self-indulgent, they put on side—"

"Excuse me," said the Prince, "but the term is unfamiliar. How 'put on side'?"

"When a fool poses as if he were superior to other people, and puts on airs as if he was made of better clay than his neighbours—we call that 'putting on side.' These lads, unlicked cubs, as the Colonel calls them, have to be licked into shape. Their fellow subalterns put them through. If one is slovenly, haughty, dirty, or caddish, if he disregards the unwritten law of the mess, or if he does any of the thousand and one things unworthy of an officer and a gentleman, he gets a 'ragging,' and it does him good. They are all big boys together. They hold their own informal court-martial and execute their own sentences. Usually this works very well. But in the Grenadier Guards there were too many raw subalterns, and the few who tried to maintain their authority were more vigorous than judicious."

"This 'ragging' then," persisted the Russian. "What does it consist in?"

"Usually a fine paid in champagne. Sometimes the culprit is pummelled and thrown about by his comrades—mere rough horseplay. Sometimes, if the lad has put on more 'side' than is tolerable, he is stripped of his clothes, and learns by experience how little of dignity there is inherent in man until the tailor comes to his aid."

"But what meant, then, the cry in the theatre that a Grenadier Guardsman could not sit down?"

The editor smiled grimly. "Because in the case of 'ragging' which has recently come before the public, it is said one of the Grenadier Guardsmen was 'ragged' by being divested of his breeches, and flogged with a knotted cane till the blood came, and sitting down for days after became impossible."

"What!" said the Prince, "an English officer submit to such an indignity! In Germany, or in Russia, much blood would have been spilt before such an outrage could have been possible. In Russia our very peasants are revolting against flogging as an intolerable outrage on the dignity of man."

"That is all very well," said the Colonel, suddenly resuming his part in the conversation, "for you to say that, but in Russia you don't understand flogging in public schools."

"By which," said the editor, "the son of a duke may have to make the toast for the son of a brewer."

"Mon Dieu!" said Prince Boris. "What next? But of course the fustigated officer is turned out of his regiment!"

"Not in the least; flogged to-night, he takes command of his men to-morrow."

The Prince gave a long low whistle. "And they obey him?" he said. "But what was his offence?"

"No one knows, but everyone tells a different tale. The friends of the boy who was flogged say he was spanked because he was too absorbed in the study of military history. The friends of the floggers say that it had more to do with the Gaiety Girls and the Guards' Club than with Cæsar's Commentaries."

"All that I could learn when I got back from India," said Sir George, "was that the Duchesses got hold of Bobs, and Bobs sacked the Colonel, and the Admiral, who is uncle of one of the lads, wrote to the papers, and that there has been a huge row all round, in the Service and in the papers, and Heaven only knows where it will stop."

"Well, my friends," said Prince Boris, "I think it would not be well—not quite well—for you to read the German or Russian papers for some time. I fear they will not soothe your amour propre."

"A fig for your papers!" said the Colonel. "Look here, Prince. 'Ragging' is a long sight better than duelling, and a good thing does not become a bad thing because some silly young fool goes too far."

But as the Russian bade them good-night and the three friends were left alone, the Colonel sighed, and said, bitterly: "I wish they'd have stopped short of flogging. But why should all the dirty linen of the Army be washed in every newspaper? I never knew such a leaky War Office."

"Or such a weak Commander-in-Chief," said Sir George.

"I'm afraid," said the editor, "Rhodes was not far wrong when he said our Society had gone rotten at the top."

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

Is Man the Centre of the Universe?

Probably. By Alfred Russel Wallace.

Are we going to come back to the old familiar theory of the universe, according to which man was the centre of all creation, the sun, the moon, and the stars being the convenient street-lamps created for his convenience? The discovery of the immensity of this sidereal universe led to the belittling of the importance of man. We seemed to become as insignificant as cheesemites seated upon one of the minor planets in a universe which contained one hundred million worlds. "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" was the inquiry which gained in force with every improvement of the telescope. As system after system was revealed, each fresh discovery seemed to make more utterly unthinkable the old theory which had its expression in the Book of Genesis. But now an article which Alfred Russel Wallace contributes to the March number of the "Fortnightly" gives us hope that our good conceit of ourselves is about to be revived, and that we are going to come back to the old faith by the very latest and most approved scientific road. For if Dr. Wallace is correct, there is a strong presumption that we are, after all, the centre of the whole universe. He maintains that there is no reason to believe that the stars are infinite in number. He says that the increased size and power of the telescope, and that powerful engine of research the photographic plate, alike lead to the same conclusion—namely, that we are piercing to the outer elements of the starry system. The total number of visible stars from the first to the ninth magnitude is about 200,000. If they increased in number on to the seventeenth magnitude at the same rate that they increased from the first to the ninth, there ought to be 1,400,000,000 stars visible through the best telescope, instead of which there are not more than 100,000,000. As our instruments reach further and further into space they find a continuous diminution in the number of stars, thus indicating the approach of the outer elements of the stellar universe. If the universe is not infinite, but has limits, where is its centre? He says that the new astronomy has led to the conclusion that our sun is one of the central orbs of a globular star cluster, and that this star cluster occupies a nearly central position of the exact plane of the Milky Way. Combining these two conclusions, Dr. Wallace states definitely that our sun is thus shown to occupy a position very near to, if not actually at the centre of, the whole visible universe, and therefore in all probability is the centre of the whole material universe. This conclusion, he maintains, has been arrived at gradually and legitimately by means of a vast mass of precise measurements and observation by wholly unprejudiced workers. Not only are we the hub of the universe, but Dr. Wallace thinks that there is grave reason to doubt whether life could have originated and have been developed upon any other planet. It was necessary that for hundreds of millions of years the surface temperature should never for any considerable time fall below freezing point, or rise above boiling point. None of the other planets appear to possess this and other fundamental features which have made life possible on the earth. Among these features he maintains that the importance of volcanoes and deserts has never been properly appreciated.

Without volcanoes and without deserts we should not have had that uninterrupted supply of atmospheric dust without which the earth would have been uninhabitable by men. Our position, therefore, without the solar system is as central and unique as that of our sun in the whole starry universe. He sums up his conclusions as follows:

"The three startling facts—that we are in the centre of a cluster of suns, and that that cluster is situated not only precisely in the plane of the Galaxy, but also centrally in that plane, can hardly now be looked upon as chance coincidences without any significance in relation to the culminating fact that the planet so situated has developed humanity.

"Of course, the relation here pointed out may be a true relation of cause and effect, and yet have arisen as the result of one in a thousand million chances occurring during almost infinite time. But, on the other hand, those thinkers may be right who, holding that the universe is a manifestation of Mind, and that the orderly development of Living Souls supplies an adequate reason why such a universe should have been called into existence, believe that we ourselves are its sole and sufficient result, and that nowhere else than near the central position in the universe which we occupy could that result have been attained."

If Dr. Wallace be right, it is obvious what an important bearing his conclusion will have upon the whole field of theological thought.

Alcohol: Food or Poison?

M. Dastre, in the second February number of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," attacks this old, yet ever new, problem. The subject is perhaps of more immediate interest in France, where the spread of drinking habits among all classes of the population, due in part at least to the unfortunate system of practical free trade in liquor, has excited the alarm of all thoughtful minds. M. Dastre, at any rate, succeeds in showing that the question whether alcohol is good or bad, useful or injurious, is by no means capable of a direct answer. Everything depends on the quantity absorbed, the condition of the drinker, and the proportion of pure alcohol contained in the liquor consumed—indeed, M. Dastre shows us that alcohol can be at one time a medicine, at another a poison, at another a stimulant, and at another a food. We might add the fact that on occasion it may be used to produce depression! The extreme view of the teetotalers is that alcohol is always a poison, and they deny that it has any hygienic or alimentary value. This is, of course, disputed by physiologists; but, unfortunately for the theorists, it is found that the limit of dose beyond which alcohol becomes a poison is in practice almost always passed, and thus the abuse of this substance is continually sapping the intelligence, the morality, and the character of humanity, and enormously increasing the total volume of crime. M. Dastre tells us that when the use of alcohol has become a habit it degrades the organism instead of maintaining it, so that there is really no place for alcohol in a rational diet except in insignificant quantities.

The German Emperor on the Bible.

Revelation and the Higher Criticism.

Dr. Harnack, the well-known German scholar, has published in the "*Preussischer Jahrbuch*" for March an article in which he criticises the Emperor's recent remarkable manifesto on the subject of the bearing of Higher Criticism on the authority of the Bible. In order to understand Dr. Harnack's article it is necessary to print the article which the German Emperor caused to be published in the "*Grenzboten*," and to preface the latter with a brief explanation as to how the controversy arose. Professor Delitzsch having recently lectured before the Kaiser upon the result of recent discoveries in the ruins of Babylon, took occasion to express his own opinions as to the effect of these discoveries upon the authority of the Bible narrative. Professor Delitzsch merely stated the conclusions which many scholars have arrived at as to the Babylonian origin of what is popularly called the Mosaic cosmogony and the laws of the Jews. According to the literal interpretation of the Pentateuch these laws were directly delivered to the Jews on Mount Sinai. The discovery of ancient libraries in the ruins of Babylon brought to light the fact that hundreds of years before the law was delivered to Moses on Mount Sinai similar laws had been reduced to writing on the tablets which are now being unearthed from the buried libraries of Babylon. The fact that the Emperor listened to such a statement of the relation between Babylon and the Bible created considerable ferment among the orthodox in Germany. To allay this excitement and to guide his people in the paths of truth, the Emperor wrote and caused to be published the following remarkable manifesto, in which he solemnly reproves Professor Delitzsch, and lays down his own Royal and Imperial theory of the manner of Divine revelation.

I.—THE KAISER'S CREED.

The form of the Emperor's manifesto was a letter addressed to Admiral Hollmann on February 15. It appeared in the "*Grenzboten*," and was published in translation in the "*Times*" of February 21.

We omit the opening passages, in which he explains how he came to listen to Delitzsch's discourse, how he regretted that Delitzsch, abandoning the note of mere historian and Assyriologist, had indulged in hypotheses very nebulous or daring. The theologian Delitzsch, he says, ran away with the historian, and fed him, among other things, to deny the divinity of Christ, a matter in which his standpoint is diametrically opposed to that of the Kaiser, who thinks it a grave mistake to trace revelation to purely human elements. The Emperor then sums up his view of the Higher Criticism, whose conclusions he evidently thinks should be kept from the common people.

Spare the Pagodas of Terminology!

"What Mr. Delitzsch did was to upset many a cherished conception or even mental picture (*Gebilde*) with which these people link ideas that are sacred and dear to them; he indubitably shook, if he did not remove, the foundations of their belief. That is an achievement which only a mighty genius should venture to attempt, but for which the mere study of Assyriology is not enough to qualify anyone. Goethe has dealt with this subject in a passage where he expressly points out that people when they are dealing with a large and general public ought to be careful not to demolish even '*pagodas of terminology*.' The excellent

professor, in his zeal, rather forgot the principle that it is really very important to make a careful distinction between what is appropriate to the place, the public, etc., and what is not. As a theologian by profession he can state, in the form of theological treatises, theses, hypotheses, and theories as well as convictions which it would not be proper to advance in a popular lecture or book."

Revelation of Two Kinds.—No. 1: Continuous.

Proceeding to discuss the doctrine of the revelation of God to man, the Kaiser says:

"I distinguish between two different kinds of revelation—one continuous and to some extent historical, and one purely religious, a preparation for the later appearance of the Messiah.

"With regard to the first kind of revelation I have to say that there is to my mind not the slightest doubt that God constantly and continually reveals Himself in the human race, which is His own, and which He has created. He has 'breathed His breath' into man—that is to say, He has given man a part of Himself, a soul. He follows with fatherly love and interest the development of the human race; in order to lead it and to advance it further, He 'reveals' Himself, now in this now in that great sage, whether it be priest or king, whether it be among heathens, Jews, or Christians. Hammurabi was one of these, and so were Moses, Abraham, Homer, Charlemagne, Luther, Shakespeare, Goethe, Kant, the Emperor William the Great. These He has sought out, and of His grace judged them worthy to perform in accordance with His will glorious and imperishable achievements for their peoples, both in the spiritual and in the physical sphere. How many a time did my grandfather expressly and emphatically maintain that he was only an instrument in the hand of the Lord! The works of great spirits have been bestowed by God upon the peoples in order that they may model their development upon them and may continue to feel their way through the confused labyrinth and the unexplored pathways of their earthly lot. God has certainly 'revealed' Himself to divers persons in divers ways corresponding to the position of a nation and the standard of civilisation it has attained, and He still does so in our day. For just as we are most overwhelmed by the grandeur and might of the glorious character of the creation when we contemplate it, and, as we contemplate, marvel at the greatness of God which it reveals, as surely may we recognise with gratitude and admiration in everything really great and glorious which an individual or a nation does, the glory of the revelation of God. He thus acts directly upon us and among us.

No. 2.—Religious, Culminating in Christ.

"The second kind of revelation, the more strictly religious, is that which leads up to the appearance of our Lord. From Abraham onwards it is introduced slowly, but with prescient vision, infinite wisdom, and infinite knowledge, or else mankind would have been lost. And now begins that most marvellous operation, the revelation of God. The seed of Abraham and the nation developed therefrom regarded with iron consistency the belief in one God as their holiest possession. They were obliged to cherish and foster it. They were disintegrated during the captivity in Egypt; Moses welded together the separate fragments for the second time, and they always persisted in their endeavour to preserve their '*monotheism*.' It is the direct intervention of God which makes it possible for this people to emerge once more. And so the process continues

through the centuries until the Messiah, foretold and announced by prophets and psalmists, at last appears. This was the greatest revelation of God in the world. For He appeared in the Son Himself; Christ is God; God in human form. He delivered us; He inspires us; He attracts us to follow Him; we feel His fire burn in us, His compassion strengthen us, His displeasure destroy us; though, at the same time, we feel that His intercession rescues us. Assured of victory, relying on His word alone, we endure labour, scorn, wretchedness, distress, and death; for we have in Him the revealed word of God, and God never lies.

The Old Testament and Its Defects.

"That is my view upon this question. For us Evangelicals in particular the word has through Luther become our all, and as a good theologian Delitzsch ought not to forget that our great Luther has taught us to sing and to believe, 'the word they must allow to stand!' It is to me self-evident that the Old Testament contains a number of passages which are of the nature of purely human history and are not 'God's revealed word.' There are purely historical descriptions of events of every kind which are accomplished in the political, religious, moral, and spiritual life of the people of Israel. For example, the act of the giving of the law on Mount Sinai can only symbolically be regarded as inspired by God, inasmuch as Moses was obliged to resort to the revival of laws which perhaps had long been known (possibly they originated in the codex of Hammurabi) in order to draw and bind together the structure of his people, which in its composition was loose and hardly capable of offering any resistance to outside pressure. The historian may be able by aid of the sense or the words of the text to establish at this point a connection with the laws of Hammurabi, the friend of Abraham, and the link would perhaps be logically correct; but this would never invalidate the fact that God prompted Moses and to this extent revealed Himself to the people of Israel."

The Kaiser's Credo.

"The conclusion which I draw from the whole matter is as follows:

"(a) I believe in one God, Who is one in substance. (Ich glaube an einen, einigen Gott.)

"(b) In order to set God forth we men require a form, especially for our children.

"(c) This form has hitherto been the Old Testament as at present handed down to us. This form will certainly undergo considerable alterations under the influence of research and of inscriptions. That does not matter, and another thing which does not matter is that much of the nimbus of the chosen people will disappear. The kernel and the contents will always remain the same—God and His dealings.

"Religion was never a product of science; it is an effluence of the heart and being of man arising from his relations with God.

"With cordial thanks and kindest regards always,
your faithful friend,
"William I.R."

II.—PROFESSOR HARNACK'S CRITICISM.

As might have been expected, this remarkable declaration of faith met with considerable criticism in Germany, and Dr. Harnack himself felt called upon to deliver himself of the article from which the following are the salient passages:

Professor Harnack's article in the March number of the "Jahrbucher" was translated in lengthy summary

in the "Times" of February 26. Dr. Harnack remarks that "the Babylonian origin of many of the 'myths and legends of the Old Testament' has long been recognised, and that in the general opinion of scholars 'this fact has been recognised as fatal to the popular conception of the inspiration of the Old Testament.'"

It is, however, going much too far to say that on this account the Old Testament has now become worthless. But the traditional forms in which the Old Testament has been authoritatively handed down to us are urgently in need of alteration.

The Unity of Revelation.

Professor Harnack expresses his agreement with the Emperor when he asserts that the revelations of God to mankind are persons, and above all great men, whose individuality and power constitute their secret, but he rejects his theory of two Revelations. He says:

"There can be no question of two (separate) revelations, for surely religion, moral power, and intellectual knowledge are most closely connected. There is, on the contrary, only one revelation, the instruments of which doubtless differed from each other and continue to differ altogether in respect of their character and their greatness, their calling, and their mission. If Jesus Christ loses nothing of His peculiar character and His unique position when He is placed in the line of Moses, Isaiah, and the Psalmists, He likewise suffers no loss when we regard Him in the line of Socrates, of Plato, and of those others who are mentioned in the Emperor's letter. The religious contemplation of history can only, in fine, attain unity when it delivers and raises to the position of children of God mankind, whom God leads forth out of the state of nature and emancipates from error and from sin. This is without prejudice to the view that the history of God in Israel represents the specific line in ancient times.

The Distinction or the Divinity of Christ?

"The Christian community must reject every estimate of Christ which obliterates the distinction between Him and the other masters. He Himself, His disciples, and the history of the world, have spoken in such clear terms on this point, that there ought to be no room for doubt; and in His word He still speaks to us as clearly as in the days of old He spoke to His disciples. Yet the question may and must be raised whether the rigid formula, 'the Divinity of Christ,' is the right one. He Himself did not employ it; He selected other designations; and whether it was ever adopted by any of His disciples is, to say the least, very doubtful. Nay, the early Church itself did not speak of the 'Divinity of Christ' without qualification; it always spoke of His 'Divinity and humanity.' 'Godmanhood' is, therefore, the only correct formula, even in the sense of the ancient dogma. This formula implies the almost complete restoration of the 'mystery' which, in accordance with the will of Christ Himself, was meant to be preserved in this question. Of the truth that He is the Lord and the Saviour He made no secret; and that He is so was to be experienced and realised by His disciples in His word and His works. But how His relationship to His Father arose, this He kept to Himself and has hidden it from us.

"God Was in Christ."

"According to my reading of history and my own feeling, even the formula 'Man and God' (Godmanhood) is not absolutely unexceptionable, for even this formula trespasses upon a mystery into which we are not allowed to look. Nevertheless, this formula may

well remain, since it really does not profess to explain anything, but only protects what is extraordinary from profanation. The Pauline phrase, 'God was in Christ,' appears to me to be the last word which we can utter on this subject after having slowly and painfully emancipated ourselves from the delusion of ancient philosophers that we could penetrate the mysteries of God and nature, of humanity and history.

A Vision of Reunited Christendom.

"If ye love Me keep My commandments"; 'thereby shall every one know that ye are My disciples if ye love one another'—it is more important to meditate on these words and to live in accordance with them than to put into formulæ what is incomprehensible and venerable. And, moreover, the time will come and is already approaching when Evangelical Christians will join hands in all sincerity in confessing Jesus Christ as their Lord and in the determination to follow His words; and our Catholic brethren will then have to do likewise. The burden of a long history, full of misunderstandings and replete with formulæ which are as rigid as swords, the burden of tears and of blood, weighs upon us; yet in that burden there is vouchsafed us a sacred inheritance. The burden and the inheritance seem to be inextricably linked together, but they are gradually being severed, although the final 'let there be' (*sic*) has not yet been uttered over this chaos. Straightforwardness and courage, sincerity towards oneself, freedom and love—these are the levers which will remove the burden. In the service of this exalted mission the Emperor's letter is also enlisted."

The Many Kaisers.

There is an article by "Scrutator" in the March "National Review," which, though decidedly anti-German, nevertheless expresses a great deal of truth as to the real character of the Kaiser Wilhelm II. "Scrutator" regards the Kaiser as a psychological study, and sees the explanation of his vagaries in his "multiplex personality," the symptom of which is that the individual affected pursues contrasted courses at one and the same time. There is something protean and extraordinary in the Kaiser's temperament, and just as he is—in external dress—private individual, hussar, British admiral, the wearer of a dozen uniforms all on the same day, so he is mentally the friend and enemy of everything at the same time.

The Pro-anti-British Kaiser.

The Kaiser, "Scrutator" points out, has always been pro-British and anti-British. The anti-British Kaiser sent the Kruger telegram, and when the war broke out hinted at Hamburg that if the German fleet had been ready there would have been intervention. The pro-British Kaiser abandoned the Boers, and sent money to the Indian Famine Fund, with the remark that "blood was thicker than water." The anti-American Kaiser dreads the nightmare strength of the United States; he risks a rupture at Manila; the pro-American Kaiser sends his brother Prince Henry to flatter and coax the American people. In his relations with France and Holland there has been a pro- and an anti-Kaiser:

"But the pro-British, the anti-British, the pro-American, the anti-American, the pro-Russian, the anti-Russian, the pro-French, and the anti-French Kaisers do not exhaust the catalogue. There is the Christian Kaiser who declared that 'the foundations of the Em-

pire are laid in the fear of God'; that 'whosoever does not base his life upon faith is lost'; that 'only good Christians can be good soldiers'; who preaches sermons on board the Imperial yacht; who has conferred upon the Almighty the distinction of being the special ally of Germany, in words which certainly astonish the reverent world, and who has graciously beatified the old Kaiser Wilhelm and Frederick the Great. Side by side with this Kaiser stands the ruler who directed his troops, when embarking for China, to give no quarter, to kill all they met.

"Time and space fail us to exhibit side by side the Socialist Kaiser and the Kaiser who punishes strikes with penal servitude, instructing his soldiers that they must be ready to fire on their own kinsmen at his behest; the poet Kaiser, author of the quaint ode to Aegir; the dramatist Kaiser, the terrible volubility of whose letters and telegrams drove his collaborator, Signor Leoncavallo, into the mountains of Italy, where he might at least have rest from these messages; the theatre-critic Kaiser; the artist Kaiser, who draws everything, from pictures of the armed Michael to diagrams of battleships; who produces a perfect shower of memorial cards, postcards, paintings; who dictates the rules of their profession to German artists; who is, in a word, omniscient and omnipotent, but whose works must not be criticised under penalty of lese majeste; the crusader Kaiser, who made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and, while speaking in that thrice holy spot of his devotion to the service of the Redeemer's cause, at the same time complimented the Sultan, though that potentate's hands were then red with the blood of the Armenians, and avowed friendship with him; the absolutist Kaiser, who has written "*Sic volo, sic jubeo, regis suprema voluntas*," and who has said 'There is one law only, and that is my will'; the soldier Kaiser, who turns out garrisons, rehearses manoeuvres, and commands the most formidable army the world has ever seen; the sailor Kaiser, who knows every detail of his fleet and who is persistently pressing for its increase, who dismisses admirals, captains, and lieutenants where they fall below the standard which he sets, and who orders Venezuelan bombardments, '*pour embeter les etats Unis*.'

"But the real puzzle has yet to be solved. Which of all these twenty odd Kaisers is the real one? That, perhaps, the history of the next few years may reveal."

Anti-British Designs.

Mr. O. Eltzbacher comes out with a strong anti-German blast in the March "Fortnightly Review." "German Colonial Ambitions and Anglo-Saxon Interests" is the title of his paper, but it is in reality nothing but an attack upon Germany, of the type to which we have lately been so accustomed. German hatred, says Mr. Eltzbacher, dates back fifty years, when the Germans began to look for colonies and found that we had got them all. The recent anti-British outburst was not a spontaneous movement of irresponsible public opinion, but an agitation which was kindled, fanned, and infuriated so that at last it got quite beyond control. The movement emanated from the Government and those near it, and was assisted by the intellectual leaders of the nation at the universities.

Official and unofficial Germans are now considering the question whether it is possible to wrest suitable territory from Great Britain and America. They regard Great Britain as a senile nation which is declining, and the United States as a young and vigorous nation whose political future and military potentialities seem unlimited—unless, indeed, their progress be ar-

rested by force. The Germans wish to tackle Great Britain, the weaker body, first; and German funds have been lavishly spent in America in order to create bad blood between Great Britain and the United States.

Germany is completing her plans by touting for French support. M. Lockroy, thrice French Minister of Marine, during a recent visit to Germany, was allowed to inspect the German fleet and dockyards, even to the smallest details. In order to make invasion easier, she has made official and semi-official attempts without number to entice or coerce Holland into a closer union with the Fatherland.

The Irish Land Problem.

Mr. H. W. Nevinston contributes to the March "Contemporary Review" a paper on the Irish Land Settlement, entitled "The Chance in Ireland," in which he sets out the exact manner in which the agreement between the two parties will work, provided the Government comes to their aid as expected:

"Deduct 10 per cent. for his estimated cost of collection at present, and he must receive a sum which will secure him £9 a year if invested at 3 per cent., or at 3½ per cent. if guaranteed by the State. That is to say, he must receive £300 or £277 as the case may be; in other words, in round figures, he must receive thirty-three years' purchase of £9 in one case and thirty years' purchase in the other; or if his gross income of £10 be taken as a basis, he receives thirty years' purchase in the one case and twenty-eight in the other. Anyhow, the landlord comes off well. Probably there is not an estate in Ireland that would fetch thirty years' purchase in the open market. The Congested Districts Board gave sixteen years' purchase for the Dillon estates. The ruling price lately has been a little under eighteen years.

"The tenant's position under the example given is, unhappily, clear only on one point. He now pays £10 as his second-term rent, and as he is to obtain from 15 to 25 per cent. reduction on that, we may put his payment at £8 a year, that £8 being made up of interest and sinking fund."

A Landlord's Suggestions.

"A Landlord" contributes to the "National Review" a paper entitled "A Final Irish Land Measure." He maintains that the first principle upon which any new Land Bill, not avowedly compulsory, should be based is the conversion of judicial rents into perpetuities. All rents fixed since the Act of 1896 should be converted into perpetuities. In future, if the present system should continue, rents will, other conditions remaining the same, be fixed solely with regard to prices. "A Landlord" regards as the second important principle that a tenant purchasing under the new Act shall pay, at any rate for the first ten years, an annuity equivalent to the rent which is purchased. Any purchase measure founded upon these two principles need not make any further demands upon public credit than those to which it is pledged under the existing land legislation.

"From Out of the Mist of Hell."

Pictures from Macedonia.

In the "Contemporary Review" Dr. Dillon writes of the Macedonian atrocities and the futility of Turkish reforms. He describes scenes which, as he truly says, come to us "like deadly visions from out the plague-polluted mist of hell."

I.—By Dr. E. J. Dillon.

He ridicules the idea that the Sultan will execute any of the reforms recommended in the Austro-Russian note:

"All these reforms—with the exception of the administration of the provinces by the Ottoman Bank—have over and over again been decided upon and announced by the Sultan, but they have always remained on paper."

The Turk, while promising to carry out reforms, is preparing to fight:

"The best Turkish generals have been appointed to the chief strategic positions in the country; Ali Riza Pasha—who served for several years in the Prussian Army, and will probably be commander-in-chief in the future war—is at the head of the province of Monastir and Mehmed Hafiz in Uskub."

What is Going On in Macedonia To-day.

Dr. Dillon quotes from the reports of Madame Bakhmetieff, the American wife of the Russian Consul at Sofia, and from the official report of M. Westman, Russian Vice-Consul at Philippopolis, details of atrocities enough to make the blood run cold. He says that one-third of the male population of one of the best behaved districts in Macedonia has been compelled to fly the country:

"The Russian Vice-Consul at Philippopolis, M. Westman, crossed over into Macedonia in order to verify the incredible statements of many of the fugitives, and the startling results of his investigations were sent to the Foreign Office in St. Petersburg. Among other interesting facts he there informs his Government that a belt of territory thirty versts broad, running parallel to the frontier, typifies the abomination of desolation: the churches have been defiled and the villages partly burned to the ground, while the inhabitants have fled no one knows whither.

"M. Westman declares that he saw women who had run away to save their honour and their lives, and were huddled together in mountain fastnesses where the snow lay several feet deep, and the wretched creatures were in an almost naked state. Some of them, he adds, had trudged along on foot, floundering in the snows for twenty consecutive days with no shred of clothing but their chemises. Forty of the women who reached Dubnitsa and who were cared for by Madame Bakhmetieff, were about to become mothers. Most of these misery-stricken women and men were almost naked, wasted to skeletons, with dull, sunken eyes and pinched cheeks. Several were mutilated or disfigured, and the livid welts, the open wounds, the horrible marks of the red-hot pincers with which they had been tortured were witnessed by all.

How the Turks Torture Women and Children.

"One of the women in Dubnitsa, who seemed more dead than alive, was asked by the kind-hearted lady why she looked so utterly crushed in spirit, now that the danger had passed, and life, at any rate, was safe. Amid tears and sighs and convulsive shiverings of the body the poor creature told the sickening story of how

In the "Strand Magazine" Frank Broadgent writes very entertainingly upon "The Flight of a Golf Ball," as studied in a course of experiments conducted by Mr. Harry Smith and himself. A series of photographs does much to explain the letterpress.

her brother had had his head cut off before her eyes, after which she had to stand by while the ruffians chopped up his body into fragments. Several witnessed the agony of their tender daughters—children from ten to thirteen—and heard their piercing cries as the men who wore the Sultan's coat subjected them to nameless violence. Numbers of the children succumbed to these diabolical assaults, their last looks being turned on their helpless parents or their smoking homes. In one place two children—one aged eighteen months, the other four years—had their skulls split open by the soldiers. Other little boys and girls were deliberately and methodically tortured to death, while a place was assigned to their fathers and mothers where they were forced to listen to the agonising screams, and watch the contractions of the tender bodies each time that the once pretty faces were slowly lowered into the fire, into which Turkish pepper had been plentifully scattered. This is in truth a form of torture which only a devil could have invented, for long before death releases the tiny mite, the eyes are said to start from their sockets and burst.

The Evidence of an American Lady.

"We have the authority of Madame Bakhmetieff—who travelled about in deep snow with the thermometer at 22 Celsius below freezing point, to bring succour to the fugitives—for saying that two priests of the villages of Oranoff and Padesh were tortured in a manner which suggests the story of St. Lawrence's death. They were not exactly laid on gridirons, but they were hung over a fire and burned with red hot irons. In the village of Batshoff, thirty-two peasants were beaten almost to death in the presence of the district chief (Kaimakam) of Mehomia. In the village of Dobronishte, the superintendent of the police, Eyoob Effendi, violated three little girls whose names have been taken by Madame Bakhmetieff. In Dobronitsky the soldiers stripped thirty women to the waist, while the head of the police was standing by, and having subjected them to various indignities, led them in that plight through the streets. A sub-lieutenant, Ali Effendi by name, ravished three women in Godlyeff. Reshid Bey, a captain, deflowered a girl in Nedobinsk, and then violated the daughter-in-law of the parish priest of Dobronishte."

Lord Beaconsfield's "Peace with Honour" is costing these poor girls dear.

II.—By an Anti-Bulgarian.

In the "Nineteenth Century" Mr. G. F. Abbott writes on Macedonia and the Revolutionary Committees. His article is chiefly valuable because it contains a translation of the rules and regulations which govern these revolutionary bands. Mr. Abbott makes the most, or the worst, of the case against the Macedonians. He says:

"Macedonians as a distinct and homogeneous ethnic group do not exist. What actually exist are a Greek population in the south of the province, a Slavonic population in the north, a mixed and debatable congeries of nationalities and dialects in the middle, a few Wallachs here and there, and Mohammedans sprinkled everywhere. The whole thing strikes the traveller as an ethnological experiment conceived by demons and carried out by maniacs—not devoid of a mad sort of humour. Add that the Slavs themselves do not always know whether they are Servians or Bulgarians, and, if the latter, whether they are Schismatic or Orthodox, or, if Schismatic, whether they wish to see the country independent or part of the Bulgarian

Principality, and you have a fairly accurate picture of a state of things presented by no other part of the globe of equal dimensions."

It is, perhaps, not to be wondered at that the revolutionary organisation should be subject to splits and schisms:

"At the annual congress, held last August, the adherents of Sarafoff refused to recognise MM. Michailovski and Zontcheff as heads of the Committee, and on being excluded from the sittings proceeded to form a Committee of their own."

But although they differ on the question of annexation versus independence, they agree as to their *modus operandi*:

"Zontcheff and Sarafoff and their respective adherents, however, believe that they can induce Europe to intervene by provoking a massacre, and it is not at all impossible that their calculations may prove correct. The Porte is incapable of sustained and vigorous action."

The Committees raised their funds by blackmail enforced by murder, and he asserts that it was they who kidnapped the American missionary Miss Stone:

"The Central Committee not long since issued postage stamps with the figure of Macedonia as a woman in chains and the legend 'Supreme Macedonia Adrianopolis Committee.' These stamps were purchased by patriots and used in addition to the ordinary stamps, the proceeds of the sale going to feed the insurrectionary movement."

III.—By Sir Charles Johnston.

Sir Charles Johnston contributes to the "North American Review" a very painful but vigorous paper, describing the story of the last six months of the horrors of Macedonia. Sir Charles Johnston asserts that five-sixths of the inhabitants of Macedonia are Bulgarians, which is certainly an over-estimate. He rightly saddles England with the chief responsibility for the present abominable state of things, and that it was England aided by Austria which re-enslaved Macedonia in order to give Lord Beaconsfield the chance of boasting that he had obtained "Peace with Honour" at the Berlin Conference.

The presiding genius of the Macedonian committees, he says, is Colonel Zontcheff, former officer of the Bulgarian Army, an enthusiast with a zealous readiness for martyrdom; he has been thrown into prison again and again, but always emerges. The rallying centre of the Macedonian insurrection is to be found in the Monastery of Mount Athos. The chief buttress of Turkish power is to be found in the eight hundred thousand Mussulman Arnauts, who resemble our Highlanders of two centuries ago. Before the end of last September every Bulgarian village in the province of Monastir rose in arms. The Arnauts raided both the Macedonians and the southern borders of Servia.

The leader of the Bulgarians in the field was Colonel Jankoff, who had three thousand men directly under his orders. The whole country was in a state of siege. In the second week in October Colonel Jankoff issued a proclamation declaring that the whole of Macedonia was ablaze. He concluded by declaring that the free Balkan peoples purchased their liberty at the cost of streams of blood. "Let us follow their example; freedom is not bestowed as a gift, it must be won. We, who join in the insurrection for human rights and the life worth living, call upon you Christian people to enforce your leaders to support our sacred rights. Know

that we will not lay down our arms until we have obtained the privileges which have been promised us, and secured the freedom of Macedonia."

The Turks poured Asiatic tribes into Macedonia through Salonika, and suppressed the insurrection by sheer weight of numbers. When the snow fell hostilities were suspended, but murders and outrages of all kinds came on. In Uskub murder is such a common occurrence that people have agreed not to speak of it; the normal life of the city could not go on without it. Sir Charles Johnston concludes his paper by saying that the real cure lies in the liberation of Macedonia, and the responsibility for that cure lies with the two nations, Austria and England, who thrust once liberated Macedonia back again under the iron heel of the Turks.

IV.—What is Needed.

The "National Review" for March contains a well-written article, signed "Diabantos," on the subject of Macedonian Reform. The writer maintains that the following are the fundamental requirements of the situation:

"Protection of the Christian against the Moslem, without giving the Christian majority of two to one the means of thereby obtaining the ascendancy; protection of the peasantry of all races and religions against the officials, without thereby unduly weakening the executive or reducing the revenues; protection of the provincial administration against the Central Government, without injuring the prestige or power of the Empire."

"Diabantos" quotes Sir H. D. Wolff to the effect that the only hope of Turkey lies in decentralisation; and he points out that the Padishah was never so powerful as when he was the head of a feudal State. The railroad and telegraph, which put an end to the relative independence of the provinces, put an end also to their comparative prosperity. The writer urges that the present administrative division of Macedonia into three vilayets should be retained, as it breaks up the Bulgar majority of the population, and balances the sections against the three rival races—Serbs in Kossovo, Greeks in Monastir, and Turks in Salonika. He says that the governors of these vilayets should be subordinated to a Governor-General whose appointment would be for a fixed term and should be approved by a majority of the Powers.

The Future American.

The "Century" for March has three articles dealing with the future population of the United States. M. Gustave Michaud states the problem. According to the last census, more than one-half of the white population of the United States consists of immigrants since 1835 and their descendants. What is now the larger half is very prolific; the lesser half has a decreasing natality. With the immigrants, therefore, lies the future of the United States.

Three Types of the White Man.

The white race is divided by ethnographers into the Baltic or Teutonic, the Alpine, and the Mediterranean or Ligurian race. The Baltic race occupies Scandinavia, the British Isles and North Germany; the Alpine covers the plateau of Western Asia, the mountain ranges of Asia Minor and Europe. The Baltic, like

the Mediterranean, have a long and narrow skull; they are tall, have blue eyes, light hair, and a narrow nose. They are enterprising, persevering and willing workers, highly moral, fearless, orderly and cleanly. The Alpine skull is broad and short, the eyes grey, hair chestnut; they are mostly of smaller stature and of broader girth. They are conservative, inartistic, meditative, home-lovers, industrious, not eager to become rich, and fond of simplicity. The Mediterranean have dark eyes and hair, lesser stature, slender in body, are highly emotional, less persevering, easily stirred to enthusiasm and easily discouraged, instinctively courteous, lovers of art and rest and pleasure.

The Product of These Three Factors.

The Baltic almost exclusively peopled the United States up till 1835. Between 1835 and 1890 the percentages of immigrants were: Baltic 87, Alpine 10, Mediterranean 3; from 1890 to 1900: Baltic 53, Alpine 32, Mediterranean 15; from 1901 to 1902: Baltic 35, Alpine 42, Mediterranean 23. The Baltic proportion is thus steadily dwindling. The Alpine and Mediterranean are in the ascendant. The writer, therefore, infers a deep and manifold modification, but not a deterioration of the national character. Physical changes will be the widening of the skull, the decrease of the stature and an increased number of the brunette type. The mental changes will be the decline in enterprise and "push," in the pursuit and display of wealth, greater love of abstract knowledge, and an addition to the artistic temperament. The writer asks whether artificial selection is possible, and, after a sneer at military selection, which kills the fittest and leaves the undersized, the humpback, and the idiot at home for purposes of reproduction, suggests that the United States should continue the selective process in regard to immigrants—the physically unfit, the mentally less capable, and the morally degraded should be excluded. Professor F. H. Giddings is not alarmed by M. Michaud's forecast. English language and English law will, he says, continue their sway, but the blend of the three great white types will, he confidently anticipates, make a people strong and plastic, conservative, and progressive. As precedent, he adduces the case of the English people, which was created "by an astonishing admixture of the three great racial varieties of Europe."

Mr. J. A. Riis describes the process of selection recommended by M. Michaud as it is now carried out at Ellis Island. He is quite confident that as long as the schoolhouse stands over against the sweat-shop, clean and bright as the flag that flies over it, we need have no fear for the future.

In the March "Pearson's Magazine" are given fourteen pages containing reproductions of the portraits from the "Book of Beauty," together with some of the contributions by eminent men and women which accompany the portraits of fair women in the original book.

Herbert Vivian gives some descriptions, illustrated by photographs, of "Brigands in Real Life," in the March "Strand Magazine." From his account these brigands, who inhabit the Balkan States, seem to have many of the characteristics of the old English hero, "Robin Hood," and to enjoy, as he did, the support of the poor. To help the poor and rob the rich seems to be the maxim in the Balkans as well as in Sherwood Forest.

The American Capture of the Orient Trade.

Mr. Harrington Emerson contributes an article to the March "Engineering Magazine" in which he explains how it has come about that America is securing the trade of the Far East:

"A few years ago steamers no longer fit for the Atlantic or Indian service were sent to the Pacific as being quite good enough for all requirements. With the exception of the 'Empresses,' built for the Canadian Pacific Railroad, there was not, until the Spanish-American war, a first-class steamer on the American Pacific. Now, the largest steamers ever constructed in American waters, and—with one exception, the 'Cedric'—the largest steamers ever built, have been ordered for the Pacific Ocean trade."

New York to San Francisco via Suez.

What has brought about this change? asks Mr. Emerson, and answers his question as follows:

"Exports to the Orient must come from the eastern and southern States—railroad iron and other equipment, mining machinery, tobacco and cotton—and for these goods the usual railroad rate across the continent is prohibitive, as it costs almost twice as much to send boxed goods from New York to San Francisco as from New York to London, and thence by steamer direct to Puget Sound via the Suez Canal, the Straits, Hong Kong and Yokohama. . . . Before there could be any hope of a large increase in Pacific coast exports and imports the whole railroad situation had to be changed, and this is what has happened."

The first railroads pushed to the Pacific were built to enrich the promoters rather than to make money out of the operation. It was not until Mr. James J. Hill made and developed the Great Northern Railroad that different methods were introduced. He built not for the sake of bonds or subsidies, but for the immediate and prospective traffic. He made his terminus at Seattle, on Puget Sound, by far the best harbour on the Pacific Coast. He formed an alliance with the great Japanese line—the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, a line in ocean tonnage ranking among the foremost in the world—and began to divert a part of the tea and silk trade from the Canadian Pacific and the "Empress Line" to his own railroad.

A Great Combine.

At first he had to regard the other trans-continental lines as rivals, but

"with dramatic unexpectedness the Northern Securities Company was formed, identifying these three roads (the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern and the Burlington), with the deliberate intention of diverting the cotton exports of the United States to Asia by way of Atlantic and European ports to the ports of Puget Sound. The temporary and apparent rivalry between the combination of the northern and of the southern roads was but an episode. It is not a question as to whether Puget Sound ports shall not be favoured in trans-continental rates compared to San Francisco, or whether the Great Northern shall carry fruit from Southern California to Chicago, but whether the unlimited trade of Eastern Asia shall pass to Europe by Pacific American steamers and American railroads, or continue to go by way of the Suez Canal."

The New Steamers.

Mr. Hill then proceeded to build the largest ships in the world. Mr. Emerson says:

"By building the largest ships in the world, even though they run under the more expensive American register, by filling the west-bound cars at a rate little more than the cost of handling, Mr. Hill knows that he can turn the export trade with Western Asia from its 300-year-old way past India to the direct Pacific sea route past Alaska. Before these new ships were ordered experts were sent to Scotland, Ireland and Germany, to absorb all that could be learned of modern mammoth shipbuilding; and to escape from all hampering traditions of the past, an entirely new company, the Eastern Shipbuilding Company, was formed to construct them, and took the contract before even the site was purchased on which the new yards were to be established."

These steamers are 630 feet long, 73 feet wide, with a displacement of 37,000 tons. Each steamer can carry 1,200 troops, and the cargo capacity exceeds 20,000 tons. Some of the hatches are large enough to admit a complete locomotive. Horse power of 11,000 will maintain a speed of 14 knots.

To Capture the Australasian Trade.

There is little doubt that the whole of the trade between the Eastern States and the Orient will now go by these new lines of steamers running in connection with the great trans-continental railways, instead of going, as now, via Europe and Suez. Nor is this all:

"The Northern railroads have quoted a rate of 8 dols. a ton for the transport of Government supplies from Chicago to the Philippine Islands. Return rates have been quoted on move from Australia and New Zealand which make it probable that the imports from British Australasia to Boston, New York and Philadelphia will come by the Pacific overland route instead of through Suez."

Canada versus United States.

The Canadian railroads, however, will offer serious rivalry:

"From an American point of view there is one shadow in this bright light of future American supremacy on the Pacific, and that is the rivalry of the Canadian roads to the north. One of these already in full operation, the Canadian Pacific, runs from ocean to ocean. The other, the Grand Trunk, is now building to Port Simpson, the most northern seaport in British Columbia. Both these roads command rich wheat belts; both of them tap exceedingly rich and very good coalfields; both of them as they approach the Pacific Coast pass through timber lands of the same general character as the heavy forests of Washington and Oregon. The Grand Trunk will have six advantages over all its American competitors. It will stretch from Atlantic to Pacific under one management, and can make its own through rates, while none of the American roads extends further than Chicago, and it will further control ocean steamer connections at both ends; it will be the latest built road, with latest and most consistent equipment; its Pacific terminus, Port Simpson, a magnificent harbour on the Alaskan border, is nearer by 500 miles to Asia than is Puget Sound or Vancouver, yet the road itself is as short as any other trans-continental line; it escapes entirely the climb and heavy grades over the Rocky Mountains, which do not extend as far north as its line; its wheat belt extends from Manitoba unbrokenly to a region that is west of Van-

couver, a gain in local agricultural lands of nearly 1,000 miles over the American lines; and it will, by the location of its terminus, monopolise the whole of the enormous and rapidly growing Alaskan traffic."

Mr. Emerson concludes his valuable article as follows:

"The heavy capitalisation and the merger of the northern roads will in the end prove advantageous, not only to them, but in far greater degree to all the people of the United States, as it will necessitate the development of every local resource, and also bring about a diversion of the world's Oriental trade from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from European to American control, and thus quicken into being a thousand industries not yet conceived."

An Armless Artist.

In the March number of the "Magazine of Art" there is a short article on Mr. Bartram Hiles, the armless artist:

"Mr. Hiles, says the writer, nourished the desire to become an artist from his early childhood, a desire strengthened by a natural gift for drawing. At eight years of age, however, he was deprived of both his arms in a tramcar accident at Bristol, a catastrophe sufficient to crush the strongest desires and ruin the hopes of any man. But recovery from the shock brought back the aspirations of the child, and far from abandoning his intention, Mr. Hiles decided to fulfil it by learning to draw with the mouth. Two years of effort enabled Mr. Hiles to write by this means with freedom, and to draw so well that he obtained a first-class certificate for second grade freehand. In six years from the date of the accident he had acquired such facility in this extraordinary method of work that he could accomplish with ease most things that we do with our hands. He attended the art classes at the Merchant Venturers' Technical College at Bristol, at which he passed successfully in all the examinations, including that for modelling. A course of study in landscape painting—in which he received valuable help from Mr. E. Matthew Hale, R.W.S.—enabled him at sixteen years of age to paint a landscape sufficiently well to find its place on the walls of the Bristol Academy of Fine Arts, and even to find a purchaser. A National Scholarship of a hundred guineas brought him to London, and during his two years' attendance at the Royal College of Art his trophies included one silver and two bronze medals. A visit to Paris completed his studies, and his subsequent work included a series of wall-paper designs, 'one-man' exhibitions of water colour drawings in Bristol and London.

"Some of the water colours were acquired by Queen Victoria, and Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, Mr. Walter Crane, and other collectors and connoisseurs, when we drew attention to the plucky young artist a few years ago. Mr. Hiles has been content to have his work judged on its merits, without asking any allowance on his handicap, and in this manner has exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, the Royal Society of British Artists, the Dudley Gallery, and elsewhere.

"Much of his landscape work has been produced under the influence of the late E. M. Wimperis, but it is not without individuality. His method of work is to make quick studies from Nature, either in pen and ink or sepia, for the scene and the effects of light and shade, and from them to paint his picture.

"As a rule his landscapes are small in size, but he has painted some as large as 4 feet by 2 feet. There is no hesitancy in the work, little weakness to betray the fact that it is produced in an abnormal manner; it is only when the facts are known that wonder is aroused, and we acknowledge admiration for the man who has so bravely conquered adversity.

"In his designs for wall-papers, cretonnes and tapestries—so well has he trained his tongue and lips to fulfil some of the purposes of his lost limbs—there is the same unflinching firmness of line and freedom of touch that prevail in successful designs produced by artists who work in the ordinary manner. His record is surprising and extraordinary, and reveals a strength of character almost unique in the annals of art."

Cardinal Rampolla: the Next Pope?

In the "Nouvelle Revue" is a striking article on Cardinal Rampolla, whom many thoughtful observers of Papal politics regard as the next Pope. Alone among the twenty Cardinals who habitually live in Rome, Prince Rampolla is a living force in the government of the Roman Catholic Church, and he is openly called by his enemies as well as by his friends "The Vice-Pope." Further, and this is perhaps more significant, among the Roman populace he is simply known as "The Cardinal."

Cardinal Rampolla is, from the ecclesiastical point of view, still young—that is to say, he is on the right side of sixty, for he was born on August 27, 1843. He belongs to one of the oldest of Italian patrician families, and seems to have made up his mind to become a priest when still quite a child. A mere accident caused him to be entered at the Vatican Seminary, where his remarkable intelligence caused him to be early noted as one destined for preferment; he took orders at twenty-three, and shortly after Pius IX. made him a Canon of St. Peter's. By the time Rampolla was thirty he had entered diplomacy, and was attached to the Spanish Nunciature. The Spanish Papal Nuncio was Simonei, and a short absence made by him gave Rampolla his chance, for just then Spain was being torn in two by the Carlist war, and the young Italian priest played his difficult part between the two parties with extraordinary intelligence and astuteness. This brought him to the notice of another great Papal diplomat, the present Pope, and it was thanks to his efforts that Rampolla was finally made Papal Nuncio at Madrid, and together the then new Pope and Rampolla managed the difficult arbitration case concerning the Caroline Islands. Shortly after this episode Leo XIII. sent for his young coadjutor to Rome, where he has now been the Papal Secretary of State for fifteen years.

The fact that Cardinal Rampolla has kept his great position so long is perhaps the most remarkable proof of his marvellous ability; the more so that the aged Pope—now ninety-three years of age—is, of course, surrounded by many who would ardently desire to wield the immense power which has necessarily fallen into the hands of the "Vice-Pope."

Cardinal Rampolla is tall, slight and dark, full of energy, and blessed with the charming manners and high-bred courtesy which seems to be the birthright of great Italian patricians. His suite of apartments is situated on the third floor of the Vatican, above those of the venerable Leo XIII., and both suites command a marvellous view over the Eternal City.

The Cardinal rises at daybreak, and after having said mass in his private chapel he reads over his private letters, and then sends for his secretary, who submits to him the innumerable despatches and documents which have to be shown to the Pope. Then comes breakfast, after which the Cardinal takes a brief rest, followed by his daily audience with the Pope. Then follows perhaps the most fatiguing duty of the day—that of the reception of visitors, who belong to all classes and to all countries, and who are generally received by his Eminence in his study. Like an American editor, Cardinal Rampolla is the servant of all men; it is not necessary to make an appointment in order to see him, but twice a week, on Tuesdays and on Fridays, his doors are only opened to the Diplomatic Corps. At one o'clock he has his lunch.

As to the Cardinal's political views, they are known to be, at any rate outwardly, of the most anti-Quirinal order. In this he is quite unlike the late Cardinal Parocchi, who was most desirous of seeing a reconciliation effected between the Vatican and the reigning house of Savoy. Cardinal Rampolla is believed to be the determined enemy of the Triple Alliance, because the latter guarantees the possession of Rome to the King of Italy. As regards social questions the Cardinal is said to be an opportunist, but on the whole he has shown himself the champion of Christian democracy.

At the present moment his Eminence is giving a great deal of thought to the Higher Biblical Criticism, and it is by his advice that the Pope lately named a commission, whose difficult duty it is to go into the whole question of the Scriptures.

At the end of his most remarkable article M. Raqueni gives a hint of what will probably come to pass—namely, that Cardinal Rampolla will not be the next Pope, but the Pope after next; indeed, it is probable that Leo XIII.'s actual successor will be the humble and godly Cardinal Gotti, an aged churchman who has been a student rather than a diplomat.

Mr. Balfour at Whittingehame.

Mr. Robert Machray contributes to the March number of the "Pall Mall Magazine" an interesting illustrated paper on "The Prime Minister at Whittingehame." Mr. Balfour was born at Whittingehame on July 25, 1848, he being only the third of his line. The builder of Whittingehame was his grandfather, James Balfour, who made a large fortune as a contractor in India. But the Balfours came of good family, the successful contractor being second son of the Balfour of Balbirnie of that day.

Of the environs of Mr. Balfour's home Mr. Machray says:

"It is from the parapet of the old feudal tower of the Douglasses that the best view of Whittingehame House, the estate and the surrounding country can be obtained. Seen from this coign of vantage the prospect is delightful, beautiful, enchanting; there is nothing severe, nothing savage, nothing on a very grand or terrific scale—here is no frowning majesty of nature. For the most part, the landscape, if one may so speak of it, comes down in a succession of lowering ridges from the Lammernuir Hills to the sea, with everywhere trees and cultivated fields and wide-spreading pastures. Whittingehame House itself stands on one of these ridges, the old keep on another; between

them is a lovely glen, through which there flows a sparkling trout stream."

From the top of the tower you can catch glimpses of the Firth of Forth and the historic Bass Rock. The house itself was built in 1818 from the designs of Smirke, who built the Royal Exchange:

"The edifice is of light grey sandstone, similar to that of which a great part of the new town of Edinburgh is constructed, and still retains its original purity of colour. But the house can hardly be described as beautiful or exceptionally interesting from an architectural point of view. It does convey, however, an effect of spaciousness combined with solidity. Its eastern front is Grecian in style; its western is not on classic 'lines,' but is perhaps more pleasing than the other."

The house, says Mr. Machray, is not beautiful, but it stands in the midst of grounds which are particularly beautiful, and its gardens have long been famous in the county:

"To come to the interior of Whittingehame House. There is no great hall, with the usual decorations of armour and weapons and trophies of the chase; but there is, running the length of the building, a fine long, high-ceiled corridor, with pillared archways at intervals, the general effect of which is delightful. On the west side of the corridor are Miss Alice Balfour's boudoir, the drawing-room, the music-room, and the library; on the east side, Mr. Balfour's study, the billiard-room, the dining-room, and the smoking-room. Most of the public rooms are large, square or right-angled, with lofty ceilings, and the principal tone of colour on the walls is for the most part yellow or yellowish, which, combined with the great height of the windows, renders all these rooms very bright and cheerful. The paintings and other pictures are mostly modern, consisting mainly of family portraits. The library is the largest room in the house—it is a really noble room, light and spacious. Its walls, from floor to ceiling, are lined with books—books of all sorts, but the majority are books of the kind which make books a substantial world. The frivolous book will be found to have been relegated to the smoking-room—and Mr. Balfour does not smoke. The library is the room in the house which is perhaps most used; but it is certainly not used for purposes of study only, for on one of the tables are to be seen boxes of children's games and packs of picture playing cards and the like, all for the delectation of Mr. Balfour's nephews and nieces, who are often at Whittingehame, and with whom and to whom he is Prime Minister in quite a special sense."

Mr. Balfour's study, says Mr. Machray, is characteristic of the man. It is dedicated to his favourite literature, his favourite art and his favourite sport. It is full of books, for Mr. Balfour has said, "I am never tempted to regret that Gutenberg was born." Within easy reach of Mr. Balfour's hand is a shelf on which is a fine edition of Rudyard Kipling, above which is another fine edition of R. L. Stevenson. Mr. Balfour's favourite art is music, and the next most prominent object in his study is a grand piano, to which is attached a pianola. "Music is the most democratic of the arts," said Mr. Balfour. Finally, in Mr. Balfour's study are two stands of golf clubs. Golf is played in the grounds of Whittingehame; but not by Mr. Balfour, who goes over to North Berwick and puts up at a private hotel there when he is bent on the ancient and royal game.

A Sketch of Victor Emmanuel III.

Mr. Sidney Brooks contributes to the "North American Review" a very sympathetic sketch of the present King of Italy, whom he declares to be a real strong king, who will not only lead but control, who will not hesitate to command when suggestions fail, and who will see to it that his commands are obeyed. The half-despised prince of three years ago is now the sheet anchor of the nation's best hopes. He has the combined powers of an American president and an English premier, and he holds them for life; he is besides a crowned king. The dagger which slew his father saved Italy from civil war, and gave a new lease of life to the monarchy. No one suspected when King Humbert fell that his son, a little man whose hobby was coin collecting, and who spent most of his time travelling in foreign parts, was capable of assuming at once the mastership of the whole nation.

The King's Boyhood.

As a boy he was delicate and over-driven in his studies by the Queen; from this he was saved by his father. Mr. Brooks says:

"For his son to grow up a nervous, impressionable boy, averse to open-air life, and absorbed in his books as though he were qualifying for a professorship, was a development so far from welcome to the stout-hearted Savoyard that it stirred him out of his constitutional inertia into action. He interfered decisively, confiscated the books, and almost drove his son out-of-doors, there to ride and shoot and yacht and harden himself. The change has done its work. Victor Emmanuel III., though neither so tall nor so muscular as his father and grandfather, has the wiriness and endurance that belong to the House of Savoy. He can sit for hours in the saddle without feeling fatigued, and he has the rarer capacity for going long without food. Years of ocean life and hard exercise on shore have dispelled the fear, at one time not unjustified, that he might fall a victim to consumption. It was not only his studious habits that gave his father some disquietude. He showed as a youth a haughtiness and self-will even more alien to King Humbert's nature, and was frequently punished for his escapades by being put under arrest and banished to lonely fortresses. Even as late as 1896, just before his marriage, when he was in his twenty-sixth year, he was sentenced by his father to a month's confinement for upbraiding Crispi. In the army, which he entered at eighteen, he made himself felt as a keen, if bookish soldier, and an exacting disciplinarian. But both court and people agreed in thinking him of little account. A student-prince who is also undersized and frail-looking is never a popular prince."

The Rights and Duties of a King.

But no sooner had he reached the throne than in his first speech to his Parliament he electrified Italy. His father obstinately refused to be anything but a constitutional King of the most do-nothing type. But in his first speech from his throne Victor Emmanuel III. sounded a very different note:

"May monarchy and Parliament go hand in hand. . . . Unbashed and steadfast I ascend the throne, conscious of my rights and of my duties as a King. Let Italy have faith in me, as I have faith in the destinies of our country, and no human force shall destroy that which, with such self-sacrifice, our fathers builded. It is necessary to keep watch and to employ every

living force to guard intact the great conquests of unity and of liberty. The serene trust in our liberal charter will never fail me, and I shall not be wanting, either in strong initiative or in energy of action, in vigorously defending our glorious institutions, precious heritage from our great dead. Brought up in the love of religion and of the fatherland, I take God to witness of my promise that from this day forward I offer my heart, my mind, my life to the grandeur of our land."

His second speech was emphatic. What a blessing it would be if Lord Rosebery, for instance, would take to heart the following declaration:

"In Italy, no man does his duty. From the highest to the lowest the *laissez faire* and laxity are complete. Now it is to the accomplishment of their several duties that all, without distinction, must be called. I begin with myself, and am trying to do my duty conscientiously and with love. This must serve as an example and a spur to others. My Ministers must help me in everything. They must promise nothing that they cannot certainly perform; they must not create illusions. Him who fulfils his duty, braving every danger, even death, I shall consider the best citizen."

Deeds, not Words.

Mr. Brooks says he has not only spoken well, he has acted in the spirit of his words:

"But do his actions accord with his clear-edged words? They do. He began well by calling to power the veteran Liberal, Signor Zanardelli. That in itself was a proof that repression and revenge were not to be his policy, and that when he spoke of reform he meant it. He went on to reorganise and considerably reduce the royal household; he made thorough inspections of the public institutions and military depots in Naples and Rome, praising and blaming as seemed right; he broke down the barrier that formerly kept King and politicians apart, and now he gives audience to public men once every day; he took from the first an active share in Cabinet councils, and has done all in his power to stimulate and brace up his Ministers. It was by his personal intervention that the excavations in the Forum are now being continued. It was his influence that probed the Casale trial to its depths of infamy, that insisted on the Mafia and its archleader, Palizzolo, being brought to justice. To him and his energy and inflexible sense of duty it is largely due that reform is no longer in the air, but on the statute-book, that a beginning is being made towards an impartial administration of the laws."

Mr. Brooks' account of the King is one of the best that has ever appeared, and we most heartily hope that he is right in believing that Victor Emmanuel, by his breadth of comprehensive sympathy and insight, his serious cultivation, and his manly and determined temperament, is worthy the great position to which he has been called.

The Canadian West and North-West.

In the "Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute" Mr. Hickman gives some interesting details as to the value of the vast undeveloped lands of the North-West of Canada:

"The Pacific coast has its great salmon and halibut fisheries, the latter almost undeveloped. British Columbia has mineral wealth incalculable; infinite stores of coal, gold, lead, silver and copper; resources in lands for orchards and vineyards, in vast forests of gigantic

trees; and such resources in scenery as have been given to no other country.

"The resources of the plain lands are still more indescribable. They too are underlaid with great beds of coal that in many places is dug out of the banks of the rivers by the settlers. The Mackenzie district seems to give indications of being one of the world's greatest petroleum-bearing regions, and natural gas has been obtained in large quantities here, as well as much further south, where Medicine Hat in Assiniboia has put in a municipal natural gas system. In the north the herds of Barren Ground caribou and musk oxen are countless, and the lakes, of which no man knows the number, teem with fish."

As to the agricultural possibilities, Mr. Hickman states that out of the 345,000,000 acres in the districts of Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Athabasca, some 257,410,000 acres still remain to be disposed of by the Government. What will not be the output of wheat when this vast extent of agricultural land is all settled?

A Volcano in Eruption.

In the "Scottish Geographical Magazine," Mr. R. Blake White tells of his experiences on the Purace volcano during the eruption of 1869. This volcano is situated in the Republic of Colombia, and is one of the giants of the Andes, being over 15,000 feet in height. The ascent itself proved too much for some of Mr. White's companions, but finally an encampment was formed some 13,000 feet above sea level. In the evening the volcano was a thing of beauty:

"The fireworks were impressive enough in the daytime, but after dark they were marvellous, and, I must say, appalling both to the sight and to the ear.

The Eruption at Close Quarters.

"The whole crater was ablaze; roaring flames shot up from it one thousand feet; they rushed up with fierce violence; they did not 'lick' or 'swirl' as commonplace flames do, but looked just like what they were—a mighty gas jet under enormous pressure. Above the flames a column of steam, white, red, orange, yellow, blue, green, of all colours, illuminated by the glare, followed the mad upward rush of the flames for another two thousand feet at least, and then began to break in billowy masses, which seemed to be capped by a spreading black cloud. Perhaps it was only black by contrast, for it was the seat of a most wonderful display of lightning, forked, zigzag, and flash, which did not cease for an instant. Possibly the roar of the volcano prevented one's hearing thunder—at any rate it was not distinguishable. I supposed the electricity to be generated by the steam, remembering the kettle spout experiment of our first lessons in physics. The earth shook with a continuous tremor, caused clearly by the rushing forth of the mighty jet of gas and steam, but altogether I felt pretty sure that we ran no great danger where we were."

The next day the ascent was resumed, and the edge of the crater reached. This only by hard work:

"We could only struggle up twenty or thirty yards at a spurt. At last I thought I should have to give in. I was half asphyxiated, and my eyes were smarting badly. Lying on the ground, I felt a strong breeze, and, peeping up through my fingers, I saw some jutting stones. I guessed it was the edge of the crater, so I took a good breath of fresh air, and made a rush for it.

Sure enough, it was the crater's edge, and I dropped sharp on my hands and knees, for I had no wish to fall into it. I cannot adequately describe what I saw. Such an immensity of flame is beyond description. The noise must have been awful, but I did not hear it, for I was too busy looking. I concentrated all my faculties in the endeavour to see the how of that fearful thing, and this is what I saw.

Looking Down into the Crater.

"The bottom of the crater looked dark, a dull red. The rush of gas and steam was invisible; there was no condensation, no flame. All the fire was aloft. Two-thirds of the way up from the apparent bottom the enormous violence of flame leapt skywards in a furious rush. From that point, the centre of combustion, the flames darted downwards. How they flashed down, how they recoiled, how the mighty tongues of fire seemed to aim at penetrating the awesome chasm which they could not reach, and how splendid were their colours! All the colours of the spectrum were visible. As a blowpipe expert, I thought, 'There's copper, sodium, strontium, potassium, magnesium, chromium, nickel, everything that colours a flame!' The flashing and darting of the flames was something like what one sees at times in the aurora borealis."

That the affair was not all child's play, besides the danger from the fire and lava, is proved by the effect of the gases:

"Next morning, on reaching for the handkerchief that had served me as a respirator the previous day, and which I had hung up to dry, it fell to shreds, completely burned by the acid gas. The black check in the ends of my plaid had turned yellow, though the fabric was not hurt. I had a nasty pricking away down in my left lung, and now, thirty-three years after this trip, every doctor that examines me says I have a little patch of lung dried up and adhering to the pleura. I only mention this as a warning to volcano explorers not to underestimate the corrosive power of volcanic gas."

The Career of the Tobacco Trust.

There is a good account of the extraordinary growth of the tobacco trust by Earl Mayo in the March "Frank Leslie's." Mr. Mayo thinks the achievement of Mr. James B. Duke, the head of the tobacco combination, in bringing the bitterly antagonistic competing firms together was in some respects even greater than Mr. John D. Rockefeller's in founding the Standard Oil Company, because the latter had the advantage of starting his plans in the infancy of the industry. No trust except the Standard Oil Company exercises so complete a monopoly as the tobacco combination. Like Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Duke's start toward his present imperial position in the tobacco trade was made from very small beginnings, and the Duke firm's entire output could be carried in a handbag in 1865.

After the Philadelphia Centennial, the growth of cigarette manufacture in the United States was very rapid, and by 1890 had grown to a product of two billions a year. W. Duke & Sons were one of the largest manufacturers, but there were half a dozen struggling neck-and-neck for supremacy. The most lavish advertising and premium schemes were used. "At one time the competition had reached a point where a coupon, a coloured reproduction of a photograph, and a card bearing a representation of a flag, done in colours, were all given away with a five-cent

box of cigarettes." Notwithstanding the bitterness of the antagonism, Mr. Duke succeeded, in 1890, in forming the American Tobacco Company, and brought into it all the large rival concerns. From cigarette manufacture, Mr. Duke went on to capture, by the hardest fighting imaginable, the pipe-tobacco and chewing-tobacco markets. In establishing the fame of the "Battle-Axe" brand of chewing tobacco, \$4,000,000 was sunk, but since then \$12,000,000 has been earned.

To-day there are two great manufacturing corporations, the American Tobacco Company and the Continental Tobacco Company, the first making cigarettes, the second plug tobacco, and dividing the pipe tobacco between them. A subsidiary company, the American Snuff Company, makes 15,000,000 pounds of snuff a year.

The Tobacco War in Great Britain.

Mr. Mayo describes the Homeric battle in England of the American tobacco interests, led by Mr. Duke, against the Imperial Tobacco Company, composed of the leading British houses, hastily organised to repel the American invader. This fight culminated in Mr. Duke's offer to give to the retail dealers all the profits of his company for four years and \$4,000,000 besides, without even exacting that the dealers should refuse to handle his rival's wares. Immediately after this curious proposal, the American and British interests "got together," and there was much jubilation in England over the defeat of the invader; but Mr. Mayo says that the net result of the agreement was that the Imperial Company surrendered the entire foreign market to the Americans, and gave them an interest in its own business as the price of peace.

The Retail Trade.

Finally, the great combinations under Mr. Duke had got practical mastery of the manufacture of tobacco in all its forms. Now people are asking themselves if the trust is determined to be its own retailer as well, because an ominous new concern, the United Cigar Stores Company, has appeared on the horizon. No less than \$500,000,000 worth of tobacco is sold every year, a trade prize worth working for. The Cigar Stores Company has started four hundred stores in the best locations, and is constantly expanding. The officials say they have nothing to do with the tobacco trust, and that they are simply trying to bring the business of cigar and tobacco selling to an orderly and economical basis. But the retail dealers are sure the trust is trying to swallow them through this new mouth. Where the retail dealer will not be bought out, one is apt to see a magnificent shop of the United Cigar Stores Company opened up next door. If sumptuous fittings do not capture the trade, the big store may sell some favourite brand of 15 cent cigar for 6 cents a piece, and these tactics of course will soon see the small dealer's end.

Two Ways of Boring the Alps.

The longest tunnel in the world, the St. Simplon tunnel, is the subject of an admirable sketch by Mr. H. G. Archer in "Cassell's Magazine." When open for traffic in May, 1904, it will be 12½ miles long, the St. Gothard being 9½, the Mont Cenis 7½, and the Arlberg 6½. Perhaps the most pleasing feature in the sketch is the witness it bears to the vastly greater care taken of the workmen in this than in any of the preceding bores. Strange to say, one of the most formidable dangers to the health of the navvies is the intense heat of the tunnel, the temperature having risen as high as 123

degrees Fahrenheit. A valuable illustration of the progress of civilisation is supplied by the contrast which Mr. Archer draws between the arrangements at St. Simplon and the arrangements at St. Gothard:

The Inhuman.

"At the latter the workmen were miserably housed in wretched wooden shanties. Professors described the tunnel itself as a veritable hell, continuous labour in its pestiferous atmosphere being almost certain death for the young. Owing to the air, vitiated by the perpetual explosion of dynamite, the smoke from hundreds of reeking oil lamps, and the exhalations from the bodies of men and horses, being insufficiently renewed, together with the entire absence of sanitary appliances, 80 per cent. of the miners suffered from a form of trichinosis consisting of microscopic worms in the intestines. During the eight years the tunnel took to make, no less than four hundred lives were lost, either from 'tunnel worm' or from pneumonia, the latter originating through the sudden change from the hot galleries to the cool Alpine atmosphere outside, while another two hundred were killed or maimed by explosions and passing trucks.

The Humane.

"Things were managed better at the Arlberg, but it has been reserved for the Simplon directorate to inaugurate, with their refinements, a new era in the history of social science. To obviate the risk of pneumonia, large dressing halls are provided at either entrance. On emerging from the galleries, the men are compelled to enter these halls, which are ready heated for their reception at the temperature which they have just left, and to stay therein for half an hour while the temperature is gradually cooled down to that prevailing outside. The men are conveyed into and out of the tunnel in trainloads, and the space between the tunnel exits and the platforms where they alight is roofed over and boarded in, so that no chill may be contracted on this short portion of the journey. The halls are equipped with baths, hot and cold douches, etc., and here the men take off their mining clothes, which are at once hung up in heated rooms to dry, ready for the next day's work. Adjacent are canteens, under official control, and selling nothing but the best food and liquor at nominal prices. Excellent hospitals have been provided, in case of accident or illness; and, lastly, in order to minimise the risks of accident inside the tunnel, the trains are run by time-table and protected by signals, while the narrow-gauge contractors' track is laid at one side, thus leaving plenty of room for pedestrians."

The Biggest Social Experiment on Record.

In the American "Review of Reviews," Mr. Wellman describes the great scheme of profit-sharing adopted by the United States Steel Corporation. He says:

"An occurrence of tremendous and far-reaching importance is the success of the United States Steel Corporation's wage-earners' investment and profit-sharing plan.

"The directors of the Steel Corporation offered 25,000 shares of stock to their 168,000 employees. The books were to be kept open thirty days. No one dared believe that within this month, while the plan was so new, while all sorts of prejudices or fears might deter subscribers, and while the great mass of employees would still be studying and thinking about the offer which to

them must have seemed somewhat novel and complicated, all or even one-half of the proffered stock would be taken up. Yet, when the books closed on Saturday evening, January 31, it was found that the 25,000 shares offered had been subscribed for more than twice over. Twenty-seven thousand six hundred and thirty-three employees had subscribed for 51,125 shares. This was success—success complete and surprising.

Success.

"Almost exactly one-sixth of the vast army of employees of the corporation had declared that they wished to become owners of the securities of the company for which they work. Best of all, the very men who, it had been feared, would not take kindly to the project—the men who stand bare-bodied in front of the furnace fires, or like magicians handle the glowing rails or bars of molten metal, or delve in the gloomy mines, or watch the myriads of machines, or keep the books in the offices—have most eagerly responded to the company's offer.

"Nearly one-sixth of all the employees of the Steel Corporation have thus become purchasers of the preferred stock of the company, to the extent of \$4,500,000 par value. Of this sum, \$4,000,000 is taken by employees whose earnings range from \$500 or \$600 a year upward to \$2,500.

"If such a result as this can be attained at the first trial, within a single month—if the restraint of prejudice and of lack of acquaintance with a new project can be overcome to so great an extent in so short a time—thoughtful men are asking, What may not be done in the future? What are the ultimate possibilities of the plan in this single corporation? And as applied to all great industrial corporations? If \$4,500,000 of good dividend-paying securities may be disposed of to the actual workers for one corporation in one month, is it not possible to dispose of hundreds of millions of such safe and standard securities to the employees of hundreds of industrial corporations in the course of a year? And if this can be done—if ownership of our great industrial combinations can be spread out among the men who work for them, if aggregations of capital may thus be democratised, are we not finding herein a natural and easy solution of the industrial, political, and social problems which to many keen eyes appear to be rising like a cloud above the national horizon?

Business Perils.

"The chief danger threatening a vast corporation whose work is carried on by an army of 168,000 men is lack of individual interest. It is the danger of heaviness and inertia, of ruts and stagnation. Men must be stimulated to individual initiative and greater efficiency. The way must be found to bind them to the corporation with stronger ties than those of mere salary—or wage-earning. Men must have a stake in the success of the company higher and better than a simple desire to hold their places. We must make a great democracy of this business, not an autocracy, nor even an oligarchy.

"The members of the Finance Committee saw at once that their plan must be divided into two main branches. One was to interest a large number of employees by inducing them to become permanent stockholders. The other was to engage the services of presidents, officers, managers, and superintendents, and all others charged with responsibility, on a profit-sharing basis. It was early perceived that at the present time it would not be practicable to apply profit-sharing directly to the great number of men who work with their hands

throughout all the ramifications of the corporation's activities. But profit-sharing was indirectly included in the offer made to these employees, and of which such a large number have already availed themselves. In other words, the company's proposal was to share profits with all employees who would demonstrate their interest and thrift by buying the company's stock. Consequently, the great bulk of the stock set aside for purchase by employees was offered to the men who earn the smallest salaries. This was done by dividing the 168,000 employees into six classes, according to their salaries: Class A, over \$20,000 a year; Class B, \$10,000 to \$20,000, down to Class E, \$800 to \$2,500 a year, and Class F, under \$800 a year—and then by limiting the amount of stock employees could take to the following proportions of their annual salaries: Class A, 5 per cent.; Class B, 8 per cent.; Class C, 10 per cent.; Class D, 12 per cent.; Class E, 15 per cent.; and Class F, 20 per cent.

"One of the directors of the Steel Corporation, in speaking of the programme to secure popular or widely distributed ownership of its shares, pointed to the fact that in France hundreds of thousands of workmen and peasant farmers are owners of the stock of the *Credit Foncier*, *Credit Lyonnais*, and other banking and industrial corporations.

"The second or direct profit-sharing part of the Steel Corporation plan is also based upon the principle of democracy. The company proposes to distribute among its responsible men 1 per cent. of the net earnings if the net earnings during the present year shall exceed \$80,000,000 and be less than \$90,000,000, and to increase the sum distributed one-fifth of 1 per cent. for every \$10,000,000 added to the net earnings. If during this year, as is not unlikely, the net earnings reach the total of \$140,000,000 the sum distributed among the men who have helped make that great success will be \$3,150,000. This is profit-sharing on a great scale. At the present time, there are in the employ of the Steel Corporation and its subsidiary companies approximately 1,750 men who receive salaries in excess of \$2,500 a year, divided as follows:

"Twelve with salaries of \$20,000 a year and over, including the \$100,000 salary of the president of the corporation itself.

"Fifty from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year.

"Two hundred from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year.

"Fifteen hundred from \$2,500 to \$5,000 a year."

Sir John Gorst on Social Reform.

An Appeal to the Tory Party.

Sir John Gorst is unmuzzled and no mistake, and a very good thing it is for all those who care for social reform that the ablest member of the Tory party has at last regained a position in which he can devote his capacity to the service of the people. When he resigned the vice-presidency of the Council a new and much-needed force was added to the ranks of the party of progress, of which it stood sorely in need. Last month he made several speeches, in Parliament and out of it, that seemed to indicate that in him we have a leader who means to force the pace. And in the "Nineteenth Century" for March we have a veritable manifesto from his pen summoning the Tory party to take up the cause of social reform.

The Tories and Social Reform.

He begins his paper by declaring:

"The happiness and welfare of the people have always been a vital article of the Tory creed, just as important as the maintenance of our Constitution and the defence of our Empire."

He recalls, much to the disgust of many of his late colleagues, the fact that they put forward Social Reform as their alternative to the Liberal programme of Home Rule, and asks:

"How, then, is the obligation of the Tory party to be fulfilled? Experience shows that social reforms are not likely to originate spontaneously in the public departments of the Central Government."

He then passes in review the various agencies by which the cause of Social Reform might be promoted.

From Whence Will Come Our Help?

The constitution of our public offices, he remarks, does not promote these qualities which are requisite for the creation of schemes of new legislation.

"Neither are public departments likely, under present arrangements, to be stimulated into the proposal and construction of great measures of social reform by their Parliamentary heads. These are seldom, if ever, selected for their previous knowledge of the matters with which their department has to deal."

No initiative and little help is to be expected from them. Neither can we look for much assistance from the Central Government. Social reforms have for the Government peculiar perils of their own:

"It is the nervous dread of producing electoral difficulties that has prevented successive British Governments from dealing frankly with the recommendations of the Berlin Labour Conference."

How This Government "Desires" Reform.

Sir John Gorst was the representative of the British Government at that Conference, and he reminds us that the result of their discussions at Berlin was the drawing up of a number of clear and definite propositions relating to the labour of children and young persons in industries and mines. If they had been adopted by the Government and carried into law the result would have been a useful and substantial measure of Social Reform. The Government declared that they regarded these reforms as desirable. But in the following year the Government, which had declared through Sir John Gorst that it desired these reforms, brought forward a Factory Bill in which it refrained from proposing to give effect to the reform which would have raised the limit age in English factories from ten to twelve:

"The limit of eleven was, however, imposed upon them by a vote of the House of Commons. No attempt has ever been made by any British Government of either party—and both parties have held office since the Berlin Conference—to bring up the conditions of labour of children and young persons to the 'desirable' Berlin standard."

Royal Commissions and Select Committees have proved equally barren of results. Select Committees in 1895 and 1896 were also helpless in discovering and recommending any permanent remedy for dealing with the question of the unemployed.

The Breakdown at the House of Commons.

Where, then, must the reformers look for help?—

"Can they look for much help from the modern House of Commons? The answer is that for purposes of legislation the House of Commons has become almost effete. The machine is out of order, and will no longer work. After a generation of perpetual change in its rules of procedure, the House of Commons is a

far less efficient instrument for law-making than it was thirty years ago."

He illustrates the impotence of the House of Commons by recalling its failure to give effect to the recommendations of the committee upon the overworking of school-children. The report of this committee was startling and terrifying:

"They reported it to be proved that a substantial number of children, amounting probably to 50,000, were being worked more than twenty hours a week in addition to 27½ hours at school, that a considerable proportion of this number were being worked to thirty or forty, and some even to fifty, hours a week, and that the effect of this work was in many cases detrimental to their health, their morals, and their education, besides being often so unremitting as to deprive them of all reasonable opportunity for recreation."

They recommended that power should be conferred upon Municipalities and County Councils to make by-laws as to the employment of children. A Bill was introduced in 1901, but nothing came of it.

Try Local Authorities!

What, then, is Sir John Gorst's remedy? He deplores anything being done by Downing Street or at Westminster; his suggestion is that we must turn to the local authorities. He says:

"Social reform, which is so ardently desired by the mass of our people, and upon which the safety of our Empire so vitally depends, must be carried out on the same principle as the establishment of a national system of education. Give up the dream of a benevolent Central Government, which is to do everything for the people—to diagnose the social disease, to invent and apply the remedies, and to superintend their operation. That may come hereafter in some future generation, but we are in a more primitive and elementary stage as yet. We are in the condition of towns a generation ago, when they cleansed away their snow by every householder sweeping his own doorstep. Let each county and municipal authority become absolutely and entirely, as it is already partially and imperfectly, responsible for the health and welfare of its own men, women, and children, for the care of its own sick and aged, the provision of healthy dwellings and of light, air, and water, the prevention of strikes and lockouts, and the treatment of its own 'unemployed.'"

How to Improve the Average Man.

Some More Prescriptions from Mr. H. G. Wells.

Mr. H. G. Wells continues to publish in the "Fortnightly Review" his thoughtful and thought-provoking papers entitled "Mankind in the Making." In the March number he deals with the question as to how we can best improve the training of our children so as to make them worthy citizens of the new Republic.

Improve His Home.

Mr. Wells maintains that "If we would make the average man of the coming years gentler in manner, more deliberate in judgment, steadier in purpose, upright, considerate, and free, we must look first to the possibility of improving the tone and quality of the average home."

How to Do It.

After describing the two typical homes of the middle class and of the artisan, Mr. Wells says:—

"How the economic conditions of homes may be controlled to accomplish New Republican ends has already been discussed with a view to a hygienic minimum, and obviously the same, or similar, methods may be employed to secure less materialistic benefits. You can make a people dirty by denying them water, you can make a people cleaner by cheapening and enforcing bath-rooms. Man is indeed so spiritual a being that he will turn every materialistic development you force upon him into spiritual growth. You can aerate his house, not only with air, but with ideas. Build, cheapen, render alluring a simpler, more spacious type of house for the clerk, fill it with labour-saving conveniences, and leave no excuse and no spare corners for the 'slavery,' and the slavery—and all that she means in mental and moral consequence—will vanish out of being. You will beat tradition. Make it easy for Trade Unions to press for shorter hours of work, but make it difficult for them to obstruct the arrival of labour-saving appliances, put the means of education easily within the reach of every workman, make promotion from the ranks, in the Army, in the Navy, in all business concerns, practicable and natural, and the lingering discolouration of the serf taint will vanish from the workman's mind."

Improve His Ethical Training.

Mr. Wells has no patience with the religious education of our public schools. He asserts that the only kind "of man whose insistence upon religious teaching in schools by ordinary school teachers I can understand, is the downright Atheist, the man who believes sensual pleasure is all that there is of pleasure, and virtue no more than a hood to check the impetuosity of youth until discretion is acquired, the man who believes there is nothing else in the world but hard material fact, and who has as much respect for truth and religion as he has for stable manure. Such a man finds it convenient to profess a lax version of the popular religion, and he usually does so, and invariably he wants his children 'taught' religion, because he so utterly disbelieves in God, goodness, and spirituality that he cannot imagine young people doing even enough right to keep healthy and prosperous, unless they are humbugged into it.

"If, too, you ransack your young Englishman for religion, you will be amazed to find scarcely a trace of School. In spite of a ceremonial adhesion to the religion of his fathers, you will find nothing but a profound agnosticism. He has not even the faith to disbelieve. It is not so much that he has not developed religion as that the place has been seared.

How to Mend Matters.

"Now one nobly conceived and nobly rendered play will give a stronger moral impression than the best schoolmaster conceivable, talking ethics for a year on end. One great and stirring book may give an impression less powerful, perhaps, but even more permanent. Practically these things are as good as an example—they are example. Surround your growing boy or girl with a generous supply of good books and leave writer and growing soul to do their business together without any scholastic control of their intercourse. Make your state healthy, your economic life healthy and honest, be honest and truthful in the pulpit, behind the counter, in the office, and your children will need no specific ethical teaching; they will inhale right. And without these things all the ethical teaching in the world will only sour to cant at the first wind of the breath of the world."

Why Something Must Be Done.

Mr. Wells thinks the need is manifest. He says: "Driving zeal, that practical vigour that once distinguished the English, is continually less apparent. Our workmen take no pride in their work any longer, they shirk toil and gamble. And what is worse, the master takes no pride in the works; he, too, shirks toil and gambles. Our middle-class young men, instead of flinging themselves into study, into research, into literature, into widely conceived business enterprises, into so much of the public service as is not preserved for the sons of the well connected, play games, display an almost Oriental slackness in the presence of work and duty, and seem to consider it rather good form to do so.

"The world of the average citizen, just like his home, resolves itself into three main elements. First, there is the traditional element, the creation of the past; secondly, there is the contemporary interplay of economic and material forces; and, thirdly, there is literature, using that word for the current thought about the world, which is perpetually tending on the one hand to realise itself and to become in that manner a material force, and on the other to impose fresh interpretations upon things and so become a factor in tradition. Now the first of these elements is a thing established. And it is the possibility of intervention through the remaining two that it is now our business to discuss."

Mr. Wells, it is evident, is girding up his loins for a tour round the universe. We could not have a more interesting guide.

The Sultan of Morocco.

The Morocco question is evidently exciting a great deal of interest among the more thoughtful French political writers of the day. In the "*Revue de Paris*" are two articles devoted to the Near East: the one which is anonymous is entitled "The Sultan of Morocco," the other, by M. Berard, is simply called "The Morocco Question." The first of these two articles is to all intents and purposes a violent attack on Sir Henry Maclean, of whom the writer gives the most unflattering picture; in fact, the article is so extremely libellous that this fact makes it almost impossible to deal with its contents.

Of the present Sultan, who is supposed to be entirely under "Kaid Maclean's" thumb, is given a curious account. He is said to have no will of his own, to be ignorant and timid, devoted to lawn-tennis, which he plays all day long; further, that he is always surrounded with cyclists, painters, photographers, and billiard players of British nationality, while his people watch this state of things with increasing anxiety. They are well aware that the treasury is empty, and they are further exceedingly indignant to note their Sovereign's intimacy with the hated Nazarenes.

According to the anonymous writer of this piece of very frank criticism, Morocco's revolt against her Sovereign is only too justified. It is curious to read this paper in conjunction with the weighty and thoughtful pages contributed by one of the editors of the "*Revue*," in which he gives an elaborate geographical account of Morocco, and attempts to foresee the outcome of a struggle in which France could not but be very deeply interested, the more so that while every other country is in the position of being sellers to Morocco, the French are buyers, in this sense—that they employ in their North African colonies a great deal of Morocco labour.

President Roosevelt as "Tenderfoot."

In "Cassell's" for March, Mr. Frederick Moore describes President Roosevelt's early days in the Wild West. He gives a vivid account of what the President described as the ride of his life, when he headed a stampede of cattle, driven mad with fear by a thunderstorm, into a corral in the pitchy darkness of the night. Here is a characteristic incident:

"When Theodore Roosevelt went out on the frontier, the 'bad men' of the lawless country estimated him another easy mark for them to bluff and bilk. One night in the early 'eighties he had to 'put up' at a bordertown 'hotel,' the bar, dining-room, and sitting-room of which were all one. After supper he remained seated at one of the tables reading. In came a bad man who was painting the town red. Marching with considerable gusto up to the bar, he invited 'the house' to drink. Everybody responded to the summons but Roosevelt.

"'Who is it?' the man asked a friend, pointing over his shoulder at Roosevelt.

"'Some tenderfoot, just arrived,' the word was whispered.

"The bad man turned and shouted to the 'tenderfoot'—

"'Say, Mr. Four-eyes, I asked this house to drink.'

"Roosevelt was a little incensed at this reference to his spectacles, but kept his head, and made no reply.

"The man walked over to him, pulled out his gun (pistols are called guns in the West), and explained that when he asked a man to drink the man had to drink.

"'I do not care for anything to drink,' said Roosevelt.

"'Now, you just order your drink, my man, or there'll be some trouble.'

"'Well,' said Roosevelt, apparently submitting before the threat, 'I do not care for anything, but if I must—'

"Roosevelt had risen slowly, and was now standing full erect. As he broke off the sentence he struck the big man fairly on the point of the chin. The man tumbled over on his back, and before he could recover Roosevelt had him pinioned to the floor, his knees on the man's biceps. He stripped him of his pistols and his knives, then released the man. Rising, he inquired with mock politeness: 'Now, my man, may I insist that I do not care to drink with you?'

"You can imagine the effect of this affair—how Roosevelt stock went up."

In such legends as these lies the President's popularity.

Thirty Years in Paris.

The "Fortnightly Review" for March contains a very interesting, gossipy article by Mr. J. G. Alger, describing the events and changes he has witnessed during a residence in Paris of thirty years. He has seen three narrow escapes of the Republic—the first in 1876, when MacMahon dismissed the Jules Simon Cabinet, the next during the Boulanger crisis of 1889, and the third during the Dreyfus affair. Mr. Alger thinks that if Boulanger had stood his trial it is very doubtful whether the Senate could have condemned him; but with his flight he threw away his last chance. It was the anti-Dreyfus sentiment of Felix Faure

which saved the Republic from an attempt to establish a military dictatorship.

Of Presidents Mr. Alger has known many. He says that Grevy saved at least half of his £48,000 a year. Casimir-Perier's real cause of resignation was that M. Hanotaux denied his right to see Foreign Office despatches. As for M. Faure, Mr. Alger says he was never the same man after he had been embraced by the Tsar. "Such honours puffed him up, and he fancied himself a great man."

Twenty-five Prime Ministers.

Mr. Alger lived under twenty-five Prime Ministers, of whom he says that not one could be considered a man of genius:

"A man of genius at the head of a democracy is dangerous, and France has wisely copied the example of America, if indeed either of them can be thought to have exercised a choice and not rather to have found no alternative. The French democracy, having abolished personal rule, does not rush blindly after any one man. The French are not, indeed, given to what we should call enthusiasm for their statesmen. Gambetta was certainly the most popular man in my time, yet his reception at public meetings was never such as an Englishman of equal eminence would have enjoyed. Carnot, as I have said, was respected, but nothing more. A friend of mine who went to see him open a new street, waved his hat and shouted, 'Vive Carnot!' whereupon the by-standers, all silent, stared at him with amusement."

The End of the Aristocrats.

One remarkable change that has taken place during the last thirty years is the elimination of aristocrats. The "de" has disappeared in every branch of the public services:

"Not one member of the present Cabinet sports the aristocratic particle, and the aristocracy, under the Republic, have been more and more excluded, not merely from political power, but from all public posts. We are never likely again to see a duke Prime Minister like de Broglie in 1876, or President of the Senate like D'Audiffret Pasquier in 1876. The then Prince of Wales, according to General Gallifet, himself the last Marquis ever likely to be at the War Office, asked Gambetta in 1880 why the Republic did not employ nobles. He might put the same question now with still greater force. Only six bishops out of ninety possess the particle, which, however, is a good deal due to the fact that noblemen's sons do not enter the Church. Not a single general or admiral in active service has any title of nobility, and very few indeed have the particle, albeit noblemen's sons still enter the army and navy. Even diplomacy, their last remaining stronghold, is failing them."

The Police.

Another change has been in the police, "the control of which has been the constant but hitherto fruitless aim of the municipality, and which has markedly undergone the influence of the Republic. It is no longer a semi-military force, and so far from being brutal in the repression of disturbances, has on recent occasions received more blows than it has inflicted. The sergeants-de-ville, or as they are more commonly called, the agents, are now as good-humoured as their London brethren in keeping crowds in order—not always an easy task—and in managing the cabmen and costermongers, who have an invincible propensity for arguing before obeying."

Democracy and Domestic Servants.

Democracy has made great strides. In particular is this noticeable in the case of domestic servants:

"Even in London I am told they now expect to 'have life made pleasant for them,' but in Paris they assume a familiarity which would scarcely be tolerated in England. Education having for twenty years been compulsory, they are fairly well educated. Some of these young women, coming up from the country, far from confining themselves, as formerly, to the feuilleton of the 'Petit Journal,' take an interest in the events of the time, domestic and foreign. I can even testify to a case in which the *bonne*, on an eclipse occurring, explained the phenomenon to a young English-woman, who had been drilled in the ologies and onomies, but had never mastered the motions of the heavenly bodies. I could also quote a letter written by a domestic servant to her mistress, which would not discredit a Girton graduate. Servants not merely know all that goes on in the household, which information they exchange with those of adjoining flats, but allow themselves to comment upon it to their masters and mistresses. What would an English mistress think, moreover, of being kissed on both cheeks by her maid on returning from a holiday, or of a departing servant not only kissing the mistress, but offering to kiss the master? Only yesterday I read in the papers that a magistrate had had to decide whether a breakage of crockery had taken place in the course of the housemaid's usual duties, in which case the damage could not be deducted from her wages, or whether it took place in her attic, on one of her weekly receptions of friends."

Antipathy to Germans has entirely died out, and Germans now stand on the same footing as other foreigners. Englishmen never suffer any annoyance, except where they bring it on themselves. English customs are largely imitated. Sunday closing has become almost general in the west of Paris; and tea, which was only taken as a medicine thirty years ago, is now consumed everywhere. Of English ambassadors in Paris Mr. Alger has an indifferent opinion. Lord Lyons gave no entertainments, and saved half his £10,000 a year for his nephew, the Duke of Norfolk. Lord Lytton had no vocation for statesmanship. Lord Dufferin was more successful, but he made a serious blunder when, resenting newspaper attacks attributed to the Russian Embassy, he went off in a huff to Walmer. Socially the English colony has fallen off. There are few very wealthy residents, and more art students and governesses.

The Surgery of Light.

The Truth about the Finsen Light.

"McClure's Magazine" for February contains four interesting articles dealing with Dr. Niels Finsen and his wonderful discovery. From the article by Cleveland Moffett we learn the following details about the discovery. First came the discovery that the red rays of sunshine have no effect upon the skin, while the blue or actinic rays, sometimes also called the "chemical" rays—including violet and ultra-violet—are the only ones that have any noteworthy physiological effect upon animal life. Following this—

"Finsen offered to the world his red-light treatment, declaring confidently that smallpox patients would suffer no scarring of face or body if cared for in rooms from which all light but red had been excluded. And

the curious part of it is that at this time Finsen had never seen a case of smallpox, and based his conclusions entirely on theoretical grounds.

"In August, 1893, the first test was made on eight smallpox patients, four of them children who had never been vaccinated, and were bad cases. The result was a triumph for Finsen, and was summed up thus by Dr. Svendsen:

"The period of suppuration, the most dangerous and most painful stage of smallpox, did not appear; there was no elevation of temperature, and no edema. The patients entered the stage of convalescence immediately after the stage of vaccination, which seemed a little prolonged. The hideous scars were avoided."

"In ordinary cases a clear red light is sufficient to prevent scarring, and the patient can see to read. In very bad cases, however, there is need of a deep red light."

When his idea was successfully in operation, Dr. Finsen turned his attention to the killing of the bacilli of lupus by the blue and violet rays, the red rays being filtered out. It was found that a powerful electric light is more efficacious than sunlight, since the latter loses much of its ultra-violet rays in passing through the atmosphere. The writer thus describes the first attempt to cure the awful disease of lupus:

"At first everything was very crude; a hand lens was used to concentrate the rays from an ordinary arc lamp, the red and ultra red being filtered out through blue water. For an hour or two hours every day this concentrated blue light was directed against the afflicted right cheek, Finsen himself holding the lens, aided by a medical student.

"The result came up to the fullest expectations. After the first treatment there was no more spread of the disease, but a steady closing in of the lupus patches, and a lessening of the angry redness as healthy tissue formed. Within six months Niels Morgensen was free from his disease, and Finsen had done what doctors and surgeons would have laughed at as a mad impossibility—he had cured a case of lupus with some blue water and a piece of glass!"

Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, the donor of the first 50,000 dol. lamp to the London Hospital, writes upon the work of the lamps in England:

"Since the installation, in the spring of 1900, 398 patients have been treated at the London Hospital, of whom 149 have returned to their homes completely cured, and 232 are at the present time under treatment. Of these, however, 72 are practically cured, and do not attend regularly, but are still kept under medical observation. Fifteen nurses are wholly occupied in applying the treatment, and a large department is now being built for it at the hospital. How urgent the need continues to be, will be apparent from the fact that no less than 227 patients are at the present moment waiting to be treated. In the case of many of these, the disease will have made terrible progress before their turn arrives."

The cost of working one of these four-light lamps amounts to about £600 a year.

Dr. Hopkins adds a remarkable testimony as to the value of the Finsen light when used in connection with the Roentgen rays. He says:

"Having used the Finsen ray with good results in a case of cancer of the skin, I decided in 1900 to prove its results upon the deeper-seated cancer of the breast. Here, however, entered a difficulty. The Finsen ray has slight penetrative power. The use of the Roent-

gen or X-ray in connection with the Finsen ray, suggested itself to me. The Roentgen ray has extraordinary germicidal qualities, but no curative properties. Light heals; the X-ray is not light, but something beyond light, the nature of which is an unfathomed secret. Therefore, to destroy the germs, I used the X-ray, which broke down the cancerous tissue, and killed the bacteria. Then I used the Finsen tube to heal the open sore which resulted. The Finsen ray alone would have done the whole work had it been able to penetrate to the core of the ailment. Under the double radial attack the area of ulceration quickly shrank, and after several months of treatment disappeared. That was two years ago; there has been no return of the growth since. Subsequently, cases of abdominal cancer were treated with the same result."

Who is this Dr. Finsen, and what manner of man is he who, by his discovery, has brought new life to hundreds?—

"Meantime, Finsen himself, in spite of his longing for light and trust in its virtues, is a stricken man. All that he has done for the health of others has profited little for his own health. When I saw him he looked weak and ill, though buoyed up by the power of his enthusiasm, a sort of light from within. He is able to work only an hour or two in a day. He suffers constantly. He can eat scarcely anything, and, during his bad months, sits at table with a pair of scales beside his plate, and weighs every morsel. He has scorned to make money from his discoveries, giving them all freely to the world, and has patented no part of his apparatus. He lives content on a salary of 1,200 dols. a year, paid by the Danish Government, and is worried only because the Light Institute, which gives its treatment to the poor for almost nothing, has a debt of 40,000 dols. hanging over it."

How I Became a Novelist.

By Edna Lyall.

The "Sunday Magazine" contains an article by the late well-known writer, Edna Lyall, upon her early experiences. This article gives many interesting glimpses of the formation of her character. She says:

"It was not until I was nine years old that the desire to write seized me. In the meantime, however, much of the future training of an author was going on. We were blessed with a nurse whose sympathies were wide and far-reaching, and I owe a great deal to her kindly heart, and to her unflinching readiness to tell us all that she had heard and seen. Moreover, being the youngest of the family, it chanced that I heard books read and topics discussed between the elder ones and my parents, which very soon widened the world for me."

Heroes and Favourite Authors.

Among her early heroes was Mr. Fawcett, and, later, Oliver Cromwell.

"Politics were very real, and were somehow made interesting to us, my father encouraging us to think on such subjects. My first political hero was Mr. Fawcett, and I can clearly recall the excitement of his election for Brighton. It was partly his blindness which made him my hero, for, suffering much from weak eyes, I well knew what it was to live in the dark, and my mother had told me how cleverly she had seen Mr. Fawcett manage at a dinner-party, and how he would not allow his loss of sight in any way to spoil his life.

"Returning once more to the influences which in early life did most to fit me for future work, I must mention two which were specially powerful. The first was the opportunity of hearing good standard books read. My father was a very good reader, and we enjoyed nothing better than hearing him read the 'Waverley Novels.' Jane Austen's novels, with their delicious humour, were far beyond the comprehension of a child of eight or nine, and I confess to having thought them extremely dull. But Sir Walter Scott opened a whole world of delight to us, and to my way of thinking it was a more wholesome world than that revealed to the rising generation by the very fascinating, but often morbid, studies of child life provided nowadays in the countless 'Children's books.'

Characteristics.

"Undoubtedly I was born a coward; my mother, by infinite patience and gentle encouragement, taught me to fight my fears. One of my greatest terrors was an old street fiddler, with hideously crooked legs and deformed feet; he used to prop himself up on two sticks, and play melancholy, tuneless music, which in itself was gruesome.

"Though incorrigibly stupid at mathematics and seldom deeply interested in science, they found me an apt pupil at anything connected with literature or history.

"The seventeenth century always had a special fascination for me, and, after a brief wavering in school-room days, when a very pathetic picture of Charles I. and some thrilling cavalier stories temporarily eclipsed the grand figure of the Protector, I returned to my allegiance, and in course of time endeavoured to show, in 'To Right the Wrong,' that it was possible to be an honest, God-fearing, well-bred Englishman, yet to espouse the Parliamentary side in the great Civil War.

The Value of "Dream Children."

"From those past days up to the present time there has always been a story on hand, and writing has become so much a part of my life that it is difficult quite to understand what life without a vocation would be like, or how people exist without 'dream children.' They cost one much suffering, and bring many cares and anxieties; they are not what we could wish, and we are conscious of their faults. Still they are our 'dream children,' and when they cheer the dull, or interest the overworked, or help the perplexed, there comes a glad sense that it has all been worth while, and we are thankful that the gift was given us."

"Cornhill" for March is a fairly readable number, the most important articles being: one by Mr. Hogarth on the Cretan Exhibition; the other, by Mr. Carlile on the question of London's Unemployed. The Hon. George Peel gossips lightly on the Durbar. In a similarly light vein are sketched the travels of an architect in search of occupation in the United States, and there is a satire by Mr. E. H. Lacon Watson on the evils of property, as illustrated by a wife's perpetual meddling with her husband's arrangements of his rooms and furniture. Prospects in two professions are discussed. Land agency is said to offer congenial employment, and a good and lucrative business. Farming offers great chances to the working farmer, but not to the gentleman farmer. Miss Violet A. Simpson contributes an interesting study of servants and service in the eighteenth century in town and country, from which it appears that the tyranny of domestics and their exactions had reached an almost incredible point.

Venezuela: Under Which Eagle?

"German Policy in South America" is the title of a paper contributed by Mr. W. B. Duffield to the "Monthly Review" for March. Mr. Duffield is convinced that Germany's ultimate policy is to challenge the Monroe Doctrine. He says that American statesmen are perfectly well aware of this; hence the folly of our co-operation. Germany has infinitely more to gain by annihilating the Monroe Doctrine than by attempting to seize any of our possessions:

"As has been well pointed out by Captain Mahan, Germany's geographical position forces her to conquer us or be friends with us. The latter is clearly the less expensive course. Her international manners, like those of the United States before the era of Mr. Hay, are, it is true, deplorable. She has attempted to frighten us just as the United States did with Canada in 1891, and with the same result. Even if she overcame all the difficulties involved in a war with us and appropriated some of our colonies, they are already occupied and exploited by a patriotic and hard-working population. Can the profit be compared for a moment with that to be reaped from a successful attack on the Monroe Doctrine, which would in no way upset the European balance of power, and would not expose German commerce to the same risks as would arise from war with a great maritime Power at her own doors? This theory fits in entirely with the Kaiser's reiterated statements, and it has the merit of possessing not only solid business reasons but also very plausible grounds in theoretical justice."

Germany wants real and profitable colonies. Mr. Duffield points out that the subsidy given to every German colony, save one, exceeds the annual revenue:

German Colonial Estimates for 1902.

	Revenue.	Subsidy.	Total Expenditure.
East Africa	£159,315	£320,760	£480,075
Cameroons.. ..	101,575	110,255	211,830
S. W. Africa	91,200	381,745	472,945
Togoland	31,750	50,750	84,500
New Guinea	5,000	36,100	41,100
Carolines, etc... ..	1,655	15,253	16,905
Samoa	13,550	8,520	22,070
Kiao Chou	18,000	608,400	626,400

And Venezuela is just such a promising but unoccupied country as the Kaiser wants:

"To show the extraordinary fertility of many Venezuelan territories, our Consul points out that a plot in the vicinity of his own house has produced six crops of maize in one year! Fruit-farming would prove enormously productive, and coffee and cocoa, especially the latter, are largely grown; in fact, the latter is now the principal product of the country, which could grow anything. Cotton, indigo, rice, barley, and india-rubber have been produced with success. The water supply is ample, the climate is not unhealthy, and in most parts fit for Europeans. The mineral wealth is almost untouched, 'iron, gold, coal, petroleum, silver, copper, lead are found in every direction.' Eye-witnesses have related to the writer the shipping of huge ingots of gold on the Orinoco steamers in the best days of the great mine of El Callao, but now mining, like every other industry in this unhappy land, is almost impossible owing to insecurity of tenure. Under a rapid succession of Governments, the leader in to-day's fortunate revolution refuses to recognise the title given by his predecessor, or constant pillage and oppression for-

bid Europeans to embark capital at such risks. We are told by our Consuls that there is nothing that can strictly be called an industry in Venezuela, yet she could 'grow her own grain, make her own flour, grow her own tobacco and cotton, make her own cloth and her own wine, burn her own kerosene, make her own leather, and have, besides all this, a surplus for export.'

The First Cradle of Greek Civilisation.

It is a striking sidelight on the near Eastern Question, now at the acute phase once more, that the liberation of Crete from Ottoman misrule led directly to the discovery of an early and hitherto undreamed-of civilisation. This fact appears in a paper by Mr. D. G. Hogarth, in "Cornhill" on the Cretan Exhibition, at Burlington House. Minoan Knossos was the centre of the most significant of the Hellenic myths and traditions of power, and Schliemann had endeavoured to institute explorations there; but the Ottoman Governors and the Moslem owners of the site interposed difficulties. After Prince George and freedom came, Mr. Arthur Evans, keeper of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, had no difficulty in buying out the Moslem owners, and in March, 1900, he put in the first spade. The result of three seasons' work has shown this hillock "to contain by far the most varied and extraordinary evidence of a dead civilisation that perhaps has ever been brought to light at one spot in any part of the world":

"Not only could the Knossian builders pile storey upon storey of massive stonework, connected by broad and easy internal stairways, rising flight over flight, for the first time in the history of architecture, but they could drain and sanitize their constructions better than our own medieval builders.

"There are many indications here of a peaceful prosperity and a sumptuousness of civilisation for which one was little prepared in wild Crete in the middle of the second millennium before the Christian era. It is most significant that this great Palace building, with all its wealth in kind suggested by the presence of hundreds of oil and wine jars as high as a man, and with all its wealth in precious material—gold, silver, ivory, crystal—whose existence actual remains, paintings, and the many sunken treasure chests abundantly prove, should have been wholly unfortified. Its great portals, north and south, open straight on to the surrounding country; and the town, clustering round, seems to have had no wall."

The Cretan King, it is inferred, had command not only of his own island, but of the South Ægean. Hence the luxurious peace enjoyed at Knossos, which neither Memphis, Thebes, nor Babylon could ever enjoy:

"Thanks to natural advantages of isolated position and fertility, Crete seems to have taken the lead of all its neighbouring lands in the third millennium B.C., and to have kept it till the cataclysm which everywhere overwhelmed Ægean civilisation about the beginning of the first.

"The acme of Knossian culture seems to fall contemporaneously with the Eighteenth Pharaonic Dynasty—that is, in the sixteenth century, just before that epoch to which the Mycenaean treasure seems chiefly to belong.

"To the art of this Minoan age proper, stimulated by political greatness, and encouraged by profound peace, belongs the great bulk of the wall paintings, the ceil-

ing designs, the friezes, the sculpture in stone and ivory, the gem designs, and the ceramic handiwork illustrated in the exhibition room."

An enormous number of clay tablets have been found at Knossos, inscribed in yet undeciphered characters. The glory of this Ægean chapter in the history of civilisation extended from 2,000 to 1,000 B.C., when it was stamped out by the invader:

"A movement of semi-barbarous peoples from East Europe and West Asia, which has left its mark on Greek tradition as the 'Dorian Invasion,' evidently swept over the civilised lands, invigorating the stock, but eclipsing awhile the culture. But the old artistic race lived on, amalgamating itself with the newcomers, and modifying its conquerors; and after general peace was established once more, idealism revived in the joint issue of the older and newer peoples. The sudden appearance of high art in Hellas in the seventh century was, therefore a Renaissance rather than a miracle of spontaneous generation; and something of the spirit and tradition of Knossian culture inspired the Ionian art of the sixth century and the Attic of the fifth, and contributed to make that Hellenism to which we of Western Europe are the actual heirs."

Gambling at Monte Carlo.

How to Lose Honestly—and Certainly.

There is an admirable article by Sir Hiram Maxim in the "National Review" under the heading of "Play and Players at Monte Carlo." Sir Hiram is one of those rare individuals who have been at Monte Carlo and watched the play without ever staking a franc; and he now sets forth the fruit of his accumulated observations for the benefit of persons who are not as wise as himself. The gist of his paper is that you must lose at Monte Carlo, provided you play long enough; that no system whatever will prevent you losing; that if you play rightly you lose only a small percentage of your stakes.

What Monte Carlo Means.

Firstly, Monte Carlo means a certain unvarying annual profit for itself. The winnings of the bank, in fact, amount to £1,250,000 a year, or £4 15s. a minute per day of twelve hours. As the bank's average commission for raking in A.'s money and handing it over to B. is about one-sixtieth of all the money transferred, it might seem that £75,000,000 was staked at Monte Carlo in a year. But this a fallacy. The actual amount staked every year is not more than £1,400,000. The bank though taking only 1.66 per cent. each time, in the end takes 90 per cent., which is due to the fact that the average player stakes his money fifty-four times. This, says Sir Hiram, he can easily do in an hour and a quarter. The amount of money brought to Monte Carlo and spent in residence, etc., is much greater, being about £10,000,000.

The Results for Monaco.

The Casino alone employs 1,000 people, and building operations, which have been going on for the last twelve years, employ thousands more. There are no rates and taxes in the principality, and for a hundred miles the coast line has been enriched. In Monaco land worth £5 an acre thirty years ago now sells for £2,000 an acre.

Honest Gambling.

Gambling at Monte Carlo is the honestest gambling in the world. You are sure to be swindled in betting

transactions, and risk being sharpened at cards. But at Monte Carlo all you have against you is a small and recognised percentage in favour of the bank; the fairness of the play is above suspicion, and in cases of disputes between two players the bank has been seen to pay twice over rather than have any unpleasantness. It has even been estimated that, considering the number of visitors, suicides at Monte Carlo are fewer than in most other countries. Sir Hiram comments upon the fact that both in England and in France honest gambling, such as roulette and trente-et-quarante, have been suppressed, while dishonest gambling is allowed. Roulette is played at Monte Carlo with one zero on numbers and half a zero on the even chances; while in England gambling on horse races is as unfavourable as roulette would be with from nine to twenty-three zeros, all of which lose.

How to Play and Lose.

There are two kinds of games played at Monte Carlo—roulette and trente-et-quarante. The latter is the rich man's game, the minimum stake being 20 francs, and the maximum 12,000 francs. The percentage in favour of the bank has been estimated at about 1.28 per cent. Roulette is the more popular game, the minimum stake being 5 francs. The outer edge of the roulette wheel is divided into 37 sections—18 red, 18 black, and one zero or neutral in colour. The game is perfectly honest. Playing wisely, the chances are almost equal, the player having 494 chances out of 1,000, and the bank 496 chances. There is nothing, says Sir Hiram, in the world that better demonstrates the truth of the law of probabilities than the small percentage which the bank relies upon. Compared with other forms of gambling, including horse-racing, gambling at Monte Carlo is practically an even chance for both parties. If 100 francs are staked at trente-et-quarante, insured, their value is 99 francs. The comparative value of 100 francs staked in other gambles is shown by the following table:

Table of Values and Percentages on Various Gambling Chances on the Basis of Staking a Plaque (100 Francs).

	Value when Staked Francs.	Bank's Per- centage. Francs.
Even chance—zero suppressed	100.	0.
Trente-et-quarante—insured	99.	1.
Trente-et-quarante—not insured	98.72	1.28
Roulette—six even chances	98.65	1.35
En plein (on one number)	97.30	2.70
On groups of numbers	97.30	2.70
Columns and dozens	97.30	2.70
American roulette—all chances	94.59	5.41
Chinese roulette—all chances	89.19	10.81
Petits Chevaux	88.88	11.12
Horse-racing as advised by experts	68.00	32.00
Horse-racing—straight tips	33.33	66.66

The 100 francs of the man who bets on "straight tips" is therefore worth only one-third of the 100 francs of the man who plays trente-et-quarante.

A Game of Certainty.

Nevertheless, you cannot hope to win in a long campaign against the bank. The percentage against you, though small, works itself out; and "if we examine the play from the bank's standpoint, we shall find that it is never a game of chance, but one of absolute certainty from first to last":

"There are altogether fourteen double tables at Monte Carlo and thousands of places where money

may be staked. The number of players is indeed so great that the fluctuation due to occasional wins on the part of a few players does not in any material degree affect the steady flow of gold into the coffers of the bank."

"Systems."

Everyone has heard of the player with a system. All systems, says Sir Hiram, are modified forms of what is known in France as the "martingale," and in England as "doubles or quits":

"There are many modifications of the 'martingale.' They all consist of some mode of diminishing the rapidity of the progression, and so spin out the game and make it last longer, in order to give the player more play for his money. He generally gets the play, but not the money. All of these modifications, however, only increase the number of coups and the average magnitude of the stakes, and consequently the bank's percentage in a corresponding degree, for we must not lose sight of the fact that the bank's percentage is always multiplied by the total number of coups."

Sir Hiram denies that people go to Monte Carlo to win money; they go there to play. He adds that most books on the subject are absurd, and exposes the ridiculous delusion that because a certain number has turned up consecutively several times, the other number is likely to turn up next time. The truth, as expressed by Professor Richard Proctor, is: "If a penny is pitched into the air twenty times, and comes down twenty times 'head up,' it stands just an even chance of coming down 'head up' on the twenty-first time."

How Professional Gamblers Live.

Sir Hiram admits that a small class of professional gamblers do live at the expense of the bank with a very small capital. But they do not live by staking their own money, but by dexterously moving the stakes of bona-fide players on to another chance, and covering it with their own five-franc pieces. There is really no chance in favour of winning at Monte Carlo, whether with or without a system:

"Suppose that 1,024 players, each with a capital of 512 louis, accepted the invitation and visited his tables and played the 'martingale.' Suppose they only seek to win one louis per day. According to the law of probabilities, there would be an even chance that two of them would lose their capital the first day. I give in the table below the state of affairs as the game progressed, showing the probable number of survivors:

1st day	1,024	players.
2nd	1,022	"
512th	512	"
1,024th	256	"
1,536th	128	"
2,048th	64	"
2,560th	32	"
3,072nd	16	"
3,584th	8	"
4,096th	4	"
4,608th	2	"
5,120th	1	player.

An Enormous Canal.

A writer in the "Magazine of Commerce" tells of the proposed great canal traversing Russia and connecting the Baltic with the Black Sea. This canal would start from Riga and end at Cherson, near the Crimea—a length of 1,607 kilometres. The average

depth would be twenty-six feet. "By keeping to this line some of the most important towns of Central Russia, such as Riga, Dunaberg, Kief, Ekaterinoslav and Cherson, would be served directly, whilst those on the tributaries of the Dnieper and Duna would come within easy reach by the deepening of these tributaries."

The canal would enable Russian men-of-war and large steamers to pass through the heart of Russia, thus strengthening enormously the naval position in the Black Sea. As to the cost of this great undertaking, the writer says that "an American syndicate has declared itself ready to undertake the work and finish it in five years, and at a cost of \$32,500,000. The construction of such a network of canals would constitute Russia the country best served with inland waterways in Europe. They would bring its most distant districts 'near to the sea,' and the enterprise obviously means an important development of the 'world traffic' as well as of the natural riches of the land itself."

Motor Triumphans.

Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., in the "World's Work" for March, indites a paean on "the coming of the motor." As the age of the stage-coach has given place to the age of the railway, so we are now at the beginning of the age of the motor. The motor is no longer a noisy, costly, and unreliable machine. It is silent, it is odourless, it is within the reach of all purses, and is little likely to break down. A first-rate two-seated car by one of the best makers can be bought for £200, or even a little less. It can be worked by any intelligent man or woman. The upkeep of a big car is £116 a year; for a smaller one about £10. The visiting radius of a family with a car of ten or twelve horse-power is comfortably thirty miles, as opposed to a horse radius of twelve—that is, an area of 2,827 square miles as opposed to the 452 square miles. Mr. Norman confidently predicts as a result of the motor the revival of our country districts, of our country houses, and of agriculture and the revolution of the passenger traffic in cities. He also hazards the opinion that the motor will kill the tramway. The railways will suffer and will probably take refuge in State ownership. At last, though late, England now makes some of the best motor-cars.

Roger Pocock contributes to "Pearson's Magazine" an entertaining article on the Grand Canyon of the Colorado—600 miles long, twelve miles wide, and over a mile deep. He thus describes its appearance:

"I sat on the edge at dawn, staring down into blue mist which had no bottom. I could see the other side, though, when presently the rose flush caught the further wall. It looked quite near, two miles perhaps, yet I knew that the other wall was really twelve miles away, as far as the Alexandra from the Crystal Palace. All London and her hundred suburbs might lie between, peopled by five million citizens. The greatest metropolis might get lost down in that space between the Canyon walls. And then through the mist I saw dim shapes of mountains far beneath. They looked like little mounds, but they were bigger than any mountains in Great Britain. Ben Nevis and Snowdon might lie in the shadow of these walls. The greatest building ever raised by man would make a little speck upon that rock tower, mighty Niagara might lurk in yonder crack; but even then I could not see to the bottom."

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

The National Review.

The "National Review" for March—apart from its politics, which seem to get more hopeless every month—is an excellent number, and contains three or four article of first-rate interest. We have noticed elsewhere the paper on "The Kaisers," the paper on Macedonian Reform, Sir Hiram Maxim's "Play and Players at Monte Carlo," and the anonymous paper entitled "A Final Irish Land Measure." There is therefore very little left to be dealt with in this section.

Against the Sugar Convention.

One of the best of the other papers is Mr. R. J. Boyd's scathing exposure of the Sugar Convention. Mr. Boyd is managing director of the great firm of James Keiller & Co., but he writes from the general public point of view. He lays stress upon the fact that the West Indian sugar industry has failed quite apart from the damage inflicted upon it by the Continental bounties:

"Sugar still comes to this country from the West Indies in small quantities, it is true, largely because it is in such a very different state to the Continental product. No two West Indian parcels are alike. There is no standard whatever, and every parcel has to be landed and sold by auction. In addition to this, it loses a large amount of weight through drainage, and reaches its ultimate end in a very different condition to that produced by the enterprising German. Small wonder, then, that the West Indian has been unable to compete in this market. It must also be remembered that in importing raw sugar to this country from the West Indies, freight and charges have to be paid on a large proportion of waste material, which must be eliminated in the process of refining, and, with freight at 25s. per ton, as against 5s. from Germany and France, it is little wonder that the business is unprofitable."

If the beet sugar industry of Europe were curtailed, its place would be taken, not by sugar from the West Indies, but from the Cuban producer and the American sugar-refiner. Another point raised by Mr. Boyd is that it will be quite impossible to ascertain whether imported confectionery and other goods are made from the bounty-fed article or not.

Radical Oxford.

"The Lament of an Oxford Tory," the Hon. Edward Cadogan to wit, is caused by the successful onslaught which Radicalism and allied movements have made upon that old centre of reaction. Mr. Cadogan is simply horrified by the decline of Toryism indicated by the following revolutionary changes:

"In Oxford the Opposition leaders are indeed working with a will. The walls of the University common rooms and public meeting places are continually echoing to the forcible and vociferous denunciations of Mr. Lloyd-George, the graceful epigram and seductive persuasion of Lord Rosebery, the overpowering eloquence of Mr. John Morley and the volubility of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. At one time some of our colleges even fostered the opinions of the so-called Pro-

Boers until the ubiquitous generals asked these individuals for something more substantial than their sympathy. Certain of our College Fellows rushed into print in a manner which startled the stagnant feelings of their more reserved and more pedantic brethren. One of the first indignation meetings against the Government Education Bill took place in Oxford, and there are perhaps few places in England where this measure has met with so much hysterical animosity. The 'Imperial idea,' so far from being a term to conjure with, is in Oxford dismissed with the sneer of contempt. Even the question of Home Rule is countenanced as a question thoroughly worthy of consideration, if not of approval. In fact, when it is said that all sections of the Opposition find their admirers and followers in the University, even the Irish Nationalist party must not be excluded from the category."

There is not a single Conservative Club in Oxford which is supported either by great numbers or by any enthusiasm; and the Union Society discusses problems which savour of Hyde Park Socialism.

The Nineteenth Century.

The "Nineteenth Century" for March is a good number. We quote from the article by Sir John Gorst elsewhere.

Professor Vambery to the Rescue.

Professor Vambery, of Buda Pesth, is one of the most interesting men in Europe. Learned, travelled, articulate in a score of languages, he writes and speaks English like a native. But the note is always that of a Magyar whose Russophobia colours and distorts everything. A sincere lover of England, he has always, in season and out of season, endeavoured—"being moved thereto by the devil"—to fill the English mind with hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness towards Russia. Mr. Knowles has given him ample space and verge enough in the March number to discourse in thirty-five pages upon the agitation against England's power. It all resolves itself into the old cry of "'Ware the Russian Bear!" But towards the end of his article Professor Vambery betakes himself to the less objectionable task of urging the English, whom he loves so well, to bestir themselves. He tells us plainly the English manufacturers "take things far too easily, and, trusting too much to their own supremacy, many an advantage has been lost; the pupils have outstripped their master, and anger and envy are of little avail now. Nothing but an energetic pulling of oneself together, a thorough clearance of all the old system of education, can render assistance here."

The Average Hindu in a New Light.

In an article bearing the altogether misleading title of "Reincarnation," a Brahmin, Marayan Harisandra, describes the Hindu from an altogether new point of view. The ways of a Hindu, he says, are as clear as a crystal book. His motives of conduct can always be known to a certainty, and his rules of conduct are as clearly defined as the laws of gravitation. His entire conduct depends on his belief in the reincar-

nation and his doctrine of Karma, which is equivalent to the Christian doctrine "As thou hast sown so shalt thou reap." There is very little basic difference between the principles of Brahminism and Christianity:

"But what is the average Hindu in his dealings with his neighbour? Even this: an ideal 'Christian,' save in one thing—where the interests of his loved ones are at stake. Then the saintliest Hindu becomes a sinner. He would see the whole world go to ruin, if thereby he could bring happiness to his loved one—be it parent or child, wife or mistress. From his earliest childhood the Hindu is taught one practical virtue: to love his own people. Reverence for parents, love for brothers and sisters, constitute his chief moral training in his youth; from that, the love for wife and child follows in the course of nature. It becomes the keynote of his external conduct."

Other Articles.

Sir Robert Anderson pleads more passionately than before for the imprisonment for life of all professional criminals; Mr. W. F. Lord dissertates upon the Brontë novels; Mr. L. Douglas discourses on the Real Cimabue; Mr. I. C. Medd gives us a well-informed fact-and-figure-crammed paper upon Agricultural Education in Holland. The Dutch spend twice as much per head on this as the English. The paper should be noted by all interested in English agriculture.

The New Liberal Review.

The first article in order and importance in the "New Liberal Review" is one by Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., on Ireland to-day. He remarks on the peace that is now prevalent in consequence of the Conference between landlord and tenant, but expresses the very strongest apprehension that the Government will spoil the unexampled opportunity by refusing to grant the terms agreed upon. Ministers, he thinks, are in danger of spoiling the ship for a ha'porth of tar. He reminds them that the moment the State grant disappears the Conference report ceases to have binding force upon anyone, and the prospect of a settlement vanishes.

The Hague Tribunal.

Mr. Charles Fox laments the foolish and supercilious way in which the British Government has endeavoured to ignore the Hague Tribunal. There has been a general and sullen conspiracy among the monarchs of Europe and the Chanceries to allow the functions of the Hague Tribunal to lapse by neglect. In the case of Venezuela, England ought, in accordance with the Hague agreement, to have invoked the offices of a friendly Power, obviously the United States. Instead, she delivered herself over, tied and bound, to that worst foe of arbitration, Germany. The writer remarks on the firm and consistent advocacy of the Hague Tribunal by America and France.

The Cockneyisation of England.

This is the title of a very able paper by Mr. H. A. Spurr. It is full of smart epigrams. "It seems to be a law of nature that when two or three are gathered together, one, at least, begins to show off." The Cockney "is filled with the belief that to hurry is God's chief mandate to the good citizen." Next to hurry, the Cockney loves noise. There is more than

smartness in this saying: "Civilisation may be defined as the practice of acquiring luxuries and dispensing with necessities." He laments that provincialism dwindles, and the town is more and more. He insists on the need of children spending a year or two in the country, to be spared "the cityfying process," which sharpens the wit, but hardens the heart.

Other Articles.

It is significant of much that a political review feels it necessary to give the second place to a conservative criticism of Professor Van Manen's theory of the Pauline Epistles. The writer, the Rev. J. O. F. Murray, welcomes the theory as the reductio ad impossibile of naturalism. Mr. R. P. C. Johnson laments the waste of time at the Law Courts. In the King's Bench Division last October, there were arrears amounting to 873 cases. He suggests additional judges for the Court of Appeal and the amendment of the circuit system. Mr. W. M. G. Williams calls attention to the alarming increase in our expenditure, and urges the appointment of a Committee on Estimates, which could overhaul accounts in a way impossible to the House of Commons as a whole. Mr. F. C. Benfield, late American Consul, gives a lively account of Venezuelan vicissitudes.

The Fortnightly Review.

The "Fortnightly" for March is a good average number. We have noticed elsewhere Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace's interesting speculations on "Man's Place in the Universe," Mr. Wells' instalment of "Mankind in the Making," Mr. J. G. Alger's "Thirty Years in Paris," and Mr. Eltzbacher's latest contribution to the anti-German campaign.

A New Trans-Canadian Railway.

Colonel G. E. Church has an important paper on "Canada and Its Trade Routes," in which he pleads for a new Canadian Pacific Railway to run at a distance of from 200 to 400 miles of the present line. Colonel Church lays great stress on Canada's agricultural future, and upon the inadequacy of the present transport system. The production of wheat per acre is already in Canada double that of the United States; and in the North-West Territories there are 205,000,000 acres of arable land of which not more than 900,000 are at present under cultivation. But geographical conditions have forced all Canada's railways to run south of Lake Winnipeg; and, strategically, her railways are in close touch with the United States frontier. It is therefore proposed to build a new trans-continental railway, which would cross the country to the north of Lake Winnipeg. The line would take an almost direct course from Quebec to the northern end of Lake Winnipeg, reaching the Pacific coast at Port Simpson. It would be 2,839 miles long, or from 250 miles to 550 miles shorter than any existing Pacific railway. The line would also have the advantage of crossing the mountains at an elevation above sea-level one-half that of any other Pacific railway north of Mexico.

The Truth About Chinese Labour.

Sir Hiram Maxim, in his paper on "The Chinese and the South African Labour Question," appears in a new role as humourist:

"The American working-men of the imported variety are fair-minded and noble fellows, and believe in

giving everyone a fair chance, not even excepting the **heathen Chinese**. They sought out these misguided Chinamen and attempted to reason with them. They pointed out the error of their ways, and did all they could to reform and civilise the poor heathen, and to impress upon him the principles and practices of the **white workers**, but all to no purpose; the misguided heathen still worked on like a machine; he would not even slow up. Then, again, the Chinese were not satisfied with doing twice as much as they should on week days. Many of them, who were profitably employed six days in the week, acquired small plots of land, which they cultivated on nights and on Sundays, and no matter how poor the land might be, they made it produce amazing crops. It was like magic; they got about ten times as much out of the land as ever had been done before. This magic system of market gardening did not appear a square deal to the white workers—it gave the Chinese a great advantage over the local gardener, which was very exasperating. Mobs were organised, and many of the little heathen farms were destroyed. But there seemed to be no end to the iniquity of these degraded heathens, for no sooner did they find their plants destroyed, than they went fishing on Sundays, and managed to catch as many fish in one day as the local fishermen could catch in a week. It sometimes occurred that a white man had trouble with his imported white servants, and cases are known where four have been discharged from a single household, and one Chinaman hired in their place, who at once became cook, chambermaid, butler, and gardener, besides doing the family washing, and even then he complained of ennui, as he had not sufficient work to keep him going—poor fellow! As San Francisco increased in wealth and population, there arose a demand for ‘biled shirts’; then it was found that the Chinaman was the best ‘washerwoman’ in the world; another nail in his coffin. The fact is, there appeared to be no end or limit to the ‘cussedness’ of this benighted heathen. He could work at any trade, do anything, and do it well. The professional labour agitator and the walking delegate employed interpreters, and did all they could to make the heathen see the error of his ways, but still to no purpose; he persisted in his evil ways, and refused to reform. Then the eight-hour movement came, and the white men attempted to get the heathen to join them in an effort to get an eight-hour day. The reply they got was: ‘We already got him; we got him two times, top side now. We workee, workee eight hours, two times one day; bery good pigeon, much money, top side now.’ The poor, misguided heathen was satisfied with an eight-hour day that called for eight hours in the forenoon and eight hours in the afternoon.”

His article is written in this strain right through. If Chinese are imported into South Africa, he says, it is absurd to suppose they can be kept in a state of slavery. One result would probably be that the output of the rich mines would be enormously increased, and that the Chinaman would begin to work the poor mines at a profit, increasing the output of gold until the metal became so abundant that we should be glad to accept Mr. Bryan’s 16 to 1 standard.

The Rand Bewarplaatsen.

Mr. A. Cooper Key attempts to estimate the value of these interests. They have been variously estimated at values of £44,000,000 and £75,000,000. Mr. Key goes into details, and finds the value a paltry £2,320,180, and this he regards as the outside value. Estimates of £40,000,000 and so forth were presumably

arrived at by multiplying the total number of claims in question by some assumed average of a Rand mining claim.

“As equitably might one value London from Woolwich to Richmond on the basis of Oxford Street, the leading thoroughfares of the City, and the squares of Belgravia.”

Other Articles.

Mr. R. S. Rait writes on “The Tercentenary of the Annexation of England,” the “annexation” being the coming of James VI. of Scotland and I. of England. There is a literary supplement of fifty pages, devoted to a play by Mr. W. Somerset Maugham.

The Contemporary Review.

With the exception of Dr. E. J. Dillon’s paper on “The Reign of Terror in Macedonia,” there is nothing in the March “Contemporary Review” calling for special note. We have quoted briefly elsewhere from Mr. H. W. Nevinston’s article, “The Chance in Ireland,” and Mr. W. R. Lawson’s article on the waking up of British railways deserves more than passing notice.

The Effect of Science on Religion.

Archdeacon Wilson contributes a paper on “The Influence of Scientific Training on the Reception of Religious Truth,” from which we quote the following passage:

“Now, the most permanent, and perhaps the most important, effect of scientific training is to compel the ultimate adoption in theology of some scientific method of investigation, and to force us to find some firm ground in experience, and in the nature of things, for those beliefs which have been common to the whole human race, and form the foundation of religion. The effect is, in a word, to compel the treatment of theology as a science; and, so far as the method is applicable, as an inductive science. None of us can as yet see all that is implied in this. But this at any rate can be seen: that the effect is to compel us to assume the reality of the phenomena with which religious experience is concerned, and to make them the foundation of faith. The prevalence of scientific method demands serious attention to the science of theology, as one dealing with facts of the highest importance; and submits to verification every stage of the inductions of that science. The ultimate result is to include religion in the realm of universal law.”

Labour and Trades-Unionism.

Mr. Haldane, M.P., reprints an address on “The Labourer and the Law,” which he read some weeks ago to a working-class audience. In discussing the question of the monetary liability of trades unions for the acts of their agents, he says that the only way to keep the benefit funds free from liability would be to separate the benefit organisation from the union organisation. Mr. Haldane recommends that the obscurity of the present law should be cleared up in the following manner:

“The appointment of a small commission of experts to report upon the state of the law, and to say what it is, how it can be expressed, and what it ought to be. Such a commission should be small, and, above all, should not be representative of special points of view. It ought to be of a judicial or scientific character. A distinguished judge who has not manifested any par-

ticular tendencies in regard to labour questions in the course of his judgments, might easily be found to pre-
side over it. He might be assisted by another lawyer of eminence, selected in the same fashion. For the third member of the commission, and I think three would be the best number to constitute it, I should like to see chosen some distinguished man—and there are several alive—who has had experience, in high administrative office, of the working out of Trade Union questions. Such a commission would frame a report, which, of course, would not be conclusive, as to the remedy. But the conclusions to that report should be embodied in a Bill and submitted for the consideration of Parliament by the Government of the day."

Russian Liberalism and the Government.

Mr. Felix Volkhovsky, in a paper entitled "The Revival of Russian Liberalism," gives a very interesting account of the open revolt caused among the members of the local governments owing to the policy adopted by the Government in regard to the committees recently appointed to inquire into the needs of Russian Agriculture. The zemstvos which were excluded from the deliberations of these committees protested, and in one case held a counter-meeting in Moscow, whereupon several of the members were summoned to St. Petersburg to receive a reprimand from the Tsar. Others lost their posts, were threatened with exile, or sent to live on their estates. Little petitions of rights were drawn up in several provinces, the parties responsible refusing to withdraw them. The Karkoff Zemstvo succeeded in passing a resolution that a complaint should be lodged in the Senate against the unjust strictures of the local governor and they defeated the governor when he threatened to close their session if they did not revoke the resolution. In general the Liberals seem to have scored heavily.

Other Articles.

There is another paper by "Voces Catholicæ," this time entitled "The Abbe Loisy and the Catholic Reform Movement." Madame Duclaux contributes one of her charming French sketches. The Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco contributes a paper entitled "The Modern Pastoral in Italy."

The Westminster Review.

The March number opens with one of those interesting reminiscent articles in the writing of which Karl Blind excels. Karl Blind, although a cosmopolitan, is a German in bone and sinew, and he is "toujours en vedette" when the question of Alsace is touched upon. Mr. Franklin Thomassen, in a solid but vigorous paper on the Housing Question in 1903, maintains against all comers his favourite thesis that nothing can be done to free us from slum piggeries for human beings until the Land Question is radically dealt with. It is curious to note the genesis of a fixed idea. Mr. Thomassen tells us:

"When first I went to Kindergarten school at the age of four. 'What is the first requisite for building a house?' Up went my hand at once. 'Well, what?' asked the teacher. 'Bricks,' said I. 'No,' was the reply, 'land.' I had not thought of that."

He has thought of little else ever since. There is an interesting paper on the improvement of the physique of the English schoolboy in the last twenty years:

"A boy of thirteen at Marlborough College to-day weighs, on an average, 5½ lb. more than a boy of the same age weighed there in 1874, and he is also two inches taller. Boys of thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen at Rugby School to-day are, as at Marlborough, both taller and heavier than they were twenty-two years ago, while boys of seventeen average nine-tenths of an inch taller, but are 1 lb. less in weight. A Rugby boy of sixteen who goes in for gymnastics at the present day is 5 ft. 7 in. tall, and weighs 8 st. 13.7 lb., while a Marlborough boy of the same age is 5 ft. 6.2 in. tall, and weighs 9 st. 3.7 lb. Thus the Marlborough boy of sixteen is four-fifths of an inch shorter, but weighs 4 lb. more than his confrere at Rugby."

There is a useful paper on the Metropolitan police. In 1900 the police had 957,000 more people to look after than they had in 1890, and only 122 more men have been added to the force. "Since 1890, no less than 202,127 new houses have been built; 2,643 new streets and seven new squares have been formed, and the length of these new streets and squares is 531 miles." But for the policing of this vast new city only 122 constables have been added to the resources of Scotland Yard. The most startling paper in this number is that of Dr. McDermott, who maintains that late marriages are the chief causes of the increase of insanity which is so much to be deplored in Ireland. He says:

"Put in the simplest terms, the mass of predisposition to insanity is due to the fact that 85 per cent. of those under thirty are childless, while under no provision for fitness in marriage all restraint disappears."

He denies that late marriages in Ireland result in vice. The men are chaste till they marry, and then begot lunatics:

"In Ireland (1891), in every hundred males between twenty and twenty-five there were ninety unmarried; between twenty-five and thirty the number was seventy-five."

This is diametrically opposed to the ordinary English notion of Irish customs in the matter of matrimony.

The World's Work.

The "World's Work" for March is full of interesting matter. Mr. Norman's prophecies concerning the motor are noticed elsewhere. Major Evans-Gordon, M.P., gives photographic sketches of our aliens at home in their native districts of Western Russia. Major Hume writes optimistically concerning the resurrection of Spanish trade. The dealings of Spain with Great Britain are increasing, while those with France are dwindling. The cotton and paper trades are especially prosperous. He urges that "out of Spain's disasters has arisen an unanticipated good; and that the country is entering once more into a life of enterprise, activity, and industrial prosperity." Mr. M. D. Chalmers deals with the state of the Statute Book, which now fills 22,000 pages; 1,800 judicial decisions form the judge-made law in connection with the Licensing Acts. He contrasts the happy condition of the Frenchman, whose law is in three tiny volumes. Germany has a Civil Code which goes into a single handy volume. Mr. H. A. Humphrey describes a new fuel gas for manufacture and agriculture, which he thinks may solve the smoke problem in cities, and supply cheaper heat and cleanly streets. Glasgow is the city chosen for description. Mr. A. Maurice Low contributes a eulogy of Senator Hanna, who he thinks may be President.

Track athletics are illustrated with strange and grotesque instantaneous photographs of athletes in action.

The Monthly Review.

The "Monthly Review" for March is a good number. We have noticed among the leading articles Mr. W. B. Duffield's paper on "German Policy in South America." The series of articles by Austro-Hungarians on the future of their empire is continued this month.

Count Banffy's Views.

Count Banffy agrees with last month's contributors that there is not the slightest foundation for the belief that the dismemberment of the Empire is probable. Both Austria and Hungary are aware that, failing the common bond which ensures them twofold independence, neither could survive except through the hardest of struggles. He refuses to take the Pan-German party seriously, and cannot imagine the realisation of its ideas at any distance of time. Dr. Ritter von Starzynski, leader of the Polish Conservative Party, urges that what is required is the reconstruction of the State on its natural basis, that is, provincial autonomy and equality of national rights; and the restriction of business transacted in the Reichsrath to the legislative labours common to all provinces.

"The Restoration of Oxford."

The Rev. James H. F. Peile has an elaborate article under this heading, in which he makes some suggestions which will probably be regarded as revolutionary in University quarters. He points out that the age at which boys go to college has risen steadily; with the result that the modern undergraduate is too old for the rules and restrictions of a school; while on the other hand duty and responsibility are not yet presented to him in the convincing form they wear in actual life. He proposes that:

"(1) Boys should go to the public schools at eleven or twelve at the latest, and proceed to the University at about sixteen. The age limit for open scholarships should be fixed at sixteen instead of nineteen.

"(2) There should be a three years' course with residence (Honour and Pass as at present) for the Bachelor of Arts degree. The curriculum would have to be modified somewhat to suit the young students, but not, I think, as much as might be supposed. Able boys are quite fit at sixteen to read Classics and History, and certainly Science, on an intelligent and comprehensive system; and any attempt to lower the pass standard would land the explorer at once on the bed-rock.

"(3) There should be a further three years' course for the Degrees of Master of Arts and Bachelor of Divinity, Law, Medicine, Science, and Letters. This course would be confined to those who in the earlier course had shown themselves capable of serious study, not all those or only those who had been placed in the first class in any examination. The second Degree would be given (not necessarily by examination) on work done by the student, and selected within wide limits by himself, especial importance being attached to original work in any branch."

The majority of men would pass out of the University into active life at nineteen instead of at twenty-two or twenty-three.

Mr. Bull and Mr. Balfour.

This month's stock of satirical verse is devoted to a dialogue entitled "The Stock Exchange," between John Bull and his Prime Minister. Mr. Bull protests against the indolent gambling spirit of the age; and Mr. Balfour retorts that it is not the business of the legislator to guard public morals.

Other Articles.

General Brabant replies to that part of De Wet's book which deals with the siege of Wepener. Mr. Andrew Lang reviews Mr. Myers' "Human Personality." Mr. Sidney Colvin writes an article on Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale," and reproduces in facsimile for the first time the manuscript of the famous poem, which, it appears, recently passed into the hands of the Earl of Crewe. The changes subsequently made by Keats in the original draft are few, but all are distinct improvements.

Blackwood's Magazine.

"Blackwood's Magazine" opens with a retrospect of the Delhi Durbar, the writer of which tries to explain the remarkable fact that, from first to last, there was an entire absence of enthusiasm. There is a very touching war story, apparently written by "Linesman," entitled "Cedric." Charles Hanbury Williams writes a delightful travel paper describing Vancouver and Victoria. He concludes his sketch by declaring "there may be lovelier cities than Victoria in the world, but it has never been my luck to see them." Mr. Wyon's Montenegrin Sketches is another capital description of unfamiliar ground and primitive people. The article on "The Needs of Oxford" is also worth reading.

Page's Magazine.

The March number contains several interesting articles.

Slow versus Rapid Vessels.

Dr. B. W. Ginsburg writes upon the present position of British shipping. Commenting upon the supremacy of Germany as regards speed, he says:

"It is not altogether difficult to see why shipowners prefer the slower vessels. In the first place they cost much less to build. The 'Ivernia,' for example, would not cost half as much as the 'Kaiser Wilhelm der Zweite.' She has accommodation for a good number of passengers of all classes, but owing to the more popular rates which she can charge, and to the large numbers she can take, she will all the year round get a remunerative list.

"The 'Deutschland's' experience has shown that from November to April it is not worth while to put to sea. The 'Ivernia' again carries a great cargo—probably some 10,000 tons—besides her passengers, whilst a fast mail boat can only find room for her coal, her mails, and a few hundred tons of measurement goods."

The article points out how much foreign Governments do for their shipowners, and how little the British Government does.

The Future Express.

Mr. H. C. Fyfe contributes an article upon express passenger travelling in the future. He says that very

high speeds on present day railways appear to be unattainable for two reasons. One is the unsuitability of the two-rail track for great speeds, and the other is the "mixture of speeds." Mr. Fyfe then describes the mono-rail (Behr) system and the suspended railway system. The former has been used for some twelve years between Listowel and Ballybunion in Ireland, and the Manchester and Liverpool mono-rail line will shortly be opened. The speed is to be 110 miles an hour, and the journey will be performed in twenty instead of forty minutes. If this railway proves a success many more may be built; and certainly the prospect is alluring, for Londoners would reach Brighton in twenty-five minutes, Birmingham in an hour, Edinburgh in 3½ hours, and Holyhead in 2¼ hours! The suspended system is used between Barmen and Elberfeld in Germany. No great speeds have been attained, but there appears no reason to doubt that they could be reached. The chief advantage of the system, however, is that the track can be slung up over streets, rivers, canals and railway lines well out of the way of all ground traffic.

Torpedoes.

The modern torpedo is dealt with by Mr. Gustave Hubert. The article is illustrated by a series of very fine photographs. There is always a fascination about these, uncanny death-dealing instruments, and Mr. Hubert's minute description of how they are made and how fired makes interesting reading. It will, however, surprise most people to hear that a torpedo is dependable and likely to hit the object aimed at:

"Thanks to the hydrostatic valve, the pendulum, and the gyroscope, the Whitehead torpedo is almost certain to hit the object at which it is aimed. In peace manoeuvres the Whitehead has often been run absolutely dead straight, with no divergence either up or down, or from right to left, to a distance of 2,000 yards. In 1898 the range of the Whitehead was officially placed at 800 yards, so the value of the gyroscope is quite evident. By means of the gyroscope the torpedo can be made to turn to any given angle from the direction of discharge, and then run in a straight line."

The Engineering Magazine.

The March number contains several interesting articles. Mr. Emerson's article dealing with the American overland transport to the Orient is noticed at some length elsewhere.

Modern Dredges.

Mr. Robinson contributes an informing article upon excavating and dredging machinery. The paper is illustrated with fine photographs of different dredges at work:

"In ten years the paying load carried by a representative ocean cargo steamer, and by a representative freight train, has about doubled, and a similar rate of increase is observed in the capacity of dredges and steam shovels. It is safe to say that this growth will continue, limited only by the conditions of each case. The limiting condition in the size of steamships is only in the capacity of harbours and channels and the means of supplying and transshipping cargo. The limits to the size of a dredge are only in the magnitude of the work it may have to do to ensure that it shall be profitably employed for a sufficient length of time, and also in the facilities for disposing conveniently of the material dredged."

Almost Human.

After describing many dredges for various purposes, Mr. Robinson gives the following account of the dipper dredge:

"The home of the dipper dredge is on the Great Lakes. There it flourished, and in the smaller sizes and in non-tidal fresh water at 20 ft. depth was marvellously efficient. A good wooden dredge of ten years ago which cost, say, \$30,000, would do 1,500 or 2,000 cubic yards per ten hours with a crew of six men on three tons of coal. It could lift its spuds, move up, and reset again in ninety seconds. It stands alone like a table on its legs, with no moorings to obstruct navigation. By means of its dipper on the bottom it can move itself about crab-fashion in any direction, and by the same means can push the barges about which it is loading. It can manoeuvre itself in any direction, load scows, dig foundations, pull piles, lay concrete blocks, deposit back filling, lift boulders, raise wrecks, dredge hard or soft material, and do nearly everything but vote. Its great simplicity made it light in repairs. With tools like these, and suitable for their work, the marvel is not that American contractors do not use the big and costly European ladder dredges, but that these useful American tools do not find a wider recognition in Europe and abroad."

The British Naval Engineer.

The vexed question of the position and rank of the engineer officers in the navy has been the cause of Lord Selborne's new scheme. Discussion has been raging over it ever since it appeared, and Mr. Charles M. Johnson adds a further contribution to the literature on the subject. This article is, however, more a review of the controversy to date than an expression of his own opinion. The engineer officer of the future will have executive rank and authority, so that he will be able to give an order to any man in the ship without the possibility of its being disobeyed or even questioned. Whether the engineer officer of the future will be as good an engineer as his predecessor is a question time and experience alone can solve.

Other Articles.

The remaining articles are more technical. Mr. Buchanan continues his papers upon Foundry Management. Mr. A. Williams, jun., gives another paper upon the Management of Metalliferous Mines, and Mr. Wm. Magrutor writes upon cost-finding methods for moderate-sized shops.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

The "Pall Mall Magazine" contains an article by Mr. Robert Machray entitled "The Prime Minister at Whittingehame," which is noticed at length elsewhere. There are a number of other articles of interest. Lady Randolph Churchill writes on "The American Woman in Europe." She says that their success is greatly due to the wonderful adaptability which they display without at the same time losing their individuality. American girls are much better read than English girls, while on the whole the American woman is perhaps the best dressed in the world. Mr. Frederick Moore writes on "President Roosevelt, the Man of Duty." His article is admirably illustrated with photographs of the President on his tours. Mr. Moore mentions that President Roosevelt and his wife do not attend the same church, the President attending a little Dutch Reformed Church in an alley off Fifteenth Street.

while his wife is a member of what is known in Washington as "the English Church." Mr. Frederic Less contributes an illustrated paper on "Paul Cesar Hellen, Etcher and Pastellist." The chapter of Literary Geography deals with George Eliot's country, and is contributed by Mr. William Sharp.

The North American Review.

The "North American Review" is by no means keeping up to the level it maintained during the last two years. The February number contains no single article of first-rate interest, unless it be Mark Twain's continued strictures on Christian Science. We notice elsewhere Mr. Sydney Brooks' paper on "The King of Italy," and Mr. Charles Johnston's article on "Macedonia's Struggle for Liberty." There is hardly anything else in the number which needs quotation. Justice W. J. Gaynor continues his attack on Police Lawlessness, and Mr. Howard Gans replies to Mr. Gaynor's former article.

The Origin of the Monroe Doctrine.

Mr. W. L. Scruggs writes on this subject. He deals with the origin of the Doctrine, chiefly from the point of view of showing how little Canning had to do with it. Canning opposed the particular schemes of the Holy Alliance, but there and then his Monroeism ended:

"Thus disappears the historical fiction that Mr. Canning 'inspired,' if he did not originate, the Monroe Doctrine. So far from that, he distinctly disapproved of it, except in so far as it related specifically to the designs of the Holy Alliance. He was ready to take steps to prevent the Allied Powers from interfering on behalf of Spain in her contest with her revolted American colonies, and he was equally anxious to prevent the partitioning of those colonies among those Powers. But he was not willing to go the length of recognising the independence of the new republics; nor was he willing to concede the main point in Mr. Adams' note—namely, that the American continents were thenceforth to be considered closed to European colonisation. On the contrary, he held distinctly, as his biographer tells us, that 'the United States had no right to take umbrage at the establishment of new colonies from Europe on any unoccupied parts of the American continent.'"

The Industrial Crisis in the Philippines.

Mr. Brewster Cameron writes on this subject. His suggestions are: First, a stable currency; secondly, a further reduction of the Dingley tariff; thirdly, the amendment of the Philippine Act of Congress in certain particulars. He says that the Philippine Government has already lost over \$1,000,000 directly from fluctuations in the Mexican dollar. One of the laws which Mr. Cameron protests against is that limiting the ownership of land by corporations to 2,500 acres. A 2,500 acre plantation, he says, will not furnish enough cane to operate economically a modern sugar-milling plant, and this provision has prevented the legitimate development of the islands.

Other Articles.

Dr. Washington Gladden writes on the late Phillips Brooks. Mr. T. F. Ryan, writing on "The Political Opportunity of the South," protests against Federal interference with State rights. Professor Brander Matthews writes on "The Art of the Dramatist."

The Atlantic Monthly.

In the March "Atlantic," President Arthur T. Hadley continues his discussion, begun last month, of "Academic Freedom in Theory and in Practice." So far from accepting the view that higher education must be controlled by the State in order to secure freedom of teaching, President Hadley holds that "the tendency to jeopardise the freedom of the teacher is probably more conspicuous among State Universities than among endowed ones." It is conceded that the placing of the administration of the University in the hands of an independent board, as is done in many States, is a far better method than more direct control by Governor or Legislature; but, says President Hadley, "if the board is really independent, you have put the possibility of control as fully out of your hands as if it were a private corporation; and if you have not made it thus independent, you have the pretence of freedom without the reality."

A World-Legislature.

The occasions for international conferences on various matters have been so frequent of late that Mr. Raymond L. Bridgman is able to make an argument of no little force and plausibility in favour of a world-legislature. He maintains that, as a matter of self-interest, the nations must soon have a permanent legislative body as a means of establishing regulations for the benefit of all. World-legislation has already occurred repeatedly, although no world-legislature has been organised. Special meetings have been held for special purposes. The only instance of absolute world-legislation thus far is that of the International Postal Union. The establishment of the Hague Court of Arbitration may also be regarded as an act of world-legislation, so far as the signatory nations were concerned. Mr. Bridgman's proposition involves the organisation of a permanent system for dealing with all such international problems as now require the convening of separate bodies of delegates.

Other Articles.

Captain Mahan contributes a broadly philosophical paper on "The Writing of History," and an excellent resume of recent nature books is given by Mr. John Burroughs, under the title, "Real and Sham Natural History." The story of "Santa Teresa" is charmingly retold by Annie Fields.

Lippincott's Magazine.

Eben E. Rexford contributes to "Lippincott's" for March, which is largely a fiction number, a brief, practical article on "Rural and Village Improvement Societies," his object being to show some of the benefits brought about by local-improvement societies and the means by which they can be realised. "Individual effort," he says, "is the great factor of success in an undertaking of this kind. Improvement, like charity, should begin at home before it undertakes the broader work of the community." He advocates the planting of American trees and shrubs on the village lots, gives the preference to hardy plants for decorating the home grounds, and lays especial stress on the lawn.

A pleasant peep into the Idler Club, as conducted by Jerome K. Jerome, is given by his assistant editor, Mr. G. B. Burgin, in the March number of the "Young Woman."

The Century.

The subject of European immigration to the United States is discussed in a group of three articles. The picturesque phases of the matter are treated in a characteristic sketch by Jacob A. Riis, entitled "In the Gateway of Nations." Mr. Riis graphically describes the experiences of the immigrant as he lands at Ellis Island and is put through the various formalities preliminary to admission as a prospective citizen of the great republic.

M. Gustav Michaud analyses the complex question of races with a view to determining some of the features of the coming American type. Professor Franklin Giddings, commenting on the statistics brought out by Mr. Michaud, reminds us that the English people, at the time when the early settlements were made in America, was itself the product of a racial admixture quite as startling as that which is foretold with regard to the United States, and which, in fact, we are now witnessing.

Why Capital Should "Organise."

Apropos of recent issues between labour and capital, Mr. Herman Justi raises the question whether there is not at the present time, after all, greater need of an organisation on capital's side than on labour's. He makes a sharp distinction between organised labour and consolidated capital. This distinction clearly appears whenever there is a conflict between unorganised capital and organised labour; that is to say, capital may have been consolidated without any system having been created which ensures the united action of the capitalists in a time of conflict with their labourers. The recent anthracite strike, for example, showed the owners of the mines to be really at war with one another on various points, while the miners' union presented a united front.

Other Articles.

Professor William H. Pickering states what has been done during the past fifteen years by way of securing sites for American observatories in localities where the atmosphere is "steady." By steadiness of the atmosphere Professor Pickering means the absence of wavering, such as is indicated by the shimmer in the air seen in looking at an object across a hot stove, or along a railroad track on a hot summer day. Sites of this character have been secured in Jamaica, Peru, and in a few localities in the United States, such as the top of Pike's Peak, and Flagstaff, Arizona.

Mr. George Buchanan Fife tells the wonderful story of the American Tobacco Trust.

Professor Justin H. Smith, in his series of articles on "The Prologue of the American Revolution," gives a detailed account of Montgomery's struggle for Quebec, with numerous illustrations.

Mr. Will Paine contributes an interesting description of the Chicago Board of Trade, which he insists is really a national institution as a "clearing-house of opinion."

Harper's Magazine.

The March "Harper's" is almost entirely devoted to fiction and other contributions of an æsthetic nature. Exceptions are the second instalment of Mr. Thomas A. Janvier's "Dutch Founding of New York," "Recent Discoveries in the Forum," by G. Boni, and "Our American Tyrol," a pleasant description of the Vermont

and New Hampshire mountain regions and their homely types. The number opens with Mr. Edwin A. Abbey's illustrations for "Richard II.," printed in a "Critical Comment" by no less than Algernon Charles Swinburne. The poet dares to say just what is good and bad in this first historic play of the young Shakespeare, and considers the play's greatest interest to be in "the obvious evidence which it gives of the struggle between the worse and better genius of its author." Mr. Swinburne thinks that this first essay of Shakespeare's into historical drama shows even more imperfections than "Romeo and Juliet," the first tragedy.

This number of "Harper's" is rich in fiction and imaginative illustration. Besides the chapter in Mrs. Ward's novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter," there is the second part of Maurice Hewlett's new tale, "Buondelmonte," and capital short stories by Norman Duncan, Margaret Sutton Briscoe, Herman Whitaker, and others.

In the "Editor's Study," Mr. H. M. Alden, the veteran editor of "Harper's," discusses the touchiness of magazine contributors concerning suggestions of changes in their manuscripts, and agrees with Mr. Howells that it is chiefly the second-rate young author somewhat spoiled by a little quickly earned popularity that shows the greatest horror at any tampering with his most trivial sentences. Mr. Alden says, and no one is a better authority, that the best literary workmen welcome suggestions of changes in their works, and tells of one author who contributed to "Harper's" for forty years without ever furnishing a short story that was not susceptible to easy improvement.

McClure's Magazine.

Following up the article which appeared in "McClure's" for October last, under the title "Tweed Days in St. Louis," Mr. Lincoln Steffens contributes a paper to the March number on "The Shamelessness of St. Louis." He relates all the recent movements of the boodlers in that city, and concludes with some pessimistic paragraphs on the supineness of the people. In April the city votes for municipal legislators, and since the municipal assembly has been the scene of most of the corruption, it would seem that boodling would surely be an issue at that election. But Mr. Steffens hazards no prediction. He was in the city in January, and states that at that time the politicians were planning to keep this issue out of the election, their scheme being to combine on one ticket—that is to say, each group of leaders was to nominate half the nominees, who were to be on the same ticket, making no contest at all, and "to avoid suspicion, these nominations were to be exceptionally—yes, remarkably—good."

Another Chapter of the Standard Oil.

Miss Ida M. Tarbell continues her narrative of the successive steps by which the Standard Oil Trust was built up on the ruins of its competitors. In the main, it is a story of quiet absorption of the independent refineries by the Standard, with occasional episodes like that of the Pennsylvanias fight. The period covered in this instalment includes the years 1874-78. So strong had the monopoly become at this time that there was an almost superstitious fear of resistance to any proposals to lease or sell that might come from it. A proposal from Mr. Rockefeller was regarded popularly as little better than a command to "stand and deliver."

Scribner's Magazine.

Justice David J. Brewer writes in the March "Scribner's" of "The Supreme Court of the United States," and of the great importance the work of that body has for our present and future national life. The questions of most vital import that the complexities of modern life have brought before this supreme tribunal are divided by Justice Brewer into four main groups: first, those growing out of the controversies between labour and capital; second, those affecting the relative powers of the nation and the States; third, those arising out of America's new possessions; and, fourth, those which will come because the relations of the United States to all other nations "have grown to be so close and will surely increase in intimacy."

There is a charming account of the coronation of the Czar Alexander III. in the letters of Mary King Wadlington, the French ambassadress, concluded in this number. A picturesque contribution by E. C. Peixotto describes the "Marionettes and Puppet Shows" of the past and present, and there are several excellent stories.

The Cosmopolitan.

In the March "Cosmopolitan," Colonel Avery D. Andrews, formerly one of the New York City Police Commissioners, writes an account of his recent observations on the police systems of Europe. Comparing the cities of London, Paris, and New York, Colonel Andrews finds that the proportion of police to population is 1 to every 307 in Paris, 1 to every 408 in London, and 1 to every 458 in New York. Comparing proportions of police to areas, he finds that in Paris there are 266 policemen to each square mile, in London 23 to each square mile, and New York 25. The great area of the metropolitan police district of London contains many rural communities, as does the present metropolitan district of New York, and perhaps a comparison with Paris is hardly fair.

Other Articles.

Mr. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen (2nd) writes on "Beauty in the Modern Chorus," Mrs. Wilson Woodrow on "The Woman of Fifty," and President Charles F. Thwing on the profession of insurance. The second of Lord Wolseley's studies of the young Napoleon, and a chapter of Herbert G. Wells' on "Mankind in the Making," devoted to the subject of schooling, are other features of this number.

Frank Leslie's Monthly.

Mr. Earl Mayo's article on "The Tobacco War," in the March "Frank Leslie's," is quoted from in another department. The number opens with an account of the discoveries made by the Government scientific expeditions aboard the U.S.S. "Albatross" by W. E. Meehan. A dramatic incident was the deep-sea soundings about 100 miles from Guam, where the tough wire rope went down 28,378 feet before touching bottom. This is just about the height of Mount Everett—about five and a half miles. Mr. Meehan tells of extraordinary finds of manganese on the red-clay bottom of the Pacific. This valuable mineral occurs in a pure state, in the form of nodules and discs, some of them as large as cannon balls.

Mr. Frederick Street gives a description of the "Dis-mal Swamp," the vast waste of spongy, thickly over-

grown black soil that begins within twenty miles of Norfolk, Virginia, and extends twenty-five miles into North Carolina. This interesting wilderness was the favourite refuge of runaway slaves during and before the war, and it is still the best chance for escaped criminals. Its 800 square miles of area is as inaccessible and little known as in the days of Washington, who laid out a route through it. In the centre of the wilderness is Lake Drummond, three miles long and two miles wide. The waterways flowing from this pond offer the only means of access to the heart of the swamp. A company has been formed to reclaim a large portion of this waste area.

Gunton's Magazine.

In Mr. Julius Moritzen's article on the new mint at Philadelphia the safeguards of the great money vaults are described. In the old mint, occasional visitors were granted admission to these vaults, but now not even the mint officials, except those directly connected with this department, are permitted to enter. The vaults are said to be the largest and most perfect of their kind in the world. "Each is protected by a set of three doors. Of these, the outer door is of a ball-bearing construction in use nowhere else. The four combination locks, and the immensely thick armour plate of which the doors are made, are proof against whatever attack. The vaults, in fact, are invulnerable."

"Further safety in the mint is guaranteed through the complete electric-clock system. There are thirty of these time-pieces scattered throughout the building, besides forty others connecting with a master-clock. Fifty-one telephones, an ink-writing telegraph register, which indicates an alarm from any or all of the thirty-five alarm boxes, and the wonderful switchboard on which are mounted the fuse block, fire-alarm recorder, American District and Western Union call-boxes, the police telegraph and city fire-alarm boxes, are features of protection and convenience no other mint can boast."

Foreign Reviews.

La Revue.

The numbers of "La Revue" for February are not quite as English or American as usual. The most important article in the number for February 1 is Dr. Kaethe Schirmacher's on "The Regulation of Female Labour and Feminism," in which the writer considers the question how far Feminism in the various European countries is in favour of special restrictions upon female labour. In general, women workers themselves are in favour of State regulation; but the Feminists are divided. In England, France, and Scandinavia the majority of Feminists oppose restriction; while in Germany and in Austria Feminists favour restriction. Feminist opposition is based chiefly upon the principle of individual liberty and of the equality of the sexes.

"Resurrection."

In the same number Dr. R. Romme, writing under the title "Resurrection and Longevity," deals with M. Kuliko's claim to have reanimated the heart of a dead child twenty hours after death. Dr. Romme's paper is devoted to showing that there is nothing new in this at all. The repulsal of the heart of dead animals by

various means has often been achieved, and it has been accomplished also in the case of human beings, the chief difference being that the revival, in the case of human beings, was generally for a much shorter time. The heart is by no means the delicate and fragile organ that is generally supposed, and with a current of arterial blood, or a solution of salt saturated with oxygen, it has always been possible to set it beating after death. Another means which has been adopted is massage, the exposed heart being taken in the right hand and rubbed rhythmically. Professor Prus, of Lemburg, has succeeded in fifty-five cases out of one hundred in re-animating the heart by this method. M. Batelli, of Geneva, by combining massage with electrification, has revived dead dogs, and kept them alive for as much as twenty-four hours. This method has been adopted in the case of human beings, but it is found impossible to keep the revived person alive for any time.

French Authorities on Alcohol.

The number for February 15 opens with a symposium contributed to by eminent French doctors and others on the question whether alcohol is a food or not. Dr. Roux says that while it may be admitted that alcohol may be a food under certain conditions, that does not limit the need for fighting against it, as those who drink alcohol will never consent to drink it in small quantities. There is no doubt whatever that alcohol is harmful in the way it is taken. Professor Metchnikoff says flatly that alcohol is merely a poison. Dr. Brouardel denounces alcohol as an element of physical decadence and moral ruin for the greater part of the European nations. Dr. Richet says that alcohol is a food; when taken very pure, in small doses, it is practically inoffensive. But from the economic point of view, it is a food without any advantages. Professor Lancereaux says that alcohol is dangerous, but that he thinks as much wine as three litres a day may be drunk without harm. Dr. J. Hericourt replies by considering the cases of three men—an abstainer, an ordinary drinker, and an alcoholic—attacked by the same disease. The abstainer will recover easiest, the ordinary drinker will have the next best chance, while the alcoholic will have no chance at all. Dr. Faisans says that alcohol is one of the most potent factors in the propagation of consumption; he mentions that out of twenty-four alcoholics under his care fourteen are tuberculous. Professor Joffroy is of the opinion that a certain quantity of alcohol may be taken with impunity, but he nevertheless declares that it is a poison. Dr. Legrain says that alcohol may be a chemical food, but it is not a physiological or hygienic food. The conclusion seems to be that alcohol may be a food, that depending on the definition of the word food; but that practically all the leading authorities in France regard its consumption as at best useless and at worst ruinous.

The True Gospel of the Doukhobors.

M. P. Birukov contributes a very interesting paper on the Doukhobor, P. V. Veriguine, whom he met in London. The replies which Veriguine gave to some of the questions put to him are enough to explain why it is the Doukhobors find it as hard to live under the free government of Canada as under the rule of the Tsar. The following are some of the questions and replies:

"Do you think that to serve God is compatible with submission to government?"

"In no way. I recall the words of Christ: One cannot serve two masters. . . ."

"Can Society exist without government?"

"I think that a troop of horned cattle has need of a strong bull which will maintain order with its horns; but human beings, gifted with reason, must live freely."

"Do you consider Christ the Son of God?"

"I consider all creatures as children of God."

"What do you desire from the Canadian Government?"

"We wish to be allowed to live freely, without harming our neighbours. We want land so that each man may have as much as he can work, and we want this land in common. We wish that no one may violate our consciences."

In regard to the question of vegetarianism, the reply is simply amazing: "I think that it is right to eat meat, but to kill is wrong." According to this theory, it would be a right thing to gnaw one's dinner from the hide of a living animal.

M. Georges Caye contributes a very interesting paper on the use of water power in France, for which he sees a great future. Count Wodzinski describes the works of the Polish poetess, Madame Konopnicka. M. Georges Pellissier writes appreciatively of "Verite," in which he sees Zola's fecundity, his amplitude, his power, and all the fervour of his rhetoric.

The Nouvelle Revue.

The "Nouvelle Revue" contains one very remarkable article, noticed elsewhere—viz., a lengthy account of the life, the theories, and the political ideas of Cardinal Rampolla, who, it is widely believed on the Continent, will be the next Pope.

Historical Articles.

As usual, there are a considerable number of historical articles, of which the most interesting concerns the curious Gallic inscriptions which have been found all over France, and of which are given many reproductions. Those concerned in the fascinating study of the origin of languages will find it worth while to glance over this article. M. Toudouze continues his reminiscences of the Commune, and as these are based on a diary kept by him during those eventful days, they have a considerable historic value. To a different order of historical student will appeal a paper describing Madame de Stael's social successes during the Consulate.

Other Articles.

Other articles consist of a long review of Mr. Henry Norman's "All the Russias," of a pitiful account of the island off the coast of Brittany, where the sardine fishermen are now slowly starving; of an analysis of St. Simon's political and social theories; and of a short paper on Satanism, a subject which seems to be attracting more and more attention every day.

The Revue de Paris.

The "Revue de Paris" for February contains a great number of interesting articles, of which we have noticed elsewhere two dealing with Morocco, the French lunatic question, and an account of Juliette Drouet, Victor Hugo's lifelong friend. Mr. Morton Fullerton, the new Paris correspondent of the Times, contributes two very charming papers, the result of a tour made by him in Burgundy.

The Business Value of the Rhine.

Yet another series of articles, which may be said to be more or less geographical in character, commences in these same numbers. This is entitled "The German Rhine," and has for object that of showing to what excellent practical use modern Germany has known how to put her famous river. Twenty-three years ago the Rhine was still regarded simply from the picturesque tourist point of view, and she only bore on her broad waters something like a couple of hundred thousand pounds' worth of merchandise; but in twenty years—that is to say, by the commencement of the new century—the business done had increased to six times as much, and at the present moment the Rhine is, from a productive and economic point of view, more valuable to Germany than all the rivers and canals of France put together! This happy state of things has been of extraordinary value to commercial Germany, and has brought increased prosperity to every town and hamlet situated on the mighty stream.

Other Articles.

Other articles concern the role played by education in the French Revolution. For those who regard that period as having been wholly composed of disturbing and destructive elements are, of course, far from realising that the French Assembly made a desperate effort to reform and create as well as to destroy, and M. Barthou certainly proves that Free Education in a modern sense was first thought of and put into practice by the leaders of the Convention. M. Breal attacks the oft discussed problem of who was Homer, and at what period of the world's history the *Iliad* was composed; and M. Chavanne attempts to analyse the philosophy of Confucius, whom he considers to have been the first of the great Socialists, though in no sense a revolutionary.

The Revue des Deux Mondes.

Both the numbers of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" for February are excellent. Of first-rate importance are M. D'Avenel's paper on cabs and omnibuses; M. Thoulet's on submarine volcanoes; M. Dastre on old age and death; M. Dastre again on the question whether alcohol is a food or a poison; and M. Loti's visit to the Theosophists of Madras.

Village Industries in Russia.

Madame Bentzon has an excellent article on village industries in Russia. The communistic organisation of the "Mir" naturally exercises a profound influence upon these industries. She shows the difficulties which beset the workers, and the way in which they are oppressed by the middleman who buys their products. It is the opinion of the economists that the intellectual faculties of the people must first be raised in order to enable them to realise the benefits of co-operation. She draws a terrible picture of the exaggerated scientific idealism of the Intellectuals in Russia, side by side with the deplorable obscurantism of the Conservatives; and over all a Government which makes for every step in advance two steps in the rear. Happily there exists an elect body of patient and strong Liberals, who work in the cause of elementary education, and strive to organise rural credit on solid foundations, to encourage and stimulate the spirit of initiative, and to teach the peasants to count on themselves.

The Tripolitan.

M. Pinon, in an article on the Tripolitan in the first February number, expresses the opinion that France, since the value of the African vilayets is small, could without injuring herself cease to be interested in them if the Tripolitan problem led to no complications as far as the Soudan, if it did not imply a change in the balance of power in the Mediterranean, and, finally, if it did not involve the risk of reopening the burning question of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. He notes certain action on the part of the Sublime Porte, by the way of encroachment upon French spheres, committed at the moment when France was occupied in the direction of Lake Chad with the Senoussi, as a revelation of common action between the Sultan and the most powerful Mussulman organisations of Northern Africa. He sees in all this a remarkable proof of the solidarity of Islam in the face of a divided Europe.

The Dutch Magazines.

Passing the novel of G. van Hulzen, "In Lofty Regions," with which "De Gids" opens, we come to a remarkably readable critique of another novel; this is "Jorn Uhl," by Gustav Franssen, which has lately appeared in Germany. Franssen was a pastor, but, like some other ministers, he appears to have seen a greater field of usefulness in literature, and has produced this book. It is not a book of sensational mysteries, or a sex novel, or, in fact, a book of up-to-date theories or passions; its good qualities consist in its being devoid of all that, and in being an entrancing study of life of the ordinary kind. The book has had a tremendous success, and many writers have coupled the name of Franssen with that of Dickens. A book to be turned into English this, surely!

"Onze Eeuw" goes literally from grave to gay. The first article in the current issue is an essay on Statistical Physics, dealing with deep facts, experiments and theories; further on is an equally learned essay of quite an opposite character, "Humour and Literature." Humour is not intended merely to amuse; it has the other, and probably higher, task of instructing. It serves to increase the importance of the serious observations of writers as well as to force home a truth more effectively than grave exhortations can do. Humour is to be found in the tragedies of Shakespeare, in the Psalms (where the most serious matters are touched on), in the sermons of Luther. Most great writers, however deep their subjects may be generally, go in for the humorous also. A political article on the new Cabinet and a good story are among the other contents.

"Vragen des Tijds" contains four articles, which is one above the usual number. The two which most interest foreigners are those on Agricultural Boards (written with the usual thoroughness of Dr. Bruinsma, an expert on agricultural matters), and on the Law Relating to Accidents. The new law on the subject of accidents to workpeople contains certain provisions that require careful study on the part of those who have to carry it into effect, and the writer takes the opportunity to point them out.

"Elsevier" describes the kingdom of Djambi, with which the Dutch Government has had some trouble—it forms a part of Holland's colonial empire. In "The Wisdom of Old Spain" the writer gives some interesting details of medieval literature and its authors.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

FINANCIAL HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN AUSTRALASIA.

BY "AUSTRALIAN."

Prospects.

There has again been considerable improvement in the position of Australia, good rains having fallen throughout the month over the best part of the eastern half of the Commonwealth. The result is that prospects for the new agricultural and pastoral year have considerably improved, and if the early promise of the season be borne out by winter and spring weather, there is every probability of large yields of all products. In the meantime, owing to the unfortunate decline in production last year, trade everywhere is quiet, though, considering all things, fairly sound. Conditions of trade of late have been improved, for credit has been curtailed, and the disposition to carry on weak firms and traders by financial institutions, or wholesale houses, has almost entirely disappeared. In fact, the opportunity for a general "clearing up" in commercial circles is being availed of. The position, as far as we are able to gauge at the moment, gives promise of considerable improvement in trade in 1904, but for the balance of this year we must be satisfied with quietness, small turnover, and probably comparatively trifling profits.

Agricultural Production.

The complete returns of the agricultural production of New South Wales have been issued by Mr. Coghlan, and show results no better than expected in our early writings. The figures are as follow:

Grain:	1901-02.	1902-03.
Wheat (bushels)	14,808,705	1,561,205
Maize (bushels)	3,844,993	4,047,149
Barley (bushels)	103,361	17,933
Oats (bushels)	687,179	348,829
Rye (bushels)	37,610	33,906
Hay (tons)	490,348	244,564
Potatoes (tons)	39,146	38,266
Onions (tons)	1,330	1,277

The figures relating to the production of Victoria are certainly not nearly so unsatisfactory as those of New South Wales, but they are bad enough in all conscience. Mr. Fenton's figures are appended:

	1900-01.	1901-02.	1902-03.
Wheat (bushels)	17,847,321	12,127,382	2,386,219
Oats (bushels)	9,582,332	6,724,900	4,342,460
Barley (bushels)	1,215,478	694,851	553,840
Maize (bushels)	604,180	615,472	756,980
Rye (bushels)	11,989	14,418	36,166
Peas and beans (bushels)	146,357	169,971	138,877
Onions (tons)	12,766	20,859	28,428
Potatoes (tons)	123,126	125,474	*165,000
Hay (tons)	677,757	884,369	590,312

*Unofficial.

The remaining States have so far not issued full returns, except for the wheat crop. The enormous decline in the production may be seen from the following comparison:

	1900-01.	1901-02.	1902-03.
	Bushels.	Bushels.	Bushels.
Victoria	17,847,321	12,127,382	2,386,219
New South Wales	16,173,771	14,808,705	1,561,205
South Australia	11,253,148	8,012,762	6,354,912
Queensland	1,194,088	1,692,222	100,000
Western Australia	774,176	933,101	881,708
Tasmania	1,110,421	963,662	950,900
	48,352,925	38,537,834	12,234,044

The decline is 26,303,790 bushels, compared with 1901-02, and no less than 36,118,881 bushels compared with

1900-01. To those who have had anything to sell, of course, high prices have greatly reduced the loss; but this applies almost solely to producers in parts of South Australia, Western Australia and Tasmania. In Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, and the north of South Australia, the crops, as a whole, did not return seed. Not only was the expenditure on ploughing, harrowing, rolling, seeding, etc., lost, but in many cases absolutely not a grain of wheat was obtained back. It is estimated, on the official records, that 1,750,000 acres of wheat in South Australia, Victoria, and New South Wales failed to produce anything at all, and that a very large additional area gave yields varying from only 10 lbs. to 60 lbs. per acre!

As a result of the wheat deficiency, large importations of breadstuffs are being made. Approximately equal to 10,000,000 bushels of wheat have been ordered, of which 3,500,000 bushels have arrived. The total cost of importations will run into about £2,750,000. The duty of 10.8d. per bushel on wheat is being rather keenly felt, especially as, with wharfage added, expenses increase the cost by nearly 1s. 1d. per bushel.

The hay production of Australia also suffered a very serious decline, the official figures admitting of the following comparison:

	1900-01.	1901-02.	1902-03.
	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.
Victoria	677,757	884,369	590,312
New South Wales	526,260	490,348	244,564
Queensland	78,758	122,039	40,000
South Australia	353,662	346,467	308,825
Western Australia	103,440	91,517	95,000
Tasmania	94,198	68,125	70,000
	1,834,075	2,002,865	1,348,701

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The drop, compared with 1901-02, was 654,164 tons, and, compared with 1900-01, 485,374 tons. The very high prices now ruling to some producers mean enormous profits, even on the short yield; but those profits are merely being taken out of the pockets of their less fortunate brethren in the droughty areas, and therefore, for the industry as a whole, there is no gain from them.

When the final figures come to be made up it will probably be found that the agricultural production of these States fell by something like 3½ millions last year, or at least the industry suffered a loss of that extent. When the huge losses of stock throughout the "droughty east" are added it will probably be found that the agricultural and pastoral losses last season exceed £10,000,000. It is not to be wondered, in the face of these figures, that trade throughout the eastern half of the Commonwealth is quiet, and still declining.

Declining Wool Exports.

In dealing with the wool exports in our March issue we gave the opinion that there was every probability of the returns showing a decline for the whole season of anything between 300,000 and 350,000 bales. The figures compiled by Dalgety & Co. Ltd. for that portion of the season ending on March 31 bear out this statement. The returns show the following movement:

	Australian. Decrease. Bales.	New Zealand. Increase. Bales.	Australasian. Decrease. Bales.
July	5,368	1,835	3,533
July-August	9,772	5,504	4,218
July-September	25,998	9,886	16,112
July-October	62,900	10,860	52,040
July-November	100,559	16,664	83,895
July-December	201,529	39,294	162,135
July-January	206,800	12,003	194,797
July-February	282,643	34,476	248,167
July-March	301,115	49,874	251,241

The Australasian wool exports from July, 1902, to March, 1903, inclusive, are appended:

	1902.	1901.	Increase.	Decrease.
Victoria	311,421	379,748	—	68,327
New South Wales	398,226	587,489	—	189,263
South Australia	93,323	106,057	—	12,734
Queensland	43,900	70,640	—	26,740
Western Australia	31,671	30,981	690	—
Tasmania	8,045	12,786	—	4,741
New Zealand	336,623	286,749	49,874	—
	1,223,209	1,474,450	50,564	301,805

The New Zealand increase is a healthy one, but the Commonwealth is fast losing her proud position as a wool producer, and, allowing for the large percentage of "dead" wool which has been shipped this season, we must expect a still further considerable drop in 1903-04. The position of the merino and fine wools market must continue very strong, in the face of this enormous decline in exports, and we can only reiterate the opinion given previously that, high as are present prices for fine wools, they must be still further exceeded in the next season, owing to the shortage in supplies.

Increasing Gold Yields.

One very satisfactory feature in the present position is the rapidly increasing gold yield of these States. Western Australia takes pride of place, and the industry in that State is gradually getting on to a very sound basis. The days of the wild cat, for the time being, have gone, and the industry is being carried on with considerable profit to those immediately interested. In South Australia the prospects favour the establishment of good permanent fields. We are by no means carried away with the rumours of rich finds at Arltunga, nor, on the other hand, can the careful observer be depressed by the official report on the field, which gives evidence of calm investigation. But what is plain is that, so far as surface indications go, the new field is decidedly worth prospecting pro-

perly, for few fields, except the old alluvial areas of Victoria and New South Wales, gave so much early promise. Whether the gold "goes down" has yet to be settled. If the reefs are found to be permanent, and improve in size with depth, the distance of Arltunga from the seaboard will not prevent the establishment of a big inland mining field.

In Victoria gold-mining is progressing but slowly, partly due to the lack of confidence displayed by investors in Victorian mines. This lack of confidence is the direct outcome of a faulty system of working and bad management. Half the mines floated annually are little better than frauds, and about 75 per cent. of those being carried on have little show, as at present managed, of getting gold in payable quantities. Whether the gold industry can be considered an asset in that State is questionable, for, to the people as a whole, the cost of raising gold far exceeds the value of the output. There are many good mines, it is true, and many more are likely to be discovered and worked, but many improvements are necessary before the general public will come forward with its capital; and, particularly, these improvements should commence at the Stock Exchange end.

The Queensland gold yield is rapidly advancing, partly due to the passing of the drought, and partly to the good results obtained on the established fields at Charters Towers (which we regard as one of the soundest fields in the colonies), Croydon, and Gympie, stimulating fresh enterprise.

In New South Wales there has been a retrogression; but it is likely to prove temporary. The figures, mostly official, are appended for the yield for the first three months of the year:

	1902. Oz.	1903. Oz.
Western Australia.. . . .	498,356	597,570
Queensland.. . . .	174,207	203,136
Victoria	179,014	196,124
Other States.. . . .	90,000	68,000
Commonwealth	941,577	1,064,830
New Zealand.. . . .	98,727	118,107
Australasia	1,040,304	1,182,937

The increase for the three months is 142,633 ounces over 1902. This rate of increase appears to indicate that Australasia will produce considerably more than 4,750,000 ounces of crude gold for the current year. If this is obtained we will probably again hold the proud position of chief gold-producer of the world, and, in addition, exceed all the best previous records.

Government Loans.

Since our last, the Queensland Government has announced the result of the local Treasury Bill issue. £600,000 was required, at 4 per cent., at a fixed price of £102 accrued interest, reducing the cost to the investor to £100 13s. The entire emission was taken up at the fixed price of issue, but the loan has not passed off without trouble, inasmuch as it is asserted in Sydney that special terms or special commissions were allowed to the Queensland National Bank. We regard these statements as not likely to be productive of good. The Queensland National Bank is a Government institution, and probably an arrangement was come to prior to the issue of the prospectus for commission to be allowed to them. In any case, we see no reason why a private arrangement between the Treasurer and the Government Bank needs to be disclosed in the prospectus. The actual net proceeds of the loan, allowing for accrued interest and expenses, were equal to about £99 15s. per cent.

The West Australian Government has announced two small 4 per cent. issues, one for May and the other for June. The issues will be made throughout the States, and interest will be payable, and principal repayable (free of exchange) in any capital. The loans will carry 4 per cent. interest, and will be issued with a tenure of ten years, at a fixed price of par, and each will be for £250,000.

The Queensland Government has been forced by the comparative stringency in London to withdraw from that market for the present. The Treasurer hopes to successfully float a 3½ per cent. long-dated loan in London later in the year.

The New South Wales Government is grubbing along with an empty Treasury, and finds great difficulty in borrowing. It has £2,400,000 of 4 per cent. Treasury Bills yet unissued, available for the London market; but it is understood that an attempt will be made to float a small sum—say, half a million—locally, at an early date. We have no faith in the financial ability of the present administrators of New South Wales, and it seems to be impossible to expect that a Ministry which thought it correct to land the State in such a muddle as it is at present, could possibly carry out a policy of reform and retrenchment such as is needed.

South Australia is not advertising its 3½ per cent. Treasury Bills (they are really equal to 3½ per cent. Bills), and from this we infer that, for the present at least, no more money is required. But the Treasurer has an eye to London, and hopes to float a fairly big issue there later in the year.

Victoria has sufficient money in hand to meet current wants, but the 5½ million conversion is gradually wearing the Treasurer to a shadow. The work of successfully converting this amount is a big one, and it is regrettable that it did not fall to stronger hands than those of Mr. Shiels. It is to be hoped, however, that the best advice will be obtained and followed, for on the successful conversion of this loan much depends. The London semi-financial critics, such as they are, have apparently tired of their game with Australian credit for a bit, and stocks are all quoted better than the lowest rates touched. But anything less than a 3½ per cent. issue in London will be impossible for some time. From private information we glean that the Victorian Treasurer anticipates making an issue of a 3½ per cent. loan in August next, special terms to be offered to holders of the old stock to convert. Whether

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LIMITED.

PRINCIPAL BRANCH OFFICES.

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QUEENSLAND: Citizens' Buildings, Queen Street, Brisbane.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: Citizens' Buildings, King William Street, Adelaide.

NEW ZEALAND: Citizens' Chambers, Custom House Quay, Wellington.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Hay & Barrack Sts., Perth.

TASMANIA: Liverpool and Murray Streets, Hobart.

UNITED KINGDOM: Citizens' House, 24 and 25 King William Street, London, E.C.

And at DUBLIN, LIVERPOOL and MANCHESTER.

HAS MONEY TO LEND on security of Freehold City or Suburban Properties, Good Dairy Farms, Agricultural and Grazing Lands (Freehold or G.P. and C.L.) or Government Stock of any of the Australian States or New Zealand,

At the Lowest Current Rates of Interest.

Loans may be arranged for a fixed term or repayable by instalments, without notice or payment of any fine.

any opportunity will be given to local investors to subscribe, is not stated.

New Zealand is still a borrower, and is willing to sell 4 per cent. 5-year debentures in this or other inter-State markets at par. Fair sales are said to be making.

The Royal Bank of Australia.

This comparatively small Melbourne institution is making very satisfactory headway. The last accounts are most favourable, and show that under every heading the bank's business has expanded. We compare the figures of the last balance-sheet and profit and loss account with those of five years ago, in the following:

	March, 1898.	March, 1903.
Capital paid	£150,000	£150,000
Reserve Fund	—	30,000
Net profits (3-year)	3,865	7,380
Deposits	242,438	690,303
Liquid assets	102,847	253,061
Advances and discounts	281,435	607,428

The record is one the management may well be proud of. The bank now conducts its business in the lately-purchased premises at the corner of Elizabeth and Collins Streets, the building being very imposing. The dividend to shareholders for the last half-year absorbs £3,300, being at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum; a sum of £7,500 is added to reserve, and the balance of £2,095 carried forward.

A Rise in Deposit Rates.

The Queensland National Bank is attempting to raise Australian deposit rates. From May 1 it will allow 4 and 4½ per cent. respectively on twelve months' and two-year deposits. There is certainly a tendency towards dearer money in Australia, but the Queensland National appears to us to have acted prematurely. So long as the other banks continue to lend at present rates, it will be impossible for the Queensland National Bank to profitably raise its deposit quotations. The Australasia, Union, and Wales can all borrow cheaply in the other States, and are not likely, therefore, to increase either their deposit or lending rates in the same manner as the Queensland National. Active trade and Government borrowing combined would advance the rates ruling for money here.

Trustee Companies v. Solicitors.

The old feud between these two parties was raked up a short time back by a prominent member of the latter profession, who really should know a great deal better. The remarks made publicly on the question of trustee companies displayed considerable ignorance; but as the companies have to some extent interfered with a portion of the business of the legal fraternity—especially that of a particular section—some allowance must be made. It was asserted, among other things, in the discussion which raged round the innocent Trustees Companies Amending Bill in the Legislative

Council of Victoria, that these companies paid little heed to the estates entrusted to their care, so long as they got their commission, and, in fact, existed almost entirely for the benefits of their shareholders. These assertions are entirely incorrect. The trustee companies supply a long-felt want. The losses which have been made by beneficiaries through the frauds of private trustees, laymen and lawyers alike (in many prominent cases particularly the latter) really created the want for public trustee companies, and they have grown up and are prospering greatly. By prospering we do not mean that they are growing fat on the income they derive in commissions from estates—far from it. We find, on looking through the last accounts, that the average dividend per annum on their paid-up capitals is only five and one-third per cent., and that the total dividends had in 1902 reached the comparatively trifling sum of £15,400 per annum. If they do not pay away their much-exaggerated incomes in dividends it must go into expenses. Yet we find, on examining the position, that no financial institution can conduct its business as cheaply as our trustee companies. The following comparison shows the cost of managing the funds of various institutions:

	Ratio of Expenses. Per cent.
(a) Bank with £7,250,463 of funds	£1 5 1
(b) Bank with £8,915,331 of funds	1 3 7
(c) Bank with £6,968,952 of funds	1 0 8
(d) Pastoral company with £3,845,351 of funds	1 12 11
(e) Assurance society with £16,074,740 of funds	0 14 2
(f) Trustee company	0 3 9
(g) Trustee company	0 3 2

Note.—Funds of trustee companies excluded for obvious reasons.

The trustee companies are the lowest on the list, the management expenses being a mere trifle.

A company is entitled to commission on corpus and income. The corpus commission is chargeable legally on the net value of the estate as sworn for probate, and is due immediately, but in the case of well-managed companies the commission on the corpus is spread over a series of years. On any fund up to £50,000 two and a half per cent. is charged on corpus and income. If the fund be in hand, therefore, for ten years, this is equivalent to only 7s. per cent. per annum on the capital fund, and if for twenty years only 4s. 6d. per cent.

We think we have shown, in these few remarks, that the charges made against trustee companies are totally uncalled for. These companies present many advantages over the private individual or lawyer. First and foremost, their expert knowledge limits the expenses incurred legally and otherwise in the conduct of an estate; secondly, their charges are low, and do not add up like a lawyer's bill; and, thirdly, when they make mistakes, they cannot get out of the way of the consequences, and every beneficiary who loses thereby may obtain reparation. How different from the private individual, who packs his bag simply and leaves for Fiji! It is to be trusted that legislation furthering the interests of trustee companies will be introduced.

THE SAVINGS BANK

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At 4½ per cent.,

In Sums of £500 to £15,000 on Town Properties,
And £2,000 to £25,000 on Broad Acres,

FOR FIVE YEARS,

With option of paying off part Half-yearly.

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Loans from £50 to £2,000 at 4½ per cent., for 3½ years.

GEO. E. EMERY, Inspector-General.

29 Market Street, Melbourne.

Insurance News and Notes.

"Life assurance without medical examination" has an attractive sound, but until late years appeared impracticable. We mentioned in these columns some time back that the Sun Life Assurance Society (England) had put forth a bold scheme, doing away with the medical examination. Should death occur in the first year, half the policy money was paid, if in the second year two-thirds, after that the full sum was payable. The scheme was an experimental one at the outset, but the management is now satisfied that the experiment has been a complete success. Naturally, precautions are taken to select the lives as far as can be gleaned from the statements of friends, the proponent's

medical attendant, and the agent, and, so far, the mortality has been no heavier than under tables where the insured has undergone medical examination. If the new departure were extended and taken up by other companies, a great increase in business might be expected.

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Sydney has been visited, during the past month, with another serious fire, entailing a heavy call on the funds of the insurance companies. It occurred on the 20th ult., in Hentzsch's Bond, situate in Kent and Windmill Streets, Miller's Point, and broke out, about 7 p.m., on the fifth floor. The bond was fully stocked with assorted merchandise at the time, and contained goods to the value of over £100,000. The building was divided into two sections by an iron partition, which naturally afforded only a slight hindrance to the flames. Soon after the arrival of the brigade the building was well alight from top to bottom, and at 9.30 p.m. the northern wall fell out with a crash, followed, half an hour later, by the southern wall. Very little salvage was effected, and the loss was about an eighty per cent. one. The following were the insurances: Building and fixtures—Sun, £2,360; South British, £2,360; New Zealand, £2,360; Mercantile Mutual, £2,360; Royal, £1,180; Standard, £1,180. Total, £11,800. Stock—Aachen and Munich, £2,200; Alliance, £4,900; Australian Alliance, £9,500; City Mutual, £1,030; Colonial Mutual, £9,450; Commercial Union, £1,600; Derwent and Tamar, £1,300; Guardian, £3,800; Lancashire, £1,310; Yorkshire, £150; London, £2,650; Magdeburg, £1,760; Manchester, £1,000; Mercantile Mutual, £200; National, £4,000; New Zealand, £4,275; North British and Mercantile, £3,300; North Queensland, £3,500; Northern, £4,000; Norwich Union, £7,000; Palatine, £2,000; Patriotic, £4,075; Phoenix, £9,650; Royal, £2,300; Royal Exchange, £1,540; Scottish Union, £2,350; South British, £3,500; State, £300; Sun, £7,780; Union, £5,000; United, £5,250; Victoria, £1,000. Total, £111,670. The insurance loss was rendered greater owing to the effect of fixed Customs duties. On some of the goods the fixed duty per ton would have been considerably more than the value of the damaged goods. These, consequently, were carted out to sea and destroyed, amounting in value to something like £10,000.

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Admiral Sir John Ommaney Hopkins, of the Royal Navy, is advocating a scheme by which the Government should, on the outbreak of war, gratuitously insure all vessels and their cargoes against war risks. He declares that the late Admiral Sir George Tryon approved of the proposal. We think it will be found that such a proposition will meet with little favour, for, in event of war, the cost to the country might be enormous, and the risk is better left with commercial concerns such as the marine insurance companies.

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The annual meeting of the Citizens' Life Assurance Company was held at the head offices, Sydney, on the 12th ult. The report and balance-sheet for the year ending December 31 last discloses a very satisfactory position, the addition to the funds being £171,900, the largest yet recorded, and bringing the total funds up to £962,348. At the date of the meeting these had increased to over £1,000,000 sterling, a fine achievement for a life company sixteen years old. The new business completed for the year amounted to £1,055,100, and for five years in succession the new business has exceeded the million. The funds were well invested, and returned £4 2s. 8d. per cent. interest for the year. The ordinary branch business was valued on a 3½ per cent. and a 3 per cent. basis. On the 3½ per cent. basis there was a surplus of £62,940, and on the 3 per cent. basis the surplus was £36,303. The directors therefore decided to divide the sum of £31,996, which returned the following handsome reversionary bonuses to policyholders:

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Price £3 3s.,

which includes freight to any railway station in Victoria; 5s. extra if sent to any other port in Australia or N.Z.

We have a simpler fan, which gives just as strong a breeze, but is less ornamental; price £2 2s. We specially recommend this cheaper style as being thoroughly effective. Freight same as stated above.

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To whole-life policies which were 10, or more than 10, complete years in force on December 31, 1902, £1 15s. per cent. of sum assured.

To whole of life policies which were less than 10 years in force, £1 10s. per cent. of sum assured.

To endowment assurances which were 10 or more than 10 complete years in force, £1 10s. per cent. of the sum assured.

To endowment assurances which were less than 10 years in force, £1 5s. per cent. of sum assured.

The management of the Citizens' has to be congratulated on the excellent result of the year's work.



The figures of eleven British marine insurance companies who have closed their accounts for the last year show that a good profit was realised. The net premium income amounted to £2,981,252, and interest received to £215,387. After paying losses and expenses there remained a surplus of £643,581. This must be very gratifying to the companies concerned, inasmuch as of late years the profits of marine underwriting have been very low indeed.



A fire insurance case was brought before the Victorian County Court on the 20th ult., when Messrs. Brewer Bros., of Clifton Hill, sued the Colonial Mutual Fire Company for £150, the amount of a policy taken out by them on a building undergoing alteration. The Colonial Mutual Company disputed the claim, on the ground that the insured had effected an additional insurance of a like amount with the Standard Insurance Company, without notifying the defendant company, and, in addition, contended that the plaintiffs were not entitled to bring the action until the matter had been submitted to arbitration for the assessment of damages. After hearing the evidence, the presiding judge entered a non-suit with costs.



Amongst British Fire Insurance Companies transacting business in America, the North British and Mercantile secured the largest premium increase in 1902, from business in the United States, viz., \$4,040,000. The Commercial Union stands next, with £2,855,000 to its credit; then the Northern Co., with \$2,124,000; London and Lancashire, \$1,916,000; London Assurance Corporation, \$1,477,000; Manchester, \$1,387,000; Palatine, \$1,276,000; and Royal Exchange, \$1,002,000.



A disastrous fire is reported from the Bluff, New Zealand, on the 20th ult. One of the finest blocks in the town was practically destroyed, including Messrs. Hud-

dart, Parker & Co.'s offices. The damage amounted to £7,000, of which some £5,000 was covered by insurance.



A novel plan has been adopted by an American agency to advertise its accident business. A bulletin is placed in front of the building, where the accidents of the day are chronicled for the benefit of passers-by.



The owners of the steamer "Michigan" have been awarded £4,125 for towing the steamer "Waikato" into Cape Town, in July last year, a distance of 453 miles. The master of the "Michigan" has been awarded £450, and the crew, £925. It will be remembered that the "Waikato" left London in June last for New Zealand, via the Cape, broke her tailshaft, and was towed into Cape Town by the "Michigan."



The Aberdeen liner "Damascus" went ashore on the South African coast at the beginning of the month, between Durban and Cape Town, and was compelled to jettison a portion of her cargo. She was subsequently refloated.



A London cablegram states that the Court of Appeal has ordered the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association of America to rescind a policy taken out in England, and to refund the payments made by the holder, together with interest. The ground on which the order was made was that tricky and misleading statements were made by the company with regard to periodical mortuary premiums. The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association is a large company, with a premium income of over £1,000,000 stg.



Mr. Joseph Abbott has, in consequence of ill-health, resigned his position as a director of the Australian Mutual Provident Society. His resignation has been accepted, and the directors, in terms of the Society's by-laws, have appointed Mr. James Burns, of Messrs. Burns, Philp & Co., to fill the vacancy.

The "Lady's Realm" for March gives the place of honour to the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland at Sion House, as sketched by Mrs. S. A. Tooley. The life of the Crown Princess of Saxony is sympathetically sketched by "Intime." Mrs. Arthur Witherby gives a pleasant idea of her experiences camping out on the desert in Egypt. Some interesting specimens of the art of Miss Lucie Kemp-Welch are given.

In "Everybody's Magazine" Stephen French Whitman contributes a picturesque paper on the elephant-catchers of India. Elizabeth Robbins Pennell writes entertainingly on English culinary art in the seven-teenth and eighteenth centuries. J. W. Ogden describes the "River Gamblers of Old Steamboat Days." Lillian Pettengill, a graduate of Mount Holyoke College, has the first of four articles, "Toilers of the Home," describing her experiences as a domestic servant. Interested in social questions, she undertook to "look upon the ups and downs of this particular dog-life from the dog's end of the chain." "The Autobiography of a Life Assurance Man" is the personal narrative of the vice-president of one of the largest life assurance companies. Booker T. Washington has the fifth instalment of his autobiographical paper, "Work with the Hands," describing the manual work at Tuskegee.

£250 IN PRIZES FOR AUSTRALASIAN WOMEN.

"The New Idea,"

the New Woman's Home Journal for Australasia, offers the above amount in prizes during 1905.

You may compete if you are willing to slip ten leaflets in your letters! A card marked "SNOW-BALL COMPETITION," sent to T. SHAW FITCHETT, 167-9 QUEEN STREET, MELBOURNE, will bring you full particulars by return post.

Our Story this
month is about

BANDS.

Did it ever occur to you, who have perhaps listened with pleasure to a Band Competition, what a contest between the most famous Bands of the whole world would mean? For instance, suppose we take such numbers as—"The Soldiers' Chorus" from "Faust," or the Finale of the Overture from "William Tell," "The Tannhauser March," or "Light Cavalry Overture," by Suppe, and wonder how "La Garde Republicaine," "Banda Municipale," of Milan, "The Kaiser Franz Garde Grenadier" Regiment, "The Garde Kurassier" Regiment, "The Russian Imperial Court Band," "Sousa's American Band," "H.M. The Grenadier Guards," or "H.M. Coldstream Guards" would render these pieces? If you appreciate all the technicalities of combined orchestration, would not such a competition afford one of the most interesting musical studies imaginable?

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Tells all about breeds, about feeding and watering, about stable and road management, of whims and vices, of harness, of breeding, of colt education, of shoeing. The chapters on Allments and Remedies and Doctoring have been prepared with special care, and are full and comprehensive. Biggle Horse Book covers the whole subject in a concise, practical, and interesting manner. The book is full of horse sense. It contains 128 pages, is profusely and beautifully illustrated, and handsomely bound in cloth.

No. 2.—Biggle Berry Book.

All about Berries. A whole encyclopedia of boiled-down berry lore, after the manner of "Farm Journal." Tells about varieties, about planting, growing, mulching, under-draining, irrigating, cultivating, picking, and marketing. It gives practical pointers from the pens of scores of leading berry growers. It discusses truthfully the merits and demerits of all the leading berries, showing which are best for market or for the home garden. Many of the leading American growers of the country tell in it what to do and what not to do, giving information which has cost them hundreds of dollars in practical experience. It has coloured representations of berries, true to size and colour, and thirty-five other illustrations, handsomely bound in cloth; 23 chapters, 128 pages.

No. 3.—Biggle Poultry Book.

This is the most comprehensive and helpful poultry book ever gotten out, for in addition to the vast amount of valuable information covered in its seventeen chapters, there are sixteen beautiful coloured plates, showing, true to colour and shape, twenty-three varieties of poultry. Chickens, ducks, turkeys, and geese are all shown in their proper plumage, and with comb, beak, and shanks as true to nature as it is possible to produce. Also forty-two handsome engravings in half-tone, and sixty-one other helpful illustrations of houses, nests, drinking vessels, etc. The chapters on the use of incubators and brooders, on the care of young chicks, on eggs and early brooders, are practical and instructive. Pigeons for market are also treated fully.

No. 4.—Biggle Cow Book.

The Biggle Cow Book is elaborately and beautifully illustrated in wood-engraving, in half-tone, and in colour work.

Eight of the principal breeds are shown in colours.

No expense has been spared on these portraits, and they must certainly gratify and please. There are twenty-six chapters, covering the whole ground of the dairy. Those on Allments and Remedies are worth the whole price of the book to anyone owning even a small dairy.

The villager with one cow will find the work a great help.

The Creamery chapter is up-to-date, and will interest many.

It contains 144 pages of type matter, and 130 beautiful illustrations.

No. 5.—Biggle Swine Book.

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